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Huntersville, W. Va.
February 13, 1890.

OFFICIAL PLANNING.

At last, after more than a year's waiting, and waiting, the report of the committee on the subject of the proposed new constitution for the State of West Virginia, has been made. The report is a long and detailed one, and it is not possible to give a full account of it here. But it is worth noting that the committee has recommended that the constitution be amended so as to give the people the right to elect the judges of the Supreme Court, and to give the people the right to elect the members of the State Senate. This is a very important change, and it is one which the people of West Virginia should be very anxious to see carried out.

The committee also recommends that the constitution be amended so as to give the people the right to elect the members of the State House of Delegates. This is another very important change, and it is one which the people of West Virginia should be very anxious to see carried out. The committee also recommends that the constitution be amended so as to give the people the right to elect the members of the State Board of Education. This is another very important change, and it is one which the people of West Virginia should be very anxious to see carried out.

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Rooms well provided for.

Charges reasonable.

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GEO. W. WAGNER.

TYRES + & ROLLERS
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

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Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	\$ 1.00	\$ 2.00	\$ 3.00	\$ 5.00
Three in.	2.00	4.00	6.00	10.00
One column	3.00	6.00	10.00	17.00
Half col'n	6.00	12.00	20.00	30.00
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Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

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One copy, 1 yr., \$1.00 in advance; after 6 months, \$1.25; after 12 months, \$1.50. These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

July 18, 1889.

The Ant and the Beetle.

From the Detroit Free Press.

One day while the ant was rolling a grain of corn over the ground a beetle happened along and inquired: "My industrious friend, why all this labor?" "I am working to get this grain of corn into my storehouse for the winter. I must have a store laid by or I shall starve." "But how foolish to work so hard for it. You don't see me sweating under the collar and yet I get along as well as most insects." "Yes, you are all right now because it is summer, but wait until the winter comes on. If you are idle now you will perish then." "Thanks, my dear ant, but don't worry over the undersigned. Call on me about the middle of January." Time passed on. The ant worked industriously to lay by a store, and, as the winter came on and she was congratulating herself on her foresight and prudence, the beetle came that way. He was fat and sleek and in fine spirits and he halted to say: "Morning, old Economy. How goes it?" "I have two kinds of eatables laid by for the winter," replied the ant, "while you—" "While I am located in the governor's kitchen for the next six months and count on no less than seven kinds of food per day." "But how is that?" "Simply that I work with my mouth, while you work with your muscles. I talk politics, while you talk corn." Moral: Let's all talk politics.

A Cat Adopts A Rabbit.

Squire J. T. Mulkey has a cat that possesses motherly affection, though she has never had any children of her own. The other day, in her rambles, she discovered a nest of young rabbits about the size of little kittens. So pussy grabbed one in her mouth and started home with it, her tail straight up in the air, manifesting a high degree of cat pride. For 24 hours she nestled and purred around the baby rabbit, as happy as a little girl with a doll. Finally some one of the neighbors took the rabbit away, and more Mrs. Tabby mourned the loss of her baby, but after time to remanage and brought as the south is from the nest, as the republican party of sectionalism found it.

The northern people, observed, deal with this matter as they please when their own interests. They will not allow negroes to act trustees of its public schools there are white people in and republicans at that—willing to violate a state law or than allow negro children to attend the white schools.

But when it comes to the northern people seem to be the opinion that the negro people

A Set of Horrid Men.

It was a French painting and the subject was a beautiful young girl at her toilet. It was displayed in a Wabash avenue art store window and attracted much attention—mostly masculine. The pretty, plump figure clad in semi-transparent skirts, a black corset clasping the trim waist, the plump arms raised above the head, and the slender hands busy with the collar, combined to make a decided attractive object for the gaze of men.

Two shop girls sauntered along stopped and gazed at it, flouah, and made remarks, much to the amusement of several of the rude spectators who overheard them:

"Pretty isn't it?"

"Yes; but they hadn't ought to stick it out in a window."

"It's no'ing to show pictures you see everywhere."

"I know, but she's in her corset and ain't got a dress skirt on. She looks sort of naked," and they both giggled.

"That's a pretty skirt."

"Yes; lovely Valenciennes on the bottom; real swell corset too. I adore a black corset. I'm going to get one as soon as I've paid for my new dress. I know where you can get a lovely one for \$2.75."

"What size do you wear?"

"Thirty-four bust and small waist. I'm going to have mine with black lace around it, I believe. My dress is to be red, you know, and it's ent so you can turn it in square at the neck or wear it buttoned close. I'm going to get a pair of those yellow shoes, too. I saw a lovely pair for \$3, patent leather trimmings. They'll look well with my new dress with black stockings."

"Say, look at that girl's stockings in the picture—extra length. She's got her garters above her knees, too. I wouldn't wear 'em that way."

"Neither would I. I always wear suspenders. Round garters spoil the shape."

But one of the horrid men burst into a convulsion of laughter, and the two girls, blushing and giggling at their unwitting betrayal of feminine confidences, walked rapidly down the street.—Chicago Mail.

The English Girl.

The English girl, observes a traveler in the Boston Herald, is romantic and submissive. While as full of sentiment as the ideal love letter tied with blue ribbon, she still regards man as her lord and master. She rarely dreams of disputing the supremacy of husband, father or even brother, and her privilege and pleasure is to minister to them. She is so affectionate in her home circle that the average man need only to be admitted there to straightway fall head over heels in love with a girl who worships her fond father and disputes with her sisters the honor and delight of warming the paternal slippers. Even in "high stations" she takes her turn in making the tea and preparing the toast and superintending the breakfast generally—a task which mamma regulates to her daughters. The English girl breathes this engaging air of domesticity. Man doesn't say, "How she can waltz how well she looks at the opera; how she surpasses all of the other girls in the catillon!" No matter to what advantage she may appear in evening dress under the soft radiance of the wax candles, what the most inveterate bachelor whispers to himself is this: "By George! what a wife she would make and what a house!"

James T. Quick, who was sentenced to a term of five years in the penitentiary from this county, for the murder of Reuben Keever the Christmas previous, has been pardoned by the Governor.

tried the case, the Prosecuting Attorney and others, and also by the physician of the penitentiary—cause, lung disease.—Independent.

Short and Sweet.

"Just back from America, Mr. Deluge?"
"Yuhuh."
"Blasted country!"
"Heavily."
"How's the people of New York?"
"Rabbits."
"The business men?"
"Dubious."
"The wives and mothers?"
"Gabbles."
"The girls?"
"Babbles."
"And out West among the Indians—"
"Bubbles."
"And cowboys?"
"Cattle."
"And mining mills?"
"Rattles."
"And the nice country lawn people?"
"Tattle."
"Did you go far West?"
"Scuttle."
"Any old mansions in America?"
"Platts."
"Who inhabit them?"
"Bats."
"What games prevail?"
"Ball bats."
"In the cities?"
"No, brickbats."
"Visit the prisons? What's the system?"
"Mush."
"And in the fondling asylums?"
"Lush."
"Many poets?"
"Gosh."
"And the habits of the men?"
"Lush!"

Mrs. Stetson, wife of the operator of a livery stable in New Mexico, was sick and steadily growing worse. At last she said to her husband:

"Stet, that dr.—ain't hepin' me one sole bit. I'm gettin' worse every day."

"I know it, Alice; I know it. Don't appear like he's any good on earth."

"I tell you, Stet, I'm going to die. I feel it in my bones."

"Wal, Alice [with solemn earnestness and comfort], if you do I'll be damned if ever I pay the doctor."

"What's the occasion?" queried the tramp as he came to a dozen or more carriages before a home on Fourteenth avenue.

"Funeral," answered one of the drivers.

"Old or young?"

"Baby, believe."

"Good! I struck an old man out here for a quarter the other day and I was afraid the shock had killed him."

In a St. Louis newspaper editor. The city editor, addressing a reporter says:
"This man Jones is a farmer, is he?"
"Yes, sir."
"But why didn't you say so?"
"I did."
"Oh, you said he was a farmer, but that does not express it."
"What, then, would express it?"
"Why, you must say he is an honest farmer."
"But he is not honest. He charges three prices for withered vegetables, declares that his sour milk is sweet that his whistled butter is without salt and—"
"That makes no difference. He subscribes for our weekly, and we must refer to him as an honest farmer."

Storekeeper (to clerk—"I must get rid of these oranges in some way. I was deceived in them."
Clerk—"Aren't they sweet?"
Storekeeper—"No; they are sour as lemons, but we must get rid of them."
Storekeeper, later (to customer) "Would you like some oranges, ma'am?"
Customer—"Are they real sweet?"
Storekeeper—"Oh, yes, indeed, sweet as sugar."
Customer—"Well I'll take a dozen since you say they are sweet. Here's your money—a quarter, you said?"
Storekeeper (taking an examining quarter)—"Ma'am, I can't take this quarter it's punched."
Storekeeper (to clerk, after customer has gone)—"That's just the way it is. Storekeepers must always have their eyes open for dishonest people. The audacity of some people is sickening."

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EMULSION
CURES
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SCROFULA
BRONCHITIS
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Wasting Diseases
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Many have gained one pound per day by its use. Scott's Emulsion is not a secret remedy. It contains the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites and pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased. It is used by Physicians all over the world. PALATABLE AS MILK. Sold by all Druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.

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NEURALGIA PERSONS
And those troubled with nervousness resulting from care or overwork will be relieved by taking Brown's Iron Bitters. Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

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The most wonderful collection of practical real values and every-day use for the people ever published on the globe. A marvel of money-saving and money earning for every one owning it. Thousands of beautiful, helpful suggestions, showing just how to do everything. No competition: nothing like it in the universe. When you select that which is of true value, sales are sure. All sincerely desiring paying employment and looking for something thoroughly first-class at an extraordinarily low price, should write for description and terms on the most remarkable achievement in book-making since the world began. SCAMMELL & CO., Box 5002, St. Louis or Philadelphia.

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LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.

CURE
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles that result from a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Dropsicalness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK
Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, Bloating and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE
is the base of so many ills that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In retail at 25 cents; three for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail. CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

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LIST OF PREMIUMS.

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1,000	1,000	\$466.00
100	100	\$46.60
10	10	\$4.66
1	1	\$0.46
100,000	100,000	\$46,600.00
10,000	10,000	\$4,660.00
1,000	1,000	\$466.00
100	100	\$46.60
10	10	\$4.66
1	1	\$0.46

CUT THIS OUT AND SHOW TO FRIENDS.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, July 25, 1889. Terms of \$1.00 PER YEAR. Subscription, IN ADVANCE. No. 1

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, J. J. Beard.
Clerk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com. Co. Ct., C. E. Board, Pres't.
S. B. Hannick.
Co. Surveyor, G. P. Moore.
Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 5th Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. BUCKER,

Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,

Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

Attorney-at-Law,

Lewisburg, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.

Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,

Atty.-at-Law,

Beverly, W. Va.

Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

F. J. SNYDER,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.

D. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

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Physician & Surgeon,

Huntersville, W. Va.



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ALONE.

I miss you, my darling, my darling,
The embers burn low on the hearth;
And still in the air of the household,
And hushed in the voice of its mirth;
The rain plashes fast on the terrace,
The wind past the lattice moans,
The midnight chiming out from the min-
ster,
And I am alone.

I want you, my darling, my darling;
I am lived with care and with fret;
I would nestle in silence beside you,
And all but your presence forget,
In the hush of the happiness given
To those who through trusting have
grown
To the fullness of love in contentment;
But I am alone.

I call you, my darling, my darling!
My voice echoes back on the heart;
I stretch my arms to you in longing,
And, lo! they fall empty apart;
I whisper the sweet words you taught
me,
The words that we only have known,
Till the blank of the dumb air is bitter,
For I am alone.

I need you, my darling, my darling!
With its yearning my very heart
aches
The load that divides us weighs harder;
I shrink from the jar that it makes.
Old sorrows rise up to beset me;
Old doubts make my spirit their own.
Oh come through the darkness and save
me
For I am alone.

— Robert J. Burdette.

Highland Nora

A rosy, cheeked lass, with great
gray eyes and white dimpled arms,
was gayly singing, as she wielded
the church-dialler:

Hear what Highland Nora said:
"The Earlie's son I will not wed."

"Do you mean that, Nora?"

A young man thrust his head
and shoulders in at an open win-
dow, resting his elbows on the low,
old-fashioned sill.

"Do you mean it, Nora?" he re-
peated, Nora started in well-feigned
surprise, and the rich blood dyed
cheek and brow.

"Of course, I do," said she
promptly, smiling, "just as did that
other Nora."

But the hint was entirely thrown
away, for the young man only an-
swered:

"Did she? I never read the poem
But I have been thinking, Nora—"

"Indeed! Is it such a strange
thing for the young 'squire to
think?" the girl interrupted sanely.

"Don't laugh at me, my darling,"
said he, not heeding the malignant
flash of the gray eye. "You have
said the same thing a great many
times before, but somehow I always
thought you did not mean it, and
that you did love me, in spite of all.
Now, Nora, I ask you for the last
time, will you marry me?"

Nora did not answer; she was
busy taking the butter out of the
churn. As she placed it on the ta-
ble she turned, facing him.

"I beg your pardon—what did
you say? I was busy."

The young man bit his lips with
vexation, but repeated his ques-
tion.

Placing her hands behind her,
assuming an attitude of defiance,
Nora sang:
Hear what Highland Nora said:
"The Earlie's son I will not wed,
Should all the rice of autumn die,
And none be left but he and I;
For all the gold, for all the gear,
For all the hands both far and near,
That ever yurber lost or won,
I would not wed the Earlie's son!"

"But I mean it, Nora," he plead-
ed.

"And I, too, just as old that
other Nora."

Gry Earle turned his face away
and closed his lips tightly in im-
munity.

"Very well; I will never ask you
again," said he, calmly.

The rich color faded from Nora's
face, but she turned away that he
might not notice it, and said humbly,

"I will never ask you again."

"I will never ask you again."

"I will never ask you again."

"Ah, that will be something new!
I really don't see what you will find
to talk of however."

Guy remained silent a short time
then he spoke in an entirely differ-
ent tone—one that made the girl
stare in astonishment, so wonderful
it was.

"Nora! I shall take you hunting
this afternoon."

She hesitated.

"I did think of gathering ferns;
but I'll go," she added, graciously,
as she thought of his words, "I will
never ask you again."

"Thank you."

"Did he mean it?" the girl won-
dered as she watched him out of
sight. "The gosh! Why doesn't
he read the poem and see what the
other Nora meant?"

Meanwhile, Guy was saying:
"I know Nora loves me, she only
wants to torment me. Never mind,
my body! I'll change the manner
of my siege, and be commander in-
chief a while; you have occupied
that position quite long enough."

Then an amused smile broke from
his lips. "How surprised she look-
ed at my commanding tone! I ex-
pected her to refuse me."

After dinner, Nora donned her
prettiest dress, a dainty gray, with
ribbons the color of the sweet lips.
Tying on her wide brimmed hat,
she thought: "I'll take my zinc-
lined box for ferns, there are such
lovely ones on the island. There,"

giving a parting nod to the face in
the mirror, "you'll make him ask
you again, my dear, this very after-
noon!" she said, and smiling at her
own conceit, tripped away.

She was purposely late.

It won't do for him to think I
am too anxious to go," she said.

To her surprise Guy was not
there, anxiously pacing the sands
and wondering at her delay.

"Where can he be?" she wonder-
ed. "I never knew him to be late
before."

She waited nearly half an hour,
expecting the young man every mo-
ment, then she grew angry.

"How lucky I brought my fern
case! I'll go into the woods and
prefer that I never came here at
all."

Saying this, she turned to enter
the house, but hearing the tramp
of horses drew back, hidden by the
luncheon. To her surprise they stop-
ped quite near where she was hid-
den; she could see the animals, but
not their riders. Suddenly a woman's
voice said:

"Why you are sure your boy is
hunting?"

"Of course, Elsie; I should not
have spoken of it otherwise," said
the rich voiced Nora, "now as well."

Parting the luncheon she looked
through them eagerly. "Now, it was
Guy! But the lovely creature by
his side—who was she?"

Nora thought her the most beau-
tiful woman she had ever seen.
But she was speaking again. The
girl moved forward a few steps in
her eagerness to listen.

"How pretty the Hudson is to-
day! How lovely it flows—
as if there were no such things as
hurricanes and disappointments."

Guy took the girl's hand that was
laid on his arm.

"We will be happy yet, Elsie," he
said.

As they turned the corner, Nora
and started homeward, Nora's
face was pale and set.

"How dare he?" she asked. "Then
she married him!"

"Why, my
love, why did you take me at my
word? But no, my dear, have
I never loved you, he called me
Nora."

"Nora, my darling, my darling,
The embers burn low on the hearth;
And still in the air of the household,
And hushed in the voice of its mirth;
The rain plashes fast on the terrace,
The wind past the lattice moans,
The midnight chiming out from the min-
ster,
And I am alone."

"I want you, my darling, my darling;
I am lived with care and with fret;
I would nestle in silence beside you,
And all but your presence forget,
In the hush of the happiness given
To those who through trusting have
grown
To the fullness of love in contentment;
But I am alone."

"I call you, my darling, my darling!
My voice echoes back on the heart;
I stretch my arms to you in longing,
And, lo! they fall empty apart;
I whisper the sweet words you taught
me,
The words that we only have known,
Till the blank of the dumb air is bitter,
For I am alone."

"I need you, my darling, my darling!
With its yearning my very heart
aches
The load that divides us weighs harder;
I shrink from the jar that it makes.
Old sorrows rise up to beset me;
Old doubts make my spirit their own.
Oh come through the darkness and save
me
For I am alone."

"I need you, my darling, my darling!
With its yearning my very heart
aches
The load that divides us weighs harder;
I shrink from the jar that it makes.
Old sorrows rise up to beset me;
Old doubts make my spirit their own.
Oh come through the darkness and save
me
For I am alone."

she, and said they would yet be hap-
py. He has only been trifling with
me," she thought miserably, as she
walked slowly homeward.

When she reached the gate she
heard the sound of strange voices
in the house and saw the marks of
carriage wheels. Before she could
slip around to the back door a
young man ran down the steps
holding out both hands.

"This is cousin Nora, I am sure,"
said he, smiling eagerly.

Nora brightened instantly.

"You are my cousin, Laurence
Norton, are you not?"

"Since you recognize me, allow
me a cousin's privilege," he said;
and stooping kissed her on the
cheek.

The sound of footsteps caused
her to turn her head just in time to
see Guy, Elsie's partner, as if un-
der the influence of astonishment, then turn ha-
rily and stride away.

This little episode was not ob-
served by Cousin Laurence, who
was in the best of spirits all the
evening; Nora was not so gay.

"What will Guy think of me?"
she pondered. "But I am glad he
saw it. And I do hope, after what
I heard this afternoon, that he will
never, never read 'Highland No-
ra'!" Cousin Laurie, said she, later
in the evening, "don't tell any-
one you are my cousin while you
are here; I need a cavalier to accom-
pany me in my rambles, and beside,
I want revenge on somebody."

Of course Laurence was delight-
ed to act as his cousin's escort, and
henceforth she was seldom seen
without him. When they returned
to meet Guy, Nora bowed graciously,
for she thought, I can afford to
be magnanimous, as I am victor."

She learned from the current gossip
that a lady and gentleman were
visiting at the Hall, distant rela-
tives, the servant said, and that
the lady was very wealthy. Guy
himself Nora had not spoken to
since that morning in the ferry.

In a few weeks an invitation
came for Nora and her guest to
attend a picnic given in honor of
the young lady at the Hall. The
party were to go up the river about
twenty miles, and cross over to
the opposite side. Here the
woods had been cleared of under-
brush, the green grass was thickly
matted together, and all around
the flowers and ferns grew in abun-
dant.

When Nora and Laurence ar-
rived they and the strange lady had
gone to the spring a short distance
away, and Nora laughed Laurence
all the time they returned. He accom-
panied her reluctantly, for he had
some business concerning the man
he was once his cousin's friend.

"Then gathering seems to be a
perfectly natural with you, Nora," he
remarked, pleasantly.

"Oh, I don't care if I never see
a fern; I just do want to meet that
stranger," Nora said quickly.

"I thought we were invited ex-
actly to meet her!"

"How could I have been?" she
exclaimed. "She was with us last
year, wasn't she?"

"They turned to replace their cups
and came face to face with Guy and
the fair stranger. Guy introduced
her to Nora as Miss Benton. Nora
treated shyly, but the lady held out
her hand.

"Oh, I am glad to see you so often,
Miss Benton, that I feel as if I had
always known you. I am sure we
will be the best of friends."

"You were not so sure of that, but
he could only mutter 'something
supposed to be a pretty reply."

But when her cousin was intro-

duced, Nora was greatly surprised
at the glad light that flashed into
his eyes, while Miss Benton's pluck
cheeks changed to deepest crimson.

They shook hands, and Laurence
turned to his cousin, saying briefly:
"We have met before." Then of-
fering Miss Benton his arm, which
she accepted, they walked away,
leaving Guy and Nora together.

They stood looking at each other
in puzzled silence; then, as the fun-
ny side of the situation struck No-
ra, she burst into a merry laugh, in
which Guy joined.

The laugh seemed to relieve their
embarrassment.

"Nora, may I walk back to the
landing place with you?" asked
Guy.

"It seems that you must," she
said, laughing. "It is a matter of
necessity, not choice. I wonder
where they met before?"

"No matter since they have given
me the opportunity I have been
seeking for so long."

"And I?" said Nora, interrupting,
"want to apologize for not going
meeting that afternoon. I changed
my mind, and went for ferns in-
stead."

Guy looked at her in astonish-
ment.

"Did you not go?"

Nora flushed, but said, smiling:
"Did you find me at the meeting
place?"

"No," said Guy, bravely, "for I
was not there. When I reached
home, after leaving your house that
morning, I found that Cousin Elsie
and her father had arrived. She
wished very much to see a note
that afternoon, and I felt in duty
bound to accompany her. I took
an extra horse with us as far as
your house, intending to invite you
to join us, but you were not at
home. Since then I have sought
an opportunity to apologize to you."

A great load seemed lifted from
Nora's heart.

"She is your cousin?"

"My only cousin," said Guy.
"Your guest is a very handsome
man," he added, proudly.

"You mean Cousin Laurie? Yes,
he is handsome."

Guy turned like a flash, and tak-
ing Nora's hand exclaimed:
"What a kind, generous fool I
have been! I saw him kiss you
Nora, and I thought—"

"Never mind what you thought,
but as things are, we shall be late to
luncheon."

She walked off rapidly.

"Nora," said Guy, as he overtook
her, "since Cousin Elsie came I have
been reading Scott's poems."

She gave him a hazy glance, and
sinking out a large stone that
seemed to have been placed there
for the express purpose, Guy said
afterward covered her face with
both hands.

Guy dropped the fern box, which
he had taken in charge, and took
those trembling hands in one of
his, placing the other beneath the
dimpled chin, then he lifted her
newly the sweet gray eyes and
his. What he saw there must have
satisfied him, for he bent his head
and kissed her.

"Guy," said Nora, presently, "pro-
bably is not the first in which I have
seen your cousin."

"Then she told him of the conver-
sation she had overheard."

"You say, pet," said Guy, look-
ing up into the gray eyes. "El-
sie's is a pretty story, but yours is
not. You saw her in a crowd, and
he was not in a position to be call-
ed by his name. I will give you
my word on each piece."

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

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Huntersville, W. Va.

July 28, 1889.

Who is Harrison?

Who is Harrison? He is the son of his father and the grandson of his grandfather, with no just claims to executive ability, or even the possession of ordinary common sense. Judging his record by his acts during the brief period in which he has occupied—but not filled—the executive chair, this is a high compliment for which he should be thankful.

From the beginning of the campaign until its close the republicans were, as usual, prolific or promises never intended to be fulfilled, by which the gullible citizens who followed the false banner were entrapped, and are now afforded ample time in which to atone for their folly.—Barum once said that the American people were never happy except when humbugged. But for the grotesqueness of the idea we would remark that we should be to-day the happiest nation on the globe if being humbugged means anything.

But we are not happy, and there is no reason why we should be so long as trusts, combinations in business, the oppression of the laborer the shutting down of mills and factories, and the "riot, rout and ungodly glee" of incompetent and hungry republican officials run riot in the land. What laboring man has been benefited by Harrison's election? What honest tradesman has experienced increased prosperity? Not one! Then, who has?

We answer, that the promises of the President, backed by the platform upon which he was elected, have been flagrantly, persistently, studiously and unblushingly violated, whereby nepotism has become the common rule, and under which thieves sneak in where angels fear to tread. It would seem that we are treading in the footsteps of old Rome, whose government was once sold to an ignorant who happened to have more ready cash than any other bidder, and the time is at hand when we should cry out, in the language of an English author, that "we are governed by a set of drivellers, whose folly takes all the dignity from distress, and renders even calamity ridiculous."

What is the remedy for this nepotism, oppression of the poor, combinations and trusts, which oppress the workingmen, and made the hollow mockery of "protection," every hour forges stronger than ever the chains which bind them, and increase the bank accounts of the favored few?

There can be but one sensible response to this question, and that is, the return of the democratic party to power on a sound democratic platform. Before the expiration of Harrison's term it is possible that the "fantastic tricks before high heaven," now so unblushingly played by his administration will be ended.

follow false gods.—Lynchburg Advertiser.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, July, 10.—Senator Quay dropped into Washington very quietly this week and said that his only business here was to engage a house for his family. Of course this blinded nobody. That he was on a political errand of great importance is generally believed. He has had a long conference with Gen. Harrison and has been almost constantly with Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson, who was his lieutenant during the late campaign. He and Clarkson, representing the republican national committee have been trying to hatch up some scheme to carry Virginia for the republicans this fall, and democrats in that state will have to keep their eyes wide open to hold their own.

The medical division of the Pension office is to be entirely reorganized. It is thought that all the democrats in the division will follow the three or four discharged this week.

Hon. W. B. Richie, of Ohio, who is closely connected in a business way with Calvin S. Brice, was in town this week. He thinks the democrats will elect the governor and legislature in Ohio this fall, but that they will have to work hard to do it. But the most important statement made by Mr. Richie was the following: "I can say to you without the least qualification that Mr. Brice is not and will not be a candidate for the Senate. There are many reasons why he could not afford such a responsibility, and in making calculations on the Ohio Senatorship you will save much time and worry by leaving Mr. Brice out altogether."

In view of Mr. Richie's relations with Mr. Brice such a positive statement has caused a general rearrangement of the Ohio democratic state.

Considerable talk has been created here by a speech made by a negro at a meeting of the Ohio republican association a night or two ago. He expressed himself as being very much displeased with Harrison's "Southern policy" (something that doesn't exist as far as I can see) and other things. He also registered a strong protest against the slowness of removing democrats and like the famous Mr. Flammigan of Texas he wanted to know "what are here for?" If not to get the offices. "But he capped the climax in conclusion by saying to the government employees present "Don't be afraid of any civil service nonsense but send in your contribution to the president of the association and he will forward it to the republican state committee of Ohio to be put where it will do the most good." This negro is an applicant for office.

It is said that Gov. Foraker of Ohio is in active training for the republican Presidential nomination in '92. That's about as near as he will get to it.

I have heard whispers of a probable duel between Senators Blackburn and Chandler, owing to recent newspaper publications about the alleged puffing of Chandler's car by Blackburn last winter. It is said that a friend of the Kentucky Senator is now here for the purpose of finding out whether Senator Chandler would accept a challenge. The general impression is that he would not.

Secretary Noble when asked as to the probable result of the attempts being made by the Chesapeake Cattle Company to prevent the opening of the Charles river to settlement said that he did not intend to discuss the matter further than to say that the Government would

the U. S. would be asserted and maintained.

Mr. Morgan, the new Granville shiner of Indian Affairs seems to be a believer in real civil service reform, even if he did appoint his wife a special agent. He has sent the following circular letter to Indian agents concerning the conditions of appointments. "Approvals will be made with the double understanding that the parties named are thoroughly competent to fill the positions for which they are nominated and that they will be zealous and faithful in the performance of their duties; that their tenure of office is permanent so long as they remain competent and efficient, and that the Indian office reserves the right to remove for cause only." Properly lived up to, that letter would make all the civil service law necessary.

The sensation caused by the reported resignation of Secretary Blaine was very short lived.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Wm. W. Scrimshaw should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once. It produces natural quiet sleep, and the little cherub wakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The completion of the West Virginia Central railroad extension in to Randolph county is another step in West Virginia's phenomenal business progress. The Mountain State is developing its resources. More miles of railroad are being built now, and will be built during the present year, than in any preceding twelve months in its history. West Virginia has become a progressive State. It is a growing State, and a Democratic State. More than this, it is improved and enriched by Democratic capital. The leading stockholder of the West Virginia Central railroad is a distinguished Democrat. The projector of the Monongahela Valley railroad, the Weston and Braxton C. H. railroad, and the Ripley and Nutt Creek Valley railroad, is another distinguished Democrat. Let the demagogues remember this.—Register.

Deafness Can't be Cured

by local applications as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a running ear or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; and cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in July, 1889.

Cyrus H. Willoughby, Plaintiff,

vs. Henry A. Yeager, Joseph W. Wiley and Charles A. Lightner, Defendants.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this order is to attach the estate of the defendant Henry A. Yeager, and subject the same to the payment of a debt due from said Yeager to the plaintiff, Cyrus H. Willoughby by bond, dated the 2nd day of October, 1889, for \$528.48, payable on day after date of the bond. Subject to a credit for \$40.00 in of February 1st, 1888, and if appearing by affidavit filed that Henry A. Yeager is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the date of the said publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Test: JOHN A. BEARD, Clerk, Bryden & McClintic, Attys., July 19-89. Filings fee \$ 6.00.

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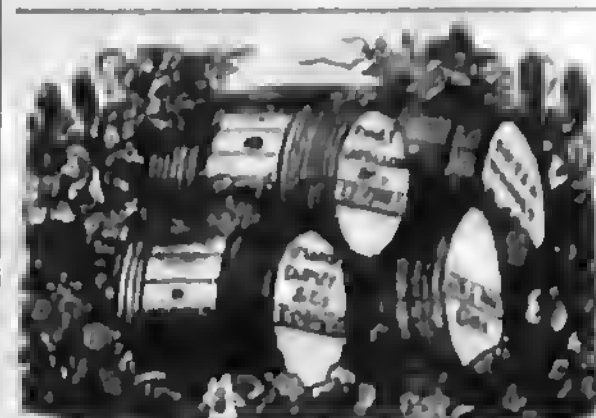
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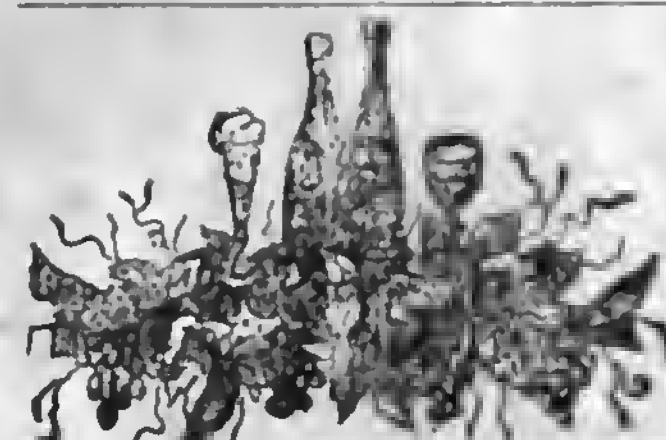
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MASONIC NOTICE

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE
NO. 55, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this Lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'y.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—Awful warm isn't it?
—Do you think it will rain this afternoon?
—The farmers are busy cutting their grass.
—Road the new ad's this week, they may interest you.
—Go to Jacob Boner's for all kinds of fruit jars cheap
—Six hundred visitors are reported at the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs.
—John Hamilton, Esq., who has been attending school at Concord, has returned home.
—Geo. W. Wagner Esq., went down to Ronceyerte the first of this week on business.

—Mr. I. B. Moore, and family of Knapp's creek, were visiting Mrs. Moore's parents Mr. Wm. Curry of this place last week.

—Dr. Patterson has the wood work of his new house about completed, and it is now being painted.

—Attorney C. F. Moore and Harry Bend, Esq., went up to Danmore Saturday and returned Sunday.

—Messrs. W. C. Hull & Son have bought out and assumed control of the store of A. Shinnberry at Edray.

—This is the 7th volume and 1st number of THE TIMES, and it starts out on its new year with bright prospects and happy anticipations.

—Attorney L. M. McClintic went to Williams river Tuesday, where he expects to meet a party of gentlemen from Charleston, to spend a few days fishing.

PREACHING.—Rev. Geo. W. Peterkin will preach at Clover Lick on Sunday, 18th of Aug., at 11 o'clock a. m. and at Huntersville at night.

—Rice Moore, Esq., of Danmore came down Saturday and returned Sunday evening. There must be some attractions in Huntersville for Mr. Moore.

—Rev. D. S. Sydenstricker will preach at Mary Gibson Chapel, on Elk, the second Sabbath of August, at 11 o'clock a. m., Edray 3:30 p. m., Martin's Bottom at night.

—Messrs. C. A. Brown, of E. and H. College Va., F. J. Brown of Bluefield, W. Va., and Rev. H. A. Brown, of Crab Bottom, Va., were in town Tuesday. We acknowledge a pleasant call from the former.

—Harper McGlaughlin Esq., and family, accompanied by Miss Blizza Arbogast, of Green Bank passed through town Tuesday, on their way to the home of the former, in Bath county.

PREACHING.—Rev. D. G. Helmick, President of the W. Va. Conference, M. P. Church, will preach at Swingo, the 3rd Sunday in August, at 11 o'clock a. m. and at 2 o'clock p. m.

Rev. M. M. Keverly, will hold his basket meeting at Fairview the 2nd Sunday in August instead of the third, so as not to interfere with the Presidential meeting at Swingo.

A Cloud Burst.

The greatest disaster which ever befall Little Kanawha valley came during the night of the 18th in the shape of a terrible cloudburst which completely flooded the county, destroying many lives, carrying off thousands of dollars in property and ruining the crop for many

—Chas. Haggatt, Esq., of Mill Point was in town Tuesday.

—We can't help but feel flattered, from the number of new subscribers, and compliments we are daily receiving.

Edray Items.

Married, at Fairview church on Tuesday 16th July, 1889, by Geo. P. Moore, James M. Johnson to Hannah E. Sharp.

At same time and place by same minister, L. M. Waugh to Ella L. Buzzard.

Sermon at Mr. A. W. Sharp's on the night of the 16th July 1889, by about forty-five hunters.

Mr. W. C. Hull is negotiating for the purchase of Mr. A. J. Shinnberry's store at this place.

Wheat is good and corn is promising around here.

James Gibson has not begun work yet on his road. The specifications being beyond his original contract and unless modified by the Com'r it is doubtful if he begins at all.

The bridge at Huntersville seems to be a necessary sinking fund for the County.

Green Bank Items.

There is not much of interest going on in our vicinity.

Haying seems to be the order of the day.

Mr. Elliot has finished the addition to the parsonage at this place, which adds very much to its appearance, as well as comfort. We are glad that our pastor, who has labored so faithfully for the erection is the first to enjoy its comforts.

Misses Tokio and Lillie Hull, of Knapp's creek are visiting relatives in this neighborhood.

Mr. Robt. Ralston, and family of Highland, spent a few days with his brother at this place last week.

Miss Sallie Patterson, of Glade Hill, is spending a fortnight with her uncle at this place.

The young men of this vicinity have organized a base ball club. We think it has been a success thus far in mashing noses and such casualties.

The Messrs Brown, former Props. of the Hillsboro Academy, spent last night in our village, as the guests of Rev. W. H. Ballengeo.

Strange what attraction Mr. E. X. Curry finds at Green Bank recently.

Danmore Doings.

Hot and still heating.

Anelinoer Swecker has returned from the Winchester and Hutton side at Huttonsville.

Huttonsville is on a boom.

Mr. Conley, who has charge of the club house on Ghent Mt., is a nice and accommodating gentleman and has things fixed up in apple pie order. He has raised 700 young chickens for his guests this fall.

Our farmers are busy putting up hay and stacking grain. Our hay crop is very heavy.

Henry Sheets has moved his new mill to Mrs. Isaac Moore's, near Danmore.

William Cliford has gone for a saw mill, and will set it on his farm on Stillington's creek.

The frame of the new church was raised here to-day.

Mr. Robt. McGlaughlin is putting up a new kitchen and dining room. Col. Jno. Driscoll and Porter Kinports with their families paid us a visit.

Uncle John, Aunt Jane and Miss Sallie Hiner, from Highland paid us a visit last week.

The Lumbermen are busy at work repairing the railroad.

There will be a big meeting at Baxter church on Sunday the 28th, and singing at Cross Road school house at 3 p. m.

We are glad to see Mr. Wm. Pritchard back from the Springs, greatly improved in health.

Mrs. Allen Flenner in my letter at this writing.

The Remains of a Man.

GILLISPIE, July 18.—Some time ago mention was made in THE TIMES of the finding by Ben. Turner, of the remains of a man on the headwaters of Greenbrier River.

On last Monday, Granville Keller and myself, accompanied by young Turner went to view these remains, and to see what could be seen on the premises.

We found part of the remains, and part of the clothing. The skull bone, the hip bones, the thigh bones, the leg bones, and the feet bones which were in the shoes found.

The hat was wool and of a light color, the coat was wool of a duck pattern, dark color and had been well made, the vest was cotton and of a light color.

None of the bones were broken, but by them lay two pieces of a singular stick. The stick had been broken in two parts, and had been done seemingly at the time when the man died, the wood was early, and the stick surely was part of a Billiard Cue. Whether or not it was not used by hands to kill the man with I suppose ever remain a mystery no request was held, and the remains were decently buried.

Respectfully,
AMOS S. GILLISPIE.

The Cherokees of the Indian territory have just built a \$200,000 seminary for girls. And yet people say that the Indians cannot be civilized.

A Confederate Home has been incorporated in Missouri. It will shelter confederate veterans, their wives, widows and orphans.

We hear that General Mahone is training for the gubernatorial match in Petersburg, and expects when he gets down to his fighting weight to turn the scales at sixty-three pounds. He spars two hours every day, one hour in the morning and one at night, at a dummy which consists of a demijohn of Bourbon hung up by a string.—Alex. Gazette.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of Hugh M. Carpenter deceased:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas made in a cause therein pending to subject the real estate of the said Hugh M. Carpenter, to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said Hugh M. Carpenter, for adjudication to L. M. McClintic, Commissioner, at his office in the said county on or before the 6th day of September, 1889.

Witness, John J. Heard, Clerk of the said Court this 20th day of July, 1889.
JOHN J. HEARD, C. L.
Printers fee \$0.75

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of George B. Hill, deceased.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas made in a cause therein pending to subject the real estate of the said George B. Hill, to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said George B. Hill for adjudication to L. M. McClintic, Commissioner at his office in the said County, on or before the 6th day of September, 1889.

Witness, John J. Heard, Clerk of the said Court, this 20th day of July, 1889.
JOHN J. HEARD, C. L.
Printers fee \$0.7

Notice to Contractors.

The undersigned Commissioners of the County of Pocahontas County will receive sealed bids until 12, m. August 15th, 1889, for the following purposes to be done near Knapp's Creek near Huntersville: A pier to be constructed as follows: To be of cut stone up to the distance of 15 feet from the top of the ground, well laid in cement on solid foundation, every joint well laid, the pier to be 80 feet in length at the bottom and 14 feet at the top and 8 feet wide at bottom and 5 feet at top. One abutment to be of cut stone five feet above the top of the ground, well laid in cement on solid foundation, joints well laid, the abutment to be 80 feet long at bottom and 10 feet at top, 8 feet wide at bottom and 5 feet at top. All masonry to be of the best quality, and any additional height of stone work, shall be cubic work laid in lime and sand. One pier of 80 feet shall be to the pier already there. The approach to said bridge to be of cut stone, built of square piers and ends and less than 10 inches in diameter, without leveling, and piers to be sunk to the ground and less than four feet. A distance of 10 feet in front upon which 8 abutments 15 inches are to be laid on top of piers, upon which a pier 8 feet high shall be laid and shall be laid single railing 8 feet high the whole length of said approach. The contractor shall give bond with approved security, for the faithful performance of this contract. The County reserves the right to cancel any and all bids.

Attest
JAMES H. DAVIES, Commissioner.

Commissioner's Notice No. 2.

Charles L. Austin & Co. vs. Wm. F. Arbogast & Co. In Chancery. No. 2.

Notice is hereby given to all parties interested, that in pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered in the above cause on the 17th day of June, 1889, I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Saturday the 17th day of August 1889 to take state and report the following accounts:

1st. An account showing who are entitled to share in the fund arising from the sale of 950 acres of land decreed to be sold in this cause, and the amount thereof.

2nd. An account showing what taxes have been paid upon said tract of land within the last five years before the institution of this suit, by whom paid and to whom due.

3rd. An account showing what will be a reasonable fee to the Attorney for the Plaintiffs in this cause to be taxed on the fund in this suit.

4th. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner, or requested to be specially stated by any party in interest.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.
July 25-4t Printers fee \$9.62.

Commissioner's Notice No. 3.

Charles L. Austin & Co. vs. Wm. F. Arbogast & Co. In Chancery. No. 2.

Notice is hereby given to all parties interested, that pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County made in the above cause on the 17th day of June, 1889, I shall, as Commissioner of said Court proceed at my office in Huntersville, W. Va., on Friday the 23rd day of August 1889 to take state and report the following accounts:

1st. An account showing who are entitled to share in the fund arising from the sale of 1,828 acres of land decreed to be sold in this cause, and the amount thereof.

2nd. An account showing what taxes have been paid upon said tract of land, within five years before the institution of this suit, by whom paid and to whom due.

3rd. An account showing what will be a reasonable fee to the Attorney for the plaintiffs in this cause, to be taxed on the fund in this suit.

4th. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner or requested to be specially stated by any party in interest.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.
July 25-4t Printers fee \$9.45.

Commissioner's Notice.

George C. Hill vs. Rebecca J. Hill & others. In Chancery.

Notice is hereby given all parties, that pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered in the above cause on the 14th day of June, 1889, I shall as Commissioner of a 1st Court, proceed at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Friday the 6th day of September, 1889, take state and report the following matters of account:

1st. Settlement of the accounts of R. J. Hill as administrator c. t. n. of George Hill, dec'd.

2nd. An account showing the debts against the estate of George C. Hill, dec'd, showing their several amounts priorities and to whom payable.

3rd. A general description of all the lands of which George C. Hill, dec'd, seized, with a statement of their respective value and actual rental value.

4th. A statement of the general nature and value of all the personal estate of which George C. Hill dec'd, possessed which at the date of report is remaining applicable to the payment of debts against the estate of George C. Hill, dec'd.

5th. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner or required by any party in interest to be specially stated.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.
July 25-4t Printers fee \$9.50.

BRIDGE LETTING.

The undersigned Commissioners of the County of Pocahontas County will receive sealed bids until 12, m. August 15th, 1889, for the following purposes to be done near Knapp's Creek near Huntersville: A pier to be constructed as follows: To be of cut stone up to the distance of 15 feet from the top of the ground, well laid in cement on solid foundation, every joint well laid, the pier to be 80 feet in length at the bottom and 14 feet at the top and 8 feet wide at bottom and 5 feet at top. One abutment to be of cut stone five feet above the top of the ground, well laid in cement on solid foundation, joints well laid, the abutment to be 80 feet long at bottom and 10 feet at top, 8 feet wide at bottom and 5 feet at top. All masonry to be of the best quality, and any additional height of stone work, shall be cubic work laid in lime and sand. One pier of 80 feet shall be to the pier already there. The approach to said bridge to be of cut stone, built of square piers and ends and less than 10 inches in diameter, without leveling, and piers to be sunk to the ground and less than four feet. A distance of 10 feet in front upon which 8 abutments 15 inches are to be laid on top of piers, upon which a pier 8 feet high shall be laid and shall be laid single railing 8 feet high the whole length of said approach. The contractor shall give bond with approved security, for the faithful performance of this contract. The County reserves the right to cancel any and all bids.

Go to John W. Warrenton, W. Va., for New Self Binders.

John W. Warrenton & Co., W. Va., will be in the Court with a lot of Mowers buy until you see them.

FOR DYSPENTRIA
See Brown's Iron Pills.
Physicians recommend it.
All dealers keep it for sale. Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

Buy the Deering Mowers and Self Binders, the best machines in the world of John W. Warrenton & Co. Frankford, W. Va. may 9-12

A. R. SMITH,
Academy, W. Va.



UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at reasonable prices.

Fiduciary Notice.

The following fiduciary accounts are before me for settlement.
C. L. Austin Adm'r of Florence M. Austin dec'd.
S. B. Hannah Ex'r of Barbara A. Gum.
L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r of Accts.

WANTED.

5000 lb. of dry sand,
Address BRISON HILL,
Jacks. W. Va.

GOOD FLOUR.

2-cts pr. pound, meal 75 cts per bushel at H. H. McClintic's mill, also his flour at A. Barlow's Huntersville, and Barlow & Moore's. Edray for 8 cts. mar. 25.

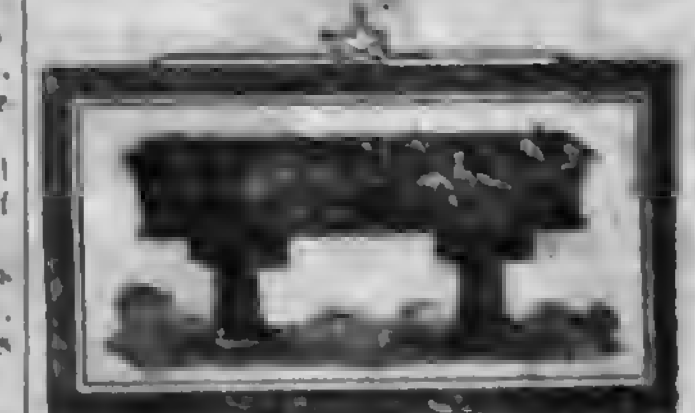
NOTICE.

I will not hereafter sell mill stuff on credit, and all who owe me will please come forward and settle their accounts at once and save further trouble.
Flour \$2.50 per 100 lbs and corn 75cts per bu.
Geo. H. McGLAUGHLIN, Edray.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

I will run a hack from Huntersville to the Mountain and make connections with the train running to Lewisburg. I will leave Huntersville daily at 6 a. m. and am responsible for passengers, baggage and express packages.
July 6th 89 R. V. PERKINS.

FOR THE BEST FURNITURE, CHAIRS AND FINEST TRIMMED



in the county, go to
C. B. SWECKER,
AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND
CABINET MAKER,
Danmore, W. Va.

Administrator's Notice.

All parties holding claims against David McGlaughlin dec'd, are required to present the same at once to his administrator for payment, and all parties indebted to said David McGlaughlin are required to come forward at once and settle up.

Respectfully,
DAVID HENKNER,
Adm'r of David McGlaughlin dec'd.
June 20-4w Green Bank W. Va.

Order of Publication.

At a public held in the Circuit Court Clerk's Office of the County of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, on the first Monday of July, 1889.

R. S. Tark, Plaintiff.
vs.
Geo. W. McDonald, John J. McDonald, Rebecca A. McDonald, Geo. C. McDonald and E. B. McDonald, Defendants.
IN CHANCERY.

The object of the above styled suit is to have a division of 1,638, 804 and 167 acres of land lying on the head waters of Elk River in Pocahontas County, and Highgate, owned jointly by the said said and the Defendants, and said said division is had, to explain the defendants and all others from entering or removing any merchandise (either from the said lands or otherwise) to commit waste thereon, and it appears by affidavits filed that the defendants, Geo. W. McDonald, John J. McDonald, Rebecca A. McDonald, George C. McDonald and E. B. McDonald are non residents of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after this first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to pay and their interest in this suit.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClinton.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, J. J. Beard.
Clk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com. to Co. Ct. (C. E. Beard, Pres't.
S. R. Hannah.
G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER,

Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.

Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KILPATRICK,

Atty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will Practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

F. J. SNYDER,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

D. I. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

D. R. P. PATTERSON,

Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.

The Sponge is Mightier than the Brush.



TRY IT! IT'S THE WAY TO CLEAN SHOES.
and use a Sponge and water, which will keep your SHOES BRIGHT and CLEAN if you use

WOLF'S ACME Blacking

and use a Sponge and water, which will keep your SHOES BRIGHT and CLEAN if you use

Financial Statement, For the Year 1889.

FOR JAIL AND COURT-HOUSE PURPOSES.

S. L. Brown, jail acct Ed. Martin	\$30 50
Same, Thomas Rider	1 50
Same, Perry Townsend	21 50
M. J. McNeel, arrest of Perry Townsend	4 50
Henry Grose and son, plank fence C H lot	12 56
Lonny & Doyle & picket fence C H lot	12 19
J. B. Piles, wood for jail and C H	25 75
S. L. Brown, social Constable Same, jailer, receiving and boarding prisoners	2 10
Same deputy sheriff	3 00
Same	7 00

FOR CLERK'S OFFICE & COURT PURPOSES.

Amos Brlow, sundries	15 61
Kirk Snyder page Cir. Ct.	3 00
A. H. Sharp, jury claim	3 50
J. B. Piles, wood for Clk's office	14 00
J. W. Milligan, drawing jurors	1 00
J. J. Beard stationery &c	12 97
J. B. Canfield, pub. financial statement	35 25
Kirk Snyder, page Cir. Ct.	3 00
R. C. Schrader, drawing jurors	1 00
J. E. Campbell, printing blanks	9 37
C. F. Moore, Indoring deed book	12 50
C. F. Moore, assignee of F. J. Snyder examining Clk's office	5 00
Amos Barlow, examining Clk's office	5 00
H. S. Rucker, same	10 00

ROADS & ROAD PURPOSES.

H. S. Rucker, broken plow	3 50
John T. Sharp, road claim	3 00
E. A. Smith, same	3 00
J. N. Barnett, same	8 25
Wm M. Hill, same	4 00
O. W. S. Gum, same	1 00
E. A. Smith, same	5 50
J. L. Hudson, plank for road	15 00
John W. Lindsay, road claim	3 50
C. B. Grimes, same 1887	2 62 1/2
Same	3 00
Jacob M. Beverage, same	3 00
Geo. Callison, same	3 00
H. Leo White, same	1 25
J. H. Galford, same	10 00
George Cooper plank for road	2 64
C. C. Silva, road claim	5 00
Allen Calloun, same	3 00
Thos B. Beverage, same	5 00
M. Brown Trainer, same	10 25
J. P. Wooddell, same	42 99
J. L. Hudson, same	13 00
O. M. Alderman, same	10 00
J. B. McNeel, same	8 00
Geo W. McKeever, same	3 00
J. W. Hill, same	3 00
John J. Kellison, plank for road	2 12
A. C. L. Gatewood road claim (86)	3 00
Same (87)	3 00
Same (88)	1 50
B. T. Mayes, use of team 3 days on road	8 00
F. P. Vandervort same 1 day	2 50
S. B. Moore road claim	12 25
C. E. Swecker, same	4 50
S. H. Buzzard, same	6 70
H. D. Hively, same	9 00
James W. Lorry, same	3 00
H. H. McClinton, same	1 25
John L. Cleek, same	3 00
Geo. D. Oliver, same	21 00
Wise Harold, same	6 40
S. J. Sutton, same	8 40
Geo McErlyne, same	3 00
H. H. McClinton, plank for bridge	6 50
Clabe Ashford road claim	5 50
C. W. Underwood, road claim	3 00
John A. Clarkson, use of mule on road	1 50
J. W. Oliver, use of team on road	8 00
Clayton Dilley, road claim	8 00
Jas W. Riley, same	8 25
C. W. Perry, plank for road	5 74
D. W. B. Alderman road claim	11 50
Sheldon Moore, same	3 00
Wm H. Dilley, same	7 37
Sheets & McLaughlin, plank for road	16 74
A. D. W. Hill, road claim	5 00
Geo W. Whiting, same	3 55
P. M. Harper, same (1887)	1 50
Same (1888)	1 50
A. P. Downing, same	20 50
R. W. Hill, same	3 75
W. O. Jank, same	8 00
John M. Radliff, same	14 50
John Will Sheets, same	5 00
John W. Mulcomb, same	13 00
P. M. White, same	11 00

B. M. Yonger, same	10 12
Geo. Baylor, surveying road	12 00
J. Rankin Ponge, road claim	7 00
Glos Sharp, same	3 00
Jno C. Price, same	14 50
Geo W. Wagoner, same	1 50
S. D. Price, road claim	3 00
John A. Young, same	1 50
Paul Sharp, same	0 50
Wm M. Sharp, same	3 00
A. M. McCay, same	5 00
C. I. Hill, same	3 00
G. W. Wagner, same	25 00
Marion Ray, same	6 50
Brown M. Arbogast, same	3 00
W. H. McGlaughlin, same	8 00
W. H. McGlaughlin, same	7 75
W. H. McGlaughlin, same	3 75
W. A. G. Sharp, same	1 50
Willie H. McGlaughlin, same	3 00
C. M. Rogers, same	3 00
Ernest N. Moore, same	8 00
D. A. Peck, same	7 50
Peter W. Warwick, putting up foot bridge	4 50
G. D. Oliver, same	5 00
A. M. Oliver, same	2 50
Wm M. Siple, same	5 00
Same plank	2 35
K. O. Wade, road claim	4 00
W. R. & C. M. Cole, allowance	35 00
H. M. Lockridge, claim	10 00
Jus Gibson, plank for culverts	25 00
Sam'l A. McCarty road claim	4 00
J. M. Cntlip, serving process on road case	50 00
Geo S. McComb, assig. of W. R. & C. M. Cole, road allowance	15 00
A. M. McGlaughlin, witness in road case	1 60
W. H. McClinton, same	2 10
C. A. Yonger, lumber for bridges &c., 1885	20 00
J. L. Cleek, allowance on road	65 00
James Gibson	200 00
For road purposes &c	2 625 00
John W. Tyler, viewing road	2 00
Sam'l M. Gay, same	2 00
John Waugh jr, same	2 00
Amos P. McGlaughlin, bal on bill	40 00

MEDICAL ATTENTION TO POOR & C.

Dr Wm G. Townsend, sundry medical acct's	78 70
Dr Chas. Gwinn, same	22 20
Dr W. G. Townsend, medical acct's	9 00
Dr J. B. Lockridge, same	3 00
Dr J. B. Lockridge, same	7 00
Dr M. Wallace, same	20 35
same	37 90
Dr J. P. Moomau, same	29 80
Dr C. L. Austin	62 20
McClinton & Ligon, same	25 40
Dr F. T. McClinton, medical services to poor	40 00
Dr S. P. Patterson, same	47 50
Burlew & Moore, 2 poor accounts	14 25
Geo P. Moore, coffin for poor	5 00
A. B. McComb, making coffin and trimmings	0 00
Mathew Corbett, keeping pump	35 00
Sam'l R. Hogsett, same	10 00
Wm R. Sutton	25 00
John B. Kennison, Overseer of poor	0 00
P. M. Harper, making coffin for 2 paupers	10 00
J. B. Bradshaw, furnishing supplies	3 50
Jas L. Gay, keeping Wm Dilley and son	00 00
John L. Cleek, removing pump for Greenbrier co	4 00
A. R. Smith, making 3 coffins for paupers	13 00
Jas A. McClure, lumber for poor farm 1884	31 12

ELECTIONS & C.

Blanks and Argabrite, making pole books	4 00
J. B. Patterson, Clerk of Election 1 day	50 1
Adam Arbogast, same 2 1/2	3 75
J. H. Warwick, same 1	1 50
A. M. Oliver, Clerk 1	1 50
C. L. Barber, same 1	1 50
W. H. Chickley, com'r 2	3 00
E. N. Moore, same 1	1 50
H. W. Arbogast, same 1	1 50
John Taylor, clerk 1	1 50
Hugh McGlaughlin, same 1	1 50
P. D. Yonger, com'r 1	1 50
N. B. Arbogast, same 1	1 50
Lafayette Brown, same 1	1 50
P. D. Arbogast, Clerk election 1 day	1 50
W. J. Yonger, same 1	1 50
John B. Kennison, com'r 2	1 50
C. W. Lockridge, same 1	1 50
R. V. Hill, same 1	1 50
J. H. Chick, clerk 1	1 50
W. B. Anderson, same 1	1 50
W. J. Moore, same 1	1 50
O. B. Sharp, same 1	1 50

John B. Harlow, com'r 2	3 00
Wm M. Sharp, same 1	1 50
Rev K. Gay, same 1	1 50
A. R. Gay, Clerk 1	1 50
Charles Cook, same 1	1 50
S. L. Brown, com'r 1	1 50
D. A. Fisher, same 1	1 50
Sheldon Moore, same 1	1 50
C. F. Moore, Clerk 1	1 50
H. P. McGlaughlin, same 1	1 50
John B. Kennison, com'r 1	4 00
M. J. McNeel, same 1	4 50
R. W. Hill, same 1	4 50
W. H. Landis, clerk 1	4 50
J. H. Clark, same 3	4 50
Peter D. Yeager, com'r 1	4 50
Lafayette Brown, same 1	4 50
A. M. V. Arbogast, same 1	1 50
P. D. Arbogast, same	1 50
W. J. Yonger, same	1 50
Geo W. Arbogast Com'r of election 2 1/2	3 75
W. H. Chickley, same 1 1/2	2 25
E. N. Moore same	2 25
Hugh McGlaughlin, clerk same	2 25
John M. Barnett, same	2 25
Geo W. Siple, com'r same 4	6 00
Adam Arbogast, same 2 1/2	3 75
John R. Warwick, same	3 75
John R. Hevener, clerk same	3 75
Ezra Wooddell, same	3 75
Wm M. Sharp com'r same 2	3 00
John W. Tyler same 3	4 50
W. T. Vln same 2	1 00
John C. Warwick, clerk same 2	3 00
J. W. G. Smith, same	3 00
E. D. King, com'r same 1	1 50
S. S. Varner, same 2 1/2	3 75
H. B. Sharp, same 1	1 50
D. W. C. Shuker, clerk same 1	1 50
W. Bauld Hannah same	1 50
I. B. Moore com'r same 2	3 00
A. Harold same 1	1 50
W. A. G. Sharp, same	1 50
W. J. Moore, clerk same	1 50
O. B. Sharp, same	1 50
W. P. Hogsett, com'r same 1 1/2	2 25
Sheldon Moore, same	2 25
J. H. Doyle, same	2 25
M. A. Friel, clerk same	2 25
R. Dice Rinel, same	2 50

COUNTY OFFICERS & COUNTY PURPOSES.

John J. Heard, clerk Cir. Ct.	100 00
Same, County	175 00
Same, examining land and property books	30 00
Same, making off land books	75 00
S. L. Brown, jailer	75 00
C. O. Arbogast, assessor	325 00
L. M. McClinton, prosecuting attorney	350 00
M. J. McNeel, sheriff	175 00
For Juries	600 00
S. H. Clark, com'r county et.	0 00
Geo P. Moore, same	44 00
S. B. Hannah, same	38 00
C. E. Beard, same	30 00
C. O. Arbogast, assessors commissions	42 23
Deposition	500 00
Total amount levied for.	\$7 282 55

Found at Drury's Bluff.

BY PHILIP JARVIS.

"Phil, my boy, wish me good luck! I'm going to ask Mildred Graves to marry me before I go."

My God! I wish him luck in winning the woman who was all the world to me! The one woman whom I had loved from my boyhood's days! All the savage in my nature was aroused into fury at the thought that he dared to aspire to what was mine, by the right of long years devotion. I could have throttled him as he stood there—so handsome and debonair—so self-reliant and confident of success.

Yet what chance had I upon her affections? The hot blood grew cold; my fierce wrath died out. How could I be sure she might not have him last? Was he not finer looking, more agreeable than I, a man in every respect better calculated to win a girl's fancy?

Mildred and I had been friends from our school days, the most intimate friends; and on my part that friendship had grown into a part of life itself. I had no intrigue, no scheming, which had not her happiness for their object. Yet we were not taken of love had passed between us. I was shy and reticent on this one subject that lay so near my heart. I drank from a distant

that if she could not return my love I should destroy forever our friendly relations.

So matters stood between us, when she was twenty, and I twenty-one, in the fall of '60 when Carl Maxum came to our village. He and I were associated in business and soon became friends, as friendly intimacy goes between men. He was five years my senior, and had read and traveled much, and had acquired the ease and polish of a man of the world, while I was shy and reticent in society. I felt he had every advantage in his favor, in his intercourse with Mildred, but until to-day I had never had a jealous feeling.

In the spring of '61 came the fall of Sumter, and the declaration of war. We both enlisted, though in different regiments, and were ready to leave for Washington. We had returned to our homes for the final leave takings with friends, I in my plain suit with only a Sergeant's chevrons on my sleeve, he in the gilt and epaulettes of a Lieutenant, looking handsomer than ever in his fine uniform.

On the morrow we were to rejoin our regiments, and on this last afternoon had met for a final friendly chat. We had talked on other matters of mutual interest and at the last moment, as we stood at the gate, he had said:

"And now comes the toughest part of it. I'm going to ask Mildred Graves to marry me before I go. Phil, my boy, wish me good luck, can't you?"

Filled with surprise and anger I could make no reply; but it passed unnoticed as he went on without looking at me. "I have been half in love with her ever since I first met her, and long ago decided she should be my wife if I ever got ready to marry, that is, of course," with a nervous laugh, "if she'd love me. I don't know, she always seemed to like me, and I fancy I've the inside track there; at all events I'm going to make sure; I'm not going off for a year or two and leave her for some other fellow to win. If she'll promise to marry me, I can trust her to wait my return, if it were ever so long.

At that moment, to my great relief, the Captain of his company drove by and stopped to take Carl in.

"Well, good by, old fellow, hope to see you later," and with a wave of his hand he was gone.

"He shall never have her," I said savagely to myself, as he was driving away; "at least, I will know first if there is any chance for me," and I hurried off to Mildred's house.

But when only in her presence—lost that I was—I talked of every thing else, past, present and future, all save the subject that lay nearest my heart; my tongue seemed stilled whenever I approached that.

A half-hour passed, other visitors came and I was to leave. Mildred followed me to the gate.

"I shall miss you so much," she said, as she held out her hand in parting. "There were tears in her eyes, and a tremor in her voice. My heart leaped; surely she must love me a little, and the words I had tried so hard to utter came to my lips; but she added: "you have always been a brother to me," and I felt as if a cup of cold water had been dashed in my face.

And yes, a brother I she had never thought of me as a lover; could I displace myself and lose all this friendly regard? I hesitated—when Mildred said, and the appro-

... ..

County of Pocahontas

Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell,
Attorney, L. M. McClintic,
M. J. McNeel.
Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Court convenes on the first
April, 3rd Monday in June
and in October.
Court convenes on the 1st
January, March, October
Tuesday in July July is

DOORS.

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Practice in the courts of Pocahontas
adjoining counties, and in
the court of Appeals.

McCLINTIC.

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Practice in the courts of Pocahontas
adjoining counties and in
the court of Appeals.

STOFER.

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Practice in the courts of Pocahontas
adjoining counties.

RUCKER.

Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Practice in the courts of Pocahontas
and in the Supreme court

ARBUCLE.

Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.
Practice in the courts of Green
Pocahontas counties.
Attention given to claims for
in Pocahontas county.

Atty-at-Law,

Beverly, W. Va.

Practice in the Circuit Court
Pocahontas county.

IDEA.

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

H. WEYMOUTH.

RESIDENT DENTIST,

Beverly, W. Va.

Visit Pocahontas County every
week and Fall. The exact
each visit will appear in
news.

P. PATTERSON.

Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.

I feel like saying
something BAD!



BE WISE!

AND BECAUSE DEERED WITH

A DREAM OF THE PAST.

Last night by chance I heard a child
His evening prayer repeat,
"Make me gentle meek and mild,"
His lips in accents sweet,
And in the twilight listening there
Once more I seemed to be
Kneeling beside my mother's chair,
My head upon her knee.
I felt her fingers gently rest
Upon my curly head,
And on my cheeks a kiss was pressed
When my good night was said.
But all too soon the spell was broke,
The vision passed away,
A voice called and I awoke,
But brighter seemed the way.
Long years have passed since mother
died
And I all friendless roam,
Nor can I bridge the chasm wide
Through which my life has flown.
The cheek she kissed has lost its bloom,
The curly head is gray,
But that sweet dream dispels the gloom
And lights my weary way.

The Three Passengers.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

I entered the service of the United
Company when only fourteen
years of age. The United Company
was an organization of English and
Chinese capitalists at Shanghai
which exported teas and other com-
modities. It had at one time eleven
vessels, eight of which were
small schooners and brigs, which
were employed in visiting ports
along the coast and various islands
in the China Sea and Pacific Ocean.
It is of my first trip I am going to
tell you about.

I had run away to sea on a vessel
bound from Liverpool to Shanghai
and had left her on arrival. I found
that the Captain of the Silver
Crown, one of the company's trad-
ers, was an old friend of my father's
and so it came about that I took
service under him with the rating
of cabin boy. The Crown was
a fine new fore-and-aft schooner,
carrying a crew of eight men, all
told. She had a native cook, but
all the others were foreigners. The
Captain, mate, and myself were
English, two of the men Americans,
and the other two were Swedes.
While I rated as cabin boy, I had
to assist in sailing the vessel, and
was a sort of clerk to the Captain.
The schooner carried a dozen mus-
kets, a lot of boarding pikes, and
half a dozen cutlasses as an arm-
ament, but everything was boxed up
and stored away, if not forgotten.
Captain Wharton had been in the
service for six years, and had never
met with any trouble.

When we got away it was with
orders for the Philippine Islands,
among which the company had
many resident agents who collected
products. Our course was to the
southeast, to pass between Formosa
and the Loo Choo Islands, and
we had made the run thus far with-
out incident, when one day about
noon a junk-rigged native craft,
which doubtless came from some
port in Formosa, intercepted us
to the eastward of that island. We
were about thirty miles off shore
she hailed us. She claimed to be
short of water, owing to an accident;
but this, as we afterward came to
know, was only an excuse. When
she found that we were bound to
the Philippines she had three pas-
sengers to transfer. They were
three natives of Formosa, who were
going down there to form a colony.

lay to for a couple of hours, and I
heard only a part of what was said.
It did not seem to strike Captain
Wharton or Mute Williams as queer
or suspicious, and after haggling
over terms for a while the three na-
tives were transferred to our decks
and the vessels separated. Then I
had time to look the strangers over,
and I was not long in concluding
that I did not wish for an intimate
acquaintance. They were a tough
looking trio, and the cook had
scarcely set eyes on them before he
declared that we had made a great
mistake in taking them aboard. We
had no accommodations for them
at all, and as the schooner was in ball-
ast they had agreed to occupy the
hold. This wasn't such a bad place
with the hatches off, and they look-
ed like fellows used to roughing it
ashore and afloat.

I took an early opportunity of
communicating my suspicions to
the Captain but he laughed at me
in a good-natured way. I tried the
mate, but he saw nothing to arouse
distrust. It was singular, however,
that every man of the crew outside
of the two officers was satisfied that
there was something wrong with
the trio. While their excuse was
reasonable enough, the looks and
actions of the men were suspicious,
and it was plain to all that they
were sailors. They let us all sev-
erely alone except the Captain and
the cook, and I called it to mind af-
terward that while one interested
the former the other two were occu-
pied with the latter. I could "ebbi-
chin" a bit and the cook could speak
a little English, and so we managed
to understand each other pretty
well. Three days after the men
came aboard "Slop-Slop," as we
called the cook, assured me with
very serious face that the stran-
glers were evil-minded men, who had
planned to capture the schooner.
They had asked him to join them,
and he had refused. I posted off
to the Captain with the news, and
he greeted it with contempt.

"If you and the cook have noth-
ing better to do, I'll put you to rub-
bing the rust off the anchor chain,"
he gruffly replied.

The mate also laughed at me, but
when I went quietly among the
men every one of them was ready
to believe. Each one had noticed
something to arouse his suspicions,
but in the absence of orders we
could do nothing but wait for what
might turn up.

We were getting well down to-
ward the northernmost island of
the group, when something happen-
ed which should have opened the
Captain's eyes. The leader of the
three borrowed the glasses and
went up to the cross-trees of Cap-
tain's mast and took a long look
around. We saw the sailor in his
every move, and he had not been
down an hour when a native craft
came creeping up from the south,
bowed on to us. She had a free
wind, while we had been heading
down all the forenoon. We were
at this time forty or fifty miles to
the northward of the group, with a
beautiful afternoon and a smooth
sea. Half an hour after the native
craft had been sighted, one of the
natives and the Captain retired to
the cabin. Five minutes later the
native showed his head above the
deck and called to the mate, who
had just come on watch. He de-

clared that he was bringing the
schooner into the wind to lie to.
The incapacitated bodies of the two
Americans and the cook were lying
unhappily, while the two Swedes
were at the foremast cross-trees.
Not a shout had been raised nor a
cry uttered. The work had been
done with terrible rapidity and in
silence.

As I reached the deck one of the
natives came forward with a blood-
y crease in his hand and called me
"good boy," and said I should not
be hurt. He left me sitting on the
windlass so scared and weak that I
could not stand, and then assisted
his companions to lower the sails.
When this had been accomplished
they called to the Swedes to come
down. The poor fellows began cry-
ing and lamenting, and refused to
descend. The natives picked up
the bodies from the deck and toss-
ed them overboard, and then de-
scended to the cabin and brought
up the bodies of Captain and mate
and served them the same way.
Both had been killed by the one
native who enticed them down.
About the time the last body was
flung over the rail the native craft
drew along-side. She had thirty
men on board, all of whom seemed
to know our three passengers and
their plans. There was great re-
joicing over the capture of the
schooner, and for a quarter of an
hour no one paid me any attention.
Then there was a hot discussion, a
part of the gang seeming anxious
for my life, but the result was that
I was conducted to the cook's gal-
ley and given to understand that I
was to do the cooking. Although
our cook was a Chinese they did
not spare him. What saved me
was my youth, or they might have
planned to cut my throat after I
had served their turn.

When my fate had been settled
the Swedes were again ordered
down. One of them descended,
begging and pleading, but he was
sent down the moment his feet
touched the deck. The other refus-
ed to come down, and half a dozen
natives ran up the foremast shrouds
with knives in their hands. Before
they could reach him the sailor
made his way to the mainmast. His
feet were greeted with applause, but
others ascended, and there was no
longer any hope for him. The poor
fellow made the best defence pos-
sible, but they cut and hacked him
until he lost his hold and fell to
the deck. His body was thrown
overboard, deck and cabins cleansed
of blood stain, and about sun-
down the schooner, with twenty-five
men, was headed for the Philippines.
The rest of the gang, numbering
seven or eight, followed with the
native craft. I holed a large quan-
tity of meat and got the best sup-
per possible, and was glad to find
that no one gave me any attention.

We had a brisk wind all night
and during the next forenoon, and
at about 2 o'clock we reached an
anchorage on the east side of the
main island and within a quarter of
a mile of the beach. The native
craft passed us and entered the
mouth of a river. From what I
could gather she was going to bring
out men and cannon to the schooner.
A hunt was made through the
schooner for gun cartridges, and the
discovery of the small arms seemed
to put the fellows to good terror.

the galley. The cook might have
known of the presence of the wine
there, but I did not. I had never
looked into the place. There was
a tin pail, holding about ten quarts
in the galley, and this I filled and
carried to the main hatch, with sev-
eral glasses, and everybody proceed-
ed to help himself. Now that we
were at anchor all discipline had
ceased, and one man was as good
as another. They were prowling
all over the schooner, and perfect-
ly at home.

The wine must have tickled their
palates mightily, for a second joi-
ful was soon demanded. It was
while I was drawing it that I no-
ticed the barrel had no bung in it,
and I wondered why the wine had
not soured. I retired to the galley
as soon as I had filled the second
order, and for half an hour there
was a great deal of loud talk and
laughter. All of a sudden, while I
was reflecting on the situation, and
perhaps trying a bit in my sorrow
and anxiety, it struck me that
things were wonderfully quiet. I
looked out of the galley to see half
a dozen figures lying on the deck,
and later on, when I had summon-
ed courage to walk the length of
the schooner, I found every man a-
board apparently asleep. Their
breathing was labored, but I sup-
posed this was the result of too
much drink. The night had come
down dark and gusty, with the wind
directly off shore, and as the sleep-
ers continued to lie quiet some
strange ideas came to me. I was
tempted to take one of their knives
and begin killing but doubted my
nerve. The yawl was at the davits
and I planned to lower it and let
the breeze carry me out to sea. I
held to this idea for a few minutes,
and then surrendered it for another.
I would swim ashore and hide in
the forest. I had to abandon that
scheme as well, for I saw at a
glance that the tide was running
out strong. I was wondering if
I should not start a fire in the fore-
castle or cabin when I discovered
that the craft was under way. She
had her light anchor out and had
been tugging heavily under the tide
and gust. The chain had ground
off against some sharp edged rock
or the pin had slipped from a
shackle. It was probably the lat-
ter case, as I heard a splash as of
the end of the chain falling from
the hawse hole. She drove off stern
first and then, as she began to
swing about, I stepped softly back
to the wheel, put it over to get her
off, and then extinguished the two
lanterns on deck and the lamp in
the cabin. I am not boasting of
my nerve in stepping over the
sleepers to do this work or of my
sagacity in getting the idea. I was
working like one in a dream and
could hardly have identified my-
self.

What occurred between the time
I put out the lights and daylight
next morning, I never can clearly
remember. The schooner took
care of herself for any effort of
mine, and I think I went into the
galley and crept behind the stove.
At least I crawled out of that con-
tracted space soon after daylight, in
response to a call. I suppose I was
called to prepare breakfast for the
phates, but I was no sooner out of
the galley than I saw a large ship
have to a quarter of a mile away.

Does not protect from another's credit.

Mr. Harrison will leave here Tuesday morning for Bar Harbor where he goes to visit Secretary Blaine. He will go to New York by railroad and from there to Boston, where he will remain all day Wednesday, by steamer. He will be met at Boston by Walker Blaine who left here yesterday to arrange the programme in that city. He expects to remain at Bar Harbor

And it appearing by affidavit filed
that the said Defendants, Tardy, Bragan-
art & Tardy, are non-residents of the
State of West Virginia it is ordered that

The object of this suit is to attach the estate of the defendant Henry J. Veager, and subject the same to the payment of a debt due from said Veager to the plaintiff, Cyrus H. Willgar, by bond, dated the 2nd day of October, 1890, for \$228.48, payable one day after date of the bond. Subject to a credit for \$48.00 as of February 1st, 1891, and it appearing by affidavit filed that Henry A. Veager is a non resident of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE
NO. 15, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this Lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'y.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—Still it rains.

—J. H. Ridor, Esq., of Frost was in town the first of the week.

—Andrew Herold, Esq., of Frost was in town Monday.

—Mildred Herold, of Frost was in the city Monday.

—S. L. Gibson, of Frost was in Huntersville Friday last.

—David Wathall, of Richmond, was in our city over Sunday.

—Constable J. H. Buzzard, is confined to his home by sickness.

—W. W. Ruckman, Esq., of Mill Point, called to see us Tuesday.

—Cornelius Perry, Esq., is quite ill at his home on Bonvor Creek with diphtheria.

—L. H. and G. D. Letcher, of Lexington Va., were in town last Friday.

—Wm. McAllister, of Ganley Bridge was in town the 1st of the week.

—The horse will leave musty hay untouched in his bin, no matter how hungry.

—From the amount of rain we are having, there will be a lot of musty hay this year.

—For the finest line of Gents and ladies shoes in the county, go to Smith & McElwee, Danmore.

—H. G. Hoge, of Montgomery Va., was calling on our merchants the first of the week.

—J. E. and L. B. Byrd, of New Hampton, Va., was in our town Sunday night.

—Several persons from our town attended meeting near Edray Sunday.

—C. P. Price, Esq., of Marlinton, made on a pleasant call Monday, and renewed his subscription to THE TIMES.

—Rev. A. A. P. Neal, preached a couple of very interesting sermons in the Methodist church last week.

DEAD.—On Sunday the 4th inst., at Clifton Forge, Allegheny county, Va., Mrs. Margaret M. Gay, wife of Sam'l C. Gay, of this county. She leaves three children.

Green Bank Items.

No rain for twenty-four hours. George Oliver and W. A. Gladwell have just returned from a business trip to Huttonsville.

Miss Monte Arbogast of Texas is visiting relatives in this neighborhood.

Mrs. Birdie Ballengee is off on a visit to Bath Co. Va.

Mrs. J. F. Patterson, of Glade Hill, has been in our village the past week nursing her sick daughter at Mr. J. H. Patterson's.

A little boy, son of Mr. Thomas Beverage who lives on back mountain, was bitten twice by a rattlesnake one day last week. Dr. Woodman was sent for, and he is said to be recovering.

Xx.

Beaver Lick News

It beats all for rain.

The farmers will loose all their oats and hay if it don't soon stop raining.

Miss Maggie Ramsey, of Anthony's creek is visiting her sister in this vicinity.

John Kellison, is able to be out after several days illness.

Miss Bonnie McKeever is visiting her mother for a few days.

Working & Denning, the miller jobbers are busy at work. They have built 15 miles of shingles and are now ready to commence shingling the white pine logs. They intend to do a rushing business this season.

R.I.

Edray Items.

RUSTICATING.

Messrs. George McClintic, L. M. McClintic, Joseph Radtner and Wesley Molihan are camping on Williams river at the mouth of Ten creek, and enjoying the sport among the many tribes, taking the last Thursday and Friday, a "tag-matton," now and then, its no harm to find mountain goats you know away back the e out of civilization and the world, even if the P. Atty's is along.

HORSE KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

On Friday night the 2nd inst. during a thunder storm at this place, a horse belonging to Mr. Rankin Poage, was struck by lightning and instantly killed. "Old Doc," (this was the horse's name) was standing by an oak tree about one hundred and fifty yards from Mr. Poage's house.—the tree was marked slightly by the descending current and from appearances the horse received the entire charge of electric fluid. Two other horses and one mule were in the same lot at the time, but luckily were not near enough the tree to be hurt, though one had a shoe torn off about 50 feet from the tree.

A large and attentive congregation were well entertained by two excellent sermons by Rev. A. A. P. Neal, at Mt. Pleasant, on yesterday the 4th inst., dinner on the ground about; about 400 people were present. Collection over \$10.00.

Xx.

Danmore Doings.

It rains, the sun shines and the farmers make hay.

Peter Gnu, and Billy Rodgers, of Highland Co., were here last week looking for sheep.

We have some hooping cough in our neighborhood.

Several wagons returned from Staunton Monday, and report had roads, and they say the wheat is growing in the shock, in the Valley of Va.

There seems to be quite a good crop of whortle berries and rattle snakes.

Quite a lot of building is going on. Jas. Riley is building a large house and also Geo. Cooper. Mack Yeager and Phil Edmiston will build soon.

The church at Danmore is under good head way.

J. Frank Little, has been painting for E. A. Smith, G. D. Oliver, Jacob Hughes, Geo. Kerr and others.

Dr. Williams has been in this vicinity on professional business for a week or two.

C. E. Pritchard is here on a visit.

Mrs. I. M. Cackley, has returned from Randolph Co.

Mrs. Henry Fleumer, and Miss Sallie Patterson, we are glad to say, are improving.

There will be singing at Cross Road school house, Sunday the 11 at 2, o'clock, p. m. Profs. C. C. Arbogast, C. B. Swecker, Porter Ruybarn, J. F. Little and N. S. Nottingham. Let all attend.

TOM SAWYER.

Hillsboro Happenings.

Prof. R. C. Lovelidge, and wife of New Haven, Conn., are visiting relatives in the Levels.

Rev. D. A. Penick, and wife of Rockbridge, Va., are visiting friends and relatives at this place. Mr. Penick has preached two excellent sermons since his arrival and will preach again next Sunday evening in the Presbyterian church.

Mr. E. J. Hall, is attending Webster Springs for his health.

Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas and children of Maryland are visiting relatives at this place.

Prof. C. A. Brown, and brother of Virginia, spent a few days visiting friends and his former pupils at this place a few days ago.

Miss G. M. Shorrer has returned from a trip to Edray and is visiting in behalf of her school.

There are several very serious cases of Flu in our midst, and they are spreading rapidly.

Misses Blunch Clark and Mary Beard have returned from a visit to Greenbrier county.

Dr. Hales and family of Virginia will arrive at this place this week. Dr. Hales will locate here.

Messrs. Woodell and Hildgardner are putting up Mr. H. Nathans store on the corner of Main Street, on the property which he bought of Mr. M. G. Hollings.

Mrs. Reid is visiting her daughter Mrs. T. A. Van.

Rev. A. A. P. Neal, will preach in the Methodist church Wednesday Thursday and Friday night and assist Rev. Wm. E. Miller, in his basket meeting at Marvin Chapel Sunday.

PRIMERIA.

Another murder goes on record, this time at Allegheny Station. Two colored men, named Dick Winston and — Ramsey, both railroad hands, got into an altercation on Sunday evening concerning Winston's wife, whom Winston accused Ramsey of trying to poison. During the quarrel Ramsey drew a pistol and shot Winston in the right side. Ramsey escaped, and Winston will die.—Ronceverte Messenger.

Killed at Fort Spring.

On last Saturday night about nine o'clock, Mr. Andrew Surgeon, railroad employe at the Fort Spring depot, was instantly killed by the second section of No. 31. He was walking on the track, when the train overtook him, carrying the mail from the postoffice to the depot, as usual, and, strange to say, although the engine whistled and the trainmen shouted, he never left the track until struck by the engine and his brains dashed out. The supposition is that he thought he was on the side-track, and therefore paid no attention to the signals. Mr. Surgeon was 30 years of age, and had been connected with the railroad at Fort Spring ever since a depot has been established there.—Ronceverte News.

Another One.

A charter has been issued by the Ganley & Eastern Railway Company, organized for the purpose of constructing and operating a railroad from the mouth of Ganley river to Huntersville, Pocahontas Co. The principal office to be kept in this city and the charter to continue perpetually. The capital stock is \$2,000, and shares are \$119 each, of which R. W. Kelley, of New York holds sixteen; and L. D. Kelley, of New York, and E. W. Knight, H. D. Smith, and Geo. S. Conah, of this city, hold one each. This road, when constructed, will run through one of the finest and most fertile regions of the State.—Charleston Gazette.

Must be some mistake about this Capital Stock. Certainly a railroad could not be built 50 miles or more with a Capital stock of \$2,000.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of George C. Hill, deceased.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas made in a cause therein pending to subject the real estate of the said Geo. C. Hill, to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said George C. Hill for adjudication to L. M. McClintic, Commissioner at his office in the said County, on or before the 8th day of September, 1889.

Commissioner's Notice.

Charles L. Austin & Co.,
vs. In Chy. No. 2.
Wm. F. Arbogast & Co.

Notice is hereby given to all parties interested, that in pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered in the above named cause on the 17th day of June, 1889, I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Saturday the 17th day of August 1889 to take, state and report the following accounts:

1st. An account showing who are entitled to share in the fund arising from the sale of 950 acres of land decreed to be sold in this cause, and the amount thereof.

2nd. An account showing what taxes have been paid upon said tract of land within the last five years before the institution of this suit, by whom paid and to whom now due.

3rd. An account showing what will be a reasonable fee to the Attorney for the plaintiffs in this cause, to be taxed on the fund in this suit.

4th. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner, or requested to be specially stated by any party in interest.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

July 25-81. Printers fee \$9.00.

Commissioner's Notice.

Charles L. Austin & Co.,
vs. In Chy. No. 3.
Wm. F. Arbogast & Co.

Notice is hereby given to all parties interested, that pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County made in the above cause on the 17th day of June, 1889, I shall, as Commissioner of said Court proceed at my office in Huntersville, W. Va., on Friday the 23rd day of August 1889 to take state and report the following accounts:

1st. An account showing who are entitled to share in the fund arising from the sale of 1,328 acres of land decreed to be sold in this cause, and the amount thereof.

2nd. An account showing what taxes have been paid upon said tract of land, within five years before the institution of this suit, by whom paid and to whom now due.

3rd. An account showing what will be a reasonable fee to the Attorney for the plaintiffs in this cause, to be taxed on the fund in this suit.

4th. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner, or requested to be specially stated by any party in interest.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

July 25-81. Printers fee \$9.45.

Commissioner's Notice.

George C. Hill's Adm'r.
vs. In Chancery.
Rebecca J. Hill & others.

Notice is hereby given all parties, that pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered in the above cause on the 18th day of June, 1889, I shall as Commissioner of said Court, proceed at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Friday the 9th day of September, 1889, take, state and report the following matters of account:

1st. Settlement of the accounts of R. W. Hill as administrator c. t. a. of George Hill, dec'd.

2nd. An account showing the debts against the estate of George C. Hill, dec'd, showing their several amounts, priorities and to whom payable.

3rd. A general description of all the lands of which George C. Hill, dec'd seized, with a statement of their fee-simple value and annual rental value.

4th. A statement of the general nature and value of all the personal estate of which George C. Hill dec'd possessed which at the date of report is remaining applicable to the payment of debts against the estate of George C. Hill, dec'd.

5th. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner or required by any party in interest to be specially stated.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

July 25-81. Printers fee \$9.80.

BRIDGE LETTING.

The undersigned Commissioner of the County Court of Pocahontas County will receive Sealed Bids until 12, m., August 15th, 1889, for the following repairs to the bridge over Knapp's Creek near Huntersville: A pier to be constructed as follows: To be of cut stone up to the distance of 12 feet from the top of the ground, well laid in cement on solid foundation, every joint well broken, the pier to be 20 feet in length at the bottom and 18 feet at the top and 8 feet wide at bottom and 8 feet at top. One abutment to be of cut stone for 12 feet above the top of the ground, well laid in cement on solid foundation, joints well broken, the abutment to be 20 feet long at bottom and 18 feet at top, 8 feet wide at bottom and 8 feet at top. All cement to be of the best quality, and any additional height of stone work, shall be rubble work laid in lime and mud. The span of 60 feet shall be to the one already there. The approach to said bridge to be rubble work built of least posts and yoke not less than 12 inches in diameter, without hewing, and posts to be sunk in the ground not less than four feet. A distance of 12 feet in front upon which 3 stringers 12 inches are to be laid on top of yoke, upon which a floor of 2 inch oak plank 10 feet long shall be laid across making it 12 feet high the whole length of said approach. The contractor shall give bond with approved security, for

BONANZA

W. A. McCLINTIC & Co.

Staunton Marble Works.

If you want head stone, Marble and granite monuments etc., etc., you can do no better than to buy from

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Green Bank, Pocahontas Co.,
W. Va.

A. E. SMITH,
Academy, W. Va.



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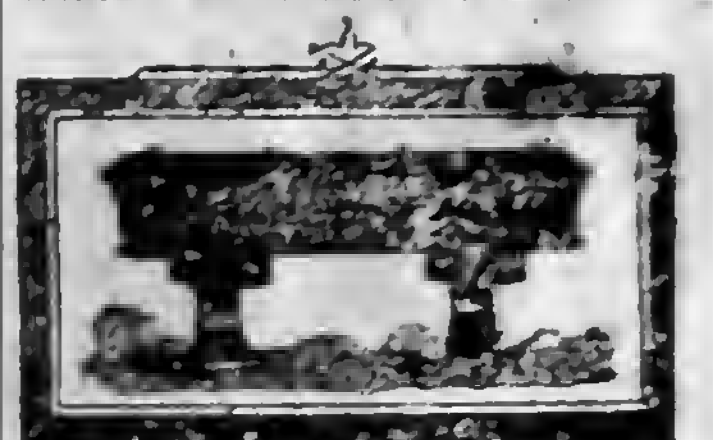
24 lbs. pr. pound, meal 75 cts. per bushel at H. H. McClintic's mill, also his flour at A. Barlow & Huntersville, and Barlow & Moore's, Edray for 8 cts. mar. 25.

NOTICE.

I will not hereafter sell mill stuff on credit, and all who owe me will please come forward and settle their accounts at once and save further trouble. Flour \$2.50 per 100 lbs and corn 75 cts per bu.

GEO. H. McCLINTIC, Edray.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of Hugh M. Carpenter deceased:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas made in a cause therein pending to subject the real estate of the said Hugh M. Carpenter, to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said Hugh M. Carpenter, for adjudication to L. M. McClintic, Commissioner at his office in the said County on or before the 8th day of September, 1889.

Witness, John J. Beard, Clerk of the said Court this 20th day of July 1889.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

July 25-81. Printers fee \$8.75.

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's Office of the County of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, on the 3rd Monday of July, 1889.

R. S. Turk, Plaintiff.

vs.

Reo. W. McDonald, John A. McDonald, Robeson A. McDonald, Geo. C. McDonald and E. H. McDonald, Defendants.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of the above styled suit is to have a division of 1,035, 304 and 167 acres of land lying on the West waters of Elk river in Pocahontas County, West Virginia, owned jointly by the plaintiff and the Defendants, and with each division in hand, to enjoin the defendants and all others from cutting or removing any merchantable timber from the said lands or otherwise to commit waste thereon, and if appearing by affidavit that the defendants, Geo. W. McDonald, John A. McDonald, Robeson A. McDonald, George C. McDonald and E. H. McDonald are non residents of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within due month after the first publication of this order, and do what is just.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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One copy, 1 yr., \$1.00 in advance; after 6 months, \$1.25; after 12 months, \$1.50. These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

August 8, 1889.

[Continued from first page.]

"You idiot, can't you get your mouth open?"

There were twenty-five men lying on the decks and in the cabin sound asleep. No! Dead! Every one of them dead and cold, and I the only living thing aboard. It took some time to explain matters and get at all the particulars, but with what I could tell them and what they could see it finally became plain to all. That barrel of wine had been dosed with some deadly drug. The cook must have done it previous to the attack, or the bung had been left out by another, and some poisonous reptile had crept in to die. No one could tell for certain, but the drinkers were all dead, and all had died in sleep. The ship was English, and the schooner was over thirty miles off the land. One of H. M. men-of-war, assisted by a civil functionary, attempted an investigation, but nothing came of it. Our crew had been slaughtered and the schooner captured, but she had recaptured herself and brought off twenty-five corpses. Not a living man could ever be found among the islands who would acknowledge that he had ever seen the schooner, much less participated in her capture.

Not long after the war a circus came to Montgomery. It was the first circus that had been there in a long time and attracted an immense crowd, especially of the negroes. The most interesting feature of the entertainment was the balloon ascension. The negroes had never seen anything of that kind, and regarded the spectacle of a man sailing up into the clouds very much as they would have looked upon Elijah going up in a chariot of fire. The balloon sailed away eight or ten miles and came down in a field where some negroes were plowing. Terrified at the spectacle of a chariot coming down from heaven they verily believed that the last great day had come, and remembered all their shortcomings, fled away in terror at the approach of the awful judge. One grey-headed and rheumatic old negro was unable to get away. He could follow the plough but could not run, and the chariot came down on him with terrible swiftness. At that awful moment his whole life rushed upon him. He thought of all the petty sins he had committed, and the ghosts of a hundred chickens seemed to rise up in judgment against him. But in that desperate emergency his mind did not desert him, and remembering that politeness always counted with his earthly master he quickly decided to greet the Lord of heaven and earth in becoming style. As the aeronaut touched the earth and began to entangle himself from the meshes about his car the old darkey, with an air of profound obedience, removed the wool hat from his shoulders, bowed low and said with pious

A Love Letter

The following was received by a young man of this vicinity, which we happened to get a hold of, and we think it is good enough to print: March 13 1889 S— PoCahontas W Va Mr.

Dear friend I take my pen in hand to let you know that I have well truly hope when these few lines come to hand it will find you enjoying the same blessing Mr. — I thought I would write you a few lines about you was here and enquired about me and I was sorrowful. I went here I would like to see you don't you let my body scold this if you please I don't think you will have any objections to this note

Mr. — you come down Saturday I will be at home I think ahead of you I don't know whether you think any thing of me or not I think you are the prettiest gentleman I ever saw you be sure and come down Saturday I want to see you and I will look for you be sure and come if you don't come Saturday you come, down next Saturday be sure and come down this Saturday I don't know what I would give to be here Saturday When you was here I please don't let my body see this if you get this to day you, write me and come down and send it down Saturday morning and let me know whether you are coming down Saturday evening or not be sure and come for I want to see you I want you to write and let me know When you are coming down if you don't come Saturday but I want you to be sure and come down Saturday will have to close for this time hoping to hear from you soon your ever being friend — to my Dear friend Mr. — Write soon come down Saturday be sure and come I will look for you I want to see you know want you to come When the golden sun is shining and of others you are thinking Would you kindly think of me Remember me When this you see Who often thinks of you I have been thinking about Writing to you ever since the party at Mr. —

Prompt Payment of Small Bills.

A wealthy banker in one of our large subscriptions to charities; and has kindly habits of private benevolence, was called on one evening, and asked to go to help a man who had attempted suicide. They found the man in a wretched house in an alley not far from the bakers dwelling. The front room was a cobble's shop; behind it, on a miserable bed in the kitchen, lay the poor shoemaker, with a gaping gash in his throat, while his wife and children were gathered about him.

"We have been without food for days," said the woman, when he returned. "It is not my husband's fault. He is a hard-working, sober man. To-day, he went for the last time to collect a debt due him by a rich family, but the gentleman was not at home." My husband was weak from fasting, and seeing us starving drove him mad. So it ended that way," turning to the fainting, motionless figure on the bed.

The banker having winced and fed the family, hurried home, opened his desk, and took out a file of little bills. All his debts were promptly met, but he was apt to be careless about the accounts of milk, bread etc., because they were so petty. He found that there was a bill of Michael Goodlow's for repairing shoes, \$10 Michael Goodlow was the suitor. It was the banker's unpaid debt which had brought these people to the verge of the grave, and driven this man to desperation, while at the very time the banker had given away thousands in charity. The record of Christian Work.

A printer once made this mistake,

"You printed a story about an Irishman who was threatened by a priest with being turned into a rat unless he quit drinking and beating his wife," said a friend who gathers up anecdotes of that sort. "Let me tell you one. It isn't new, but I have never seen it printed."

I signed myself and he proceeded: "Patrick Maghlin's went to confession and among other sins, confessed to the good father that he had stolen Mrs. Mulcahy's pig, the loss of which had been a great bloom to the poor woman."

"Stole Mrs. Mulcahy's gig did ye? That's very bad, Patrick—very bad. Don't you know Pat, that to steal a pig is a heinous sin, and to steal Mrs. Mulcahy's pig is worse? What will ye say on the day of judgment when Mrs. Mulcahy confronts you before the Lord and charges ye with stealing her pig—what'll ye say?"

"Pat looked rather ghum at this onslaught but at this point he perked up and said:

"Sure, yer riverlance, Mrs. Mulcahy won't be there."

"Include; and why not, Pat Maghlin's Mrs. Mulcahy will be there and the pig'll be there, and when yer asked why ye stole the widdy's pig what'll ye say, I'm wantin to know?"

"Will Mrs. Mulcahy be there?" asked Pat, a great idea illuminating his face.

"She will," said the good father severely.

"And will the pig be there?"

"Certainly."

"Then, begorra," said Pat, triumphant, "I'll say: 'Mrs. Mulcahy, there's your pig.'"

The Preacher's Snake Story.

Rev. C. W. Parker a respectable preacher, of Bremen, Ga., is author of the following tale:

Dr. I. N. Chaney used to practice medicine in Carrollton. He now keeps a hotel in Bremen. He went to Carrollton the other day in his buggy, and while there traded an old debt for a good horse, and started out for Bremen in his buggy, leading his new horse.

When he was nearing the little Tallapoosa river bridge at Kingsberry's mill, he suddenly heard a roaring noise among the trees, which he instantly supposed to be a storm. Looking up the hill he saw the forest in commotion, and the trees falling and bending toward him, and in the midst a huge body which proved to be a snake. The doctor put whip to his horse and was quickly on the bridge. Feeling the buggy jerk, he looked back and saw the snake swallow the horse he was leading and plunge into the river as the snake poked his head out on the other bank of the stream, his tail was still up on the side of the hill, his body reached clear across the river.

The horse having on new shoes kicked through the stamache of the snake, and the snake stopped, and the stream was dammed, and the water rose and floated the snake to a level with the bridge. The doctor jumped out of his buggy, took out a big knife, and cutting the hole larger where the horse's foot was sticking out of the snake's body, the horse floundered and mounted the bridge. The doctor secured him to his buggy and drove on, but by this time the water had backed up till the horse had to swim to low ground, but made their escape.—Ex.

Lieutenant Huland (who owes everybody)—Ah, my, Alas! (told him), how many could be made happy by this little hand.

Miss Goldbird (an heiress)—Many! I thought only one could be made happy by my hand.

Not if you give me your hand,

A Stranger who was making loud inquiries at the City hall yesterday for the Mayor was finally asked by an officer to state his errand.

"I want to make a complaint against the way I was used at the postoffice," he replied.

"But the Mayor has nothing to do with the postoffice."

"He hasn't?"

"No, sir. Uncle Sam runs that."

"Well, I've had my watch stolen, and I want to see him about that."

"It's no use, sir. You should go to the police."

"Hasn't the Mayor anything to do with it?"

"Not a thing."

"But they put me off a street car up here. I want to see him about that."

"He couldn't help you any."

"Say! You don't mean to tell me that your Mayor hasn't got any power, do you?"

"Not in such cases."

"Humph! Just sits right in his office, eh? Just smokes cigars and looks big and bosses the City hall, eh? Say! What's the use? If a feller can't boss the whole roost, what's the use of holding office? Say! I'm sorry for him. Give him my love and tell him he has my sympathy."

"Good many flies in here," he said to a shoemaker on Champlain street as he sat down to have a lift put on the heel of his shoe.

"Yes."

"Never tried to drive 'em out?"

"No."

"Don't want to keep 'em on the outside, I suppose?"

"No."

"Wouldn't put up a screen door then if any one should give you one?"

"No."

"You must be the house-fly's friend."

"My friend, I was sooch a man dot I like enerybody to get along all right. If you pitch on some flies he was mad; if you gif him a shance maybe he goes by himself and does vbell and vbas your friend."

When two women are bosom friends or deadly enemies, you may always ask, "Where is the man?"

Woman live and die by their passions, but not themselves.

The love of certain women is deadly; but most men become accustomed to it, as they do to slow poison.

Some men take women as they do champagne; but others indulge in them as they do in absinthe.

The lives of women can be divided into three epochs: They dream of love; they experience it and they regret it.

Woman's virtue is like her beauty. One cannot define its beginning nor its end.

"Laura," said the young lady's mother, not unkindly, "it seems to me that you had the gas turned rather low last evening."

"It was solely for economy, mamma," answered the maiden.

"There is no use trying to beat the gas company, my daughter. I have noticed that the shutting off of the gas is always followed by a corresponding increase of pressure."

"Well, that lessens the wust doesn't it, mamma, dear," replied the artless girl. And her fond parent could find no more to say.

Parson—You might as well look for another job, Jerry.

What for? What I done?

"Your lawfull of motive struck the owner of the building down on the first floor."

"Let him keep out of the way. If the bell strikes 12 when I've got a crowd of motor I don't care where it traps."

Dickens used to tell a story of meeting with a clergyman in a railway train, who held fast to his fellow passengers ever so long over the novel's private failings, "Dickens is an Abolitionist, sir, as I happen to know; he is also a gambler, and I regret to say, drinks," and so on. "Dear me, how sad. Have you ever seen him drunk?" asked Dickens. "Well, not exactly drunk; no—but certainly overtaken by liquor." Have you ever seen him sober? "Well, that is too much to say. Oh, yes, I have seen him sober." "Often?" "Yes, often." "No, sir, only once. You see him now for the first time." (Curtain.)

If You Have

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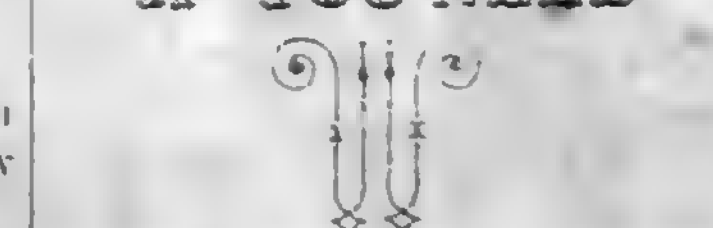
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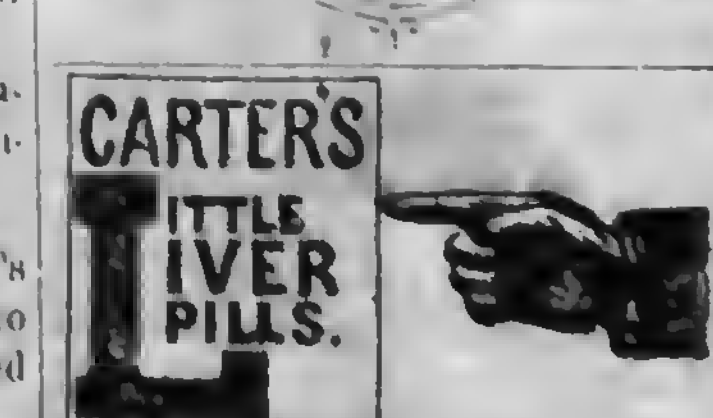
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Sick Headaches and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Indigestion, Nausea, Drowsiness, Dispepsia after eating, Pains in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, and Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

As they would be almost useless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who take them will find that these little pills are in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the home of so many troubles that here it is where we make our great battle. The pills cure it while others do not. Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. They are not a medicine, they are simply vegetables and do not give a purge, but by their gentle action cleanse all who use them. In case of a

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, J. J. Beard.
Clerk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'r Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard, Pres't.
S. B. Hartman.
G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 5th Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. MCCLINTIC
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. J. H. WEYMOUTH
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties.

U. S. STUCKER
Attorney-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

W. A. BUCKLE
Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE
Attorney-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will Practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

F. J. SNYDER
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

D. R. J. H. WEYMOUTH
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County over Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

D. R. S. P. PATTERSON
Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.



WOLF & ACME Blacking
Is the Blacking for Men, Women and Children.
The RICHEST BLACK POLISH.
Making Leather Waterproof and Durable.

BLACK CLOUD'S SON.

A GOVERNMENT RIDER'S STORY.

There will never be another Indian outbreak serious enough to call for the action of a full regiment of soldiers in suppressing it. The extermination of the buffalo was the death-blow to the hostile Indian. Added to that, the building of the railroad lines flooded the West with emigrants, miners, hunters and tourists, and the Indian found himself hedged in by circumstances. The red man is no longer a warrior. He is down, and down pretty low, and it is the beginning of the end. He is doomed to follow the buffalo, and his total extinction will be regretted only by the few philanthropists who argued for him as a theory, and never came in physical contact.

No human being ever came nearer being a fiend than an Apache Indian. The Pawnees, Blackfeet and Cheyennes were wicked enough but the Apache had traits of his own—a fiendishness which other tribes might imitate but could not equal. He was born crafty and cruel. He never had the slightest feeling of mercy or pity from the cradle to the grave. He was never so much amused as when assisting to torture some living thing. He was never so satisfied as when planning to take life.

A year previous to the time General Custer was ordered West to begin a vigorous campaign against the Indians, the Apaches were in their glory, and they boasted that they could defeat any force of soldiers sent against them. I was scouting and mail-carrying in Texas for the Government, and after many close shaves was finally captured by the red imp. It is of that incident I am going to write.

A month before my capture I was out on a scout on the Rio Pecos River, our party numbering eighteen men. We were well mounted and moving quickly from point to point. One day at noon we went into camp in a grove of cotton woods, and before I had unsaddled the Lieutenant in command informed me that he had lost his revolver from its holster during the last mile of our ride, and asked me to ride back in search. Instead of riding I returned on foot, and had the luck to find the weapon only about a quarter of a mile away. I then cut across an elbow to reach the grove, and when within stone's throw came suddenly upon an Indian pony in a dry gulch, and at the same instant discovered his owner crouched behind a boulder with his back to me and his face to the grove. I had him under my rifle before he could turn his head. Indeed, my finger was on the trigger when I saw that he was a boy. He had a rifle in his hands, but I called out to him to lay it down or I would fire, and after a moment's hesitation he obeyed. Then, as I kept him covered at a distance of only seven or eight feet, I called to the men in the grove, and several of them came hurrying down in response.

I had captured a son of Black Cloud, Chief of one of the Apache bands, and the boy was named after his father. He was only fourteen years old, and his presence there exemplified the ruling traits of Apache character. Three hours before, he had discovered our party

planning that we would kill there. Single-handed and alone he was going to pick off the Lieutenant, and then make his escape to boast of it. We had splendid horses and were all old campaigners, and the boy would not have had one chance in ten to get away. He must have realized it, and yet he was willing to run the risks. He was greatly chagrined and cast down by his capture. We had finished our scout and were on our way back to Fort McKavell, and were determined to carry him in prisoner. When he was informed of this he earnestly begged me to kill him, saying that he could never hold up his head among his people again. Had he been wounded and rendered helpless it would not have been so bad; but to be taken as he was would forever disgrace him. We bound him fast to his pony, secured the animal against a break for liberty, and set out for the fort.

The boy was sullen and defiant for a time, refusing to answer any question, but after a while, when I had told him that he would not be harmed, and that his capture under the circumstances redounded to his credit, he thawed out a little. Three hours after his capture we got sight of a single Indian a mile away to our right on a knoll, and as we halted young Black Cloud informed me that it was one of his tribe, who wanted to have a talk with us. Signals were exchanged between the two, and the stranger soon came galloping in. He was one of the hunting party, and had been dodging us for twenty miles to find out if the boy had been captured. He was a fine looking fellow, and as he halted in our midst, and saw the ignominious situation of the boy his first thought was to fight for him. I called his attention to the fact that any move of his would result in the death of them both, and then explained how the youth was captured. Knowing the conceit of the tribe I spread it on very thick, alleging that it required our whole force to make the capture, and it was not accomplished then without a hard fight. This falsehood made the boy my friend for life, while it put the other in better humor. I stated that young Black Cloud would be taken to the fort and held prisoner until exchanged for some white captive, and gave my word that he would be well treated, meanwhile. He sent a message to his father to the effect that he was not afraid, and hoped to be at liberty in a few days, and two hours later we had him safely lodged in the guard house at the fort. His capture was looked upon as a good thing, for we knew that his tribe would gladly exchange two or three white prisoners for him.

Two weeks after the capture of young Black Cloud I was called in to the Colonel's office one evening, and asked if I thought it possible to get through to Fort Concho with despatches. The country was then in the possession of the hostiles. The Pecos warriors had come down out of New Mexico to make common cause against the whites, and the Kioways, Cheyennes, Chokmaws, Seminoles, and Shawnees were all out in the country to the north and east. The Apaches had us almost in a state of siege, being seen every day within five miles of the post, and the chances of making a sixty-mile ride across the plain

ed certain questions, however, in a manner which seemed him to make the attempt. I left the post at 9 o'clock at night of an August evening perfectly satisfied that I should be dead or a prisoner before midnight. I had a bronco of tireless gait, a rifle and revolver, and I carried only five or six pounds extra weight. Before setting out I went in to see young Black Cloud and say good-by. I had spent much of my time in his company, and we had become pretty good friends. When I told him of my journey he took from his neck a buckskin sash, to which was attached the tooth of a grizzly bear, and banded it to me with the remark:

"You cannot get through. You will be captured or killed. If not shot down, show this to my people. They will know who it belongs to. They may trade you for me, and I shall thus get back to my tribe."

A thunder storm was coming up as I took my departure. Instead of holding due north, on the direct route, I rode to the east for five miles and then held away for Concho direct. The storm now broke, and for a full hour I rode ahead at a steady gallop, one moment in darkness so black that I could not see the ears of my horse, and the next in a blaze of light so brilliant that it blinded me. By the time the storm had passed I was a good fifteen miles from the fort, and as I had seen nothing to alarm me I began to hope that I would get through all right. It was between 10 and 11 o'clock, and I had pulled my broncho down to a walk for the first time, when he suddenly uttered a snort of alarm and started off with wild jumps. Three or four rifles cracked, and as the reports reached me the horse fell in a heap and flung me far over his head. I was momentarily stunned by the fall, and before I had made a move to get up I was seized by at least three Indians, who were not a minute in binding my hands and feet. When I got a clear head once more it was to realize that the Apaches had me a secure prisoner, and that, there were six or seven warriors about me. The moon came up in a clear sky a little later, and then I made out that I had run directly into a contemporary camp. The shots fired after me had brought down my horse, and he lay groaning and floundering a few yards away.

The Indians know that I was a white man, but they didn't know who they had got hold of until morning came. During the interval I lay on the wet ground guarded by two of the warriors, and almost immediately after my capture two men were sent off in different directions with news of it. A party of twelve Apaches arrived just before daylight and ten more at sunrise, and among the latter I recognized Black Cloud, father of the boy. One of the men had recognized me as "The white-man-who-lurries," as the Government riders were called, and as being in the party who captured the Chief's son. No man ever saw such a man before or since. They wanted to torture me, and yet they realized that through me they could obtain his liberty. The Chief at first declared that he had discovered his son, and that he might not in confinement before he would exchange a white prisoner for him.

old fortune. I was jerked to a sitting position, my head cut off, and the devils were about to use their knives on my feet when the old man changed his mind and restrained them. The sight of me before them was the same as a pair of fresh blood placed before ravenous wolves, and I expected to be killed or tomahawked every moment for the first half hour. When they had cooled down a little Black Cloud demanded the particulars of his boy's capture. I saw that he felt degraded over the event, and was ready to disown the youth, and I made out a strong defence for the little chap to save my own scalp.

It was finally decided to spare my life for a few days, and I was conducted to a camp in the foothills between the two forts. Here a council was held, and I had a close shave of it. While Black Cloud wanted his son back, some of his advisers contended that he should wait until securing some cheaper prisoner. They insisted on making me out a very important personage, and it was well known that I had killed or wounded several of the tribe in different skirmishes. Another thing that bothered them was how to make the exchange and not get beaten. Treacherous and deceitful to the last degree themselves, they would not credit the whites with having any honor. It was argued, too, that the commander of the fort would exchange the boy for a private soldier or any sort of prisoner, and that I had done them too much damage to be set at liberty. There were three days in which my fate was undecided, and during the last day a stake was driven and fagots collected for a fire to torture me. I had no voice in the council, being bound and under guard, but it was at length decided to make the exchange. So cautious and fearful were the Indians that it took a week to effect what might have been done in a day. I wrote a note to the commandant explaining the situation. This was carried in by a squaw, who was permitted to see and converse with young Black Cloud. He replied that he would exchange. The Apaches then wanted the boy traced loose before they released me, but this I would not hear to, knowing they would murder me. It was finally arranged that he was to be escorted a mile outside the fort and traced loose on his horse. I was to be taken to within a mile of the fort, and turned loose on foot. The parties were to occupy embankments half a mile apart, and the hour was to be 9 o'clock in the morning. This plan was carried out. Twenty soldiers came out with the boy, and about the same number of Apaches escorted me. The treachery of the copper-faced devils was soon exemplified. They had posted five warriors in a dry run to shoot me down as I made for the fort. The boy doubtless suspected some such move, for as soon as released he was galloping straight for me, and after a "how how" and a hand shake he hastened that I walk beside his pony until we reached the gate of the fort. When I was said to be worked with yells and cheers and it was then we saw the treacherous rascals creeping out of the cover where they had been stationed. A year later, after a fight in which over forty of the bravest

JOHN J. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered as second-class at Huntersville, W. Va., June 1, 1883, and class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.
August 15, 1889.

Give American Labor a Chance.

First class American work is not only the best of its kind in the world, but the output for a given plant is much greater. It is not the machines or the methods alone that accomplish this last, but the social status of the workman also. This is an inexplicable position to foreigners, who do not accord workmen any social standing whatever, but it is a mighty fact here. American workmen do more work because they are more intelligent, and are a part of all they undertake; they have more at stake. They care little about the quality of their beer, but very much about the houses they live in and the clothing they wear. Their great solicitude mixture is that their children shall be well brought up and have all the advantages that a free country can give them. This is why the arts flourish here, and why American engineers and American machinists are leading the world.—The Engineer.

And this, also, is why American industry and American workmen should not be taxed to death, but allowed a fair chance at the markets of the world, which are now in the clutches of nations which could not compete with America on an equal footing.

But the hands of the American workman are fettered. A high tariff wall compels American industry to prey upon itself, by keeping its products out of foreign markets, thus overstocking the home market the result, consequently, being depression reduction of wages, strikes, lockouts and all the ills that afflict American labor.

Give the American workman but half a chance, and he will beat the world.—Register.

Among the most foolish things in the world are the efforts made by railroad companies to prevent the public from getting the news in cases of accidents, wrecks, and the like. If they could succeed in suppressing the facts in such cases entirely their object might be understood, but when the only result is to delay the information for a day or so, while all sorts of wild rumors are flying about in the meantime, it would take somebody smarter than the proverbial Philadelphia lawyer to explain what the railroad companies gain by it.—Ex.

According to a correspondent of the New York Evening Post, 3,200,000 bushels of peanuts are consumed in this country every year. They come chiefly from Virginia and North Carolina, although Tennessee also produces a small crop.

Statistics compiled by the Board of Inquiry, have ascertained that over six thousand people were killed in the Conemaugh Valley during the great lake burst.

On the 2nd inst. Lewis B. Short

3,474 less than in July, 1888. Every month this year has shown a gradual decline in European arrivals.

Advice to Mothers.
 Mrs. W. W. Warner's Corns and Blisters should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer of all his troubles, soothes the little, and the little child wakes up as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

During a quarrel between Fred Ewing, white, and Jerome Crawford, colored, of Glenville, W. Va., the former stabbed the latter in the arm, inflicting severe injuries. Crawford's body was found on the roadside afterward with his head crushed in. Ewing is under arrest charged with the crime.

Congressman Wm. L. Wilson, of West Virginia, now in England, writes to a friend in Washington that he has attended a session of the House of Commons, and was not particularly impressed either by the speeches he heard or by the appearance of the hall, which, he says, is not as large as that of the United States House of Representatives.

"Brick" Pomery, the widely known author and editor, at 234 Broadway, New York, will, on receipt of 25 cents, send as directed, a sample copy of one of his interesting books entitled, *Ourselves and our Neighbors*; also a copy of his very independent and original monthly magazine, *Advance Thought*. And you will read every line each contains.

Internal revenue statistics show that in the fiscal year 1887-8 tax was collected on 1,852,723,000 cigarettes. In the year 1888-9 the number increased to 2,159,515,860—an increase of 288,788,260. Two cases of boy insanity were reported from New York city, within a week, resulting from excessive cigarette smoking. One made an unsuccessful attempt at suicide. Both were sent to an asylum.

WASHINGTON LETTER.
 (From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON August, 9.—Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson's friends have never forgotten his aspirations to be Secretary of the Interior in the present cabinet. The story that is just now interesting everybody in Washington is believed to have originated with the afore-mentioned friends of Mr. Clarkson. It tells in elaborate details that Mr. Harrison having become convinced that it would never do to appoint Attorney General Milley to the vacant justiceship of the Supreme Court, and his being a New York man having settled Secretary Tracy's chances, had decided to appoint Secretary Noble to the vacancy. That would make a vacancy in the cabinet, which the story goes on to say, the President has not yet decided whether he will fill with Postmaster General Wm. Amaker and make Mr. Clarkson Secretary of the Interior. A very pretty story and one that will have the intended effect of reminding President Harrison that Mr. Clarkson expects to go in the cabinet if a vacancy occurs. Secretary Noble denies that he is to be appointed to the Supreme Court. He ought to know it about as soon as anybody else.

No bills will be paid the telegraph companies for carrying government messages until it is decided at what rate they shall be paid for. The Postmaster General insists that one mill per word is enough. This the telegraph people deny.

The Treasury department received by mail from the commander of

about 11,000,000 acres of land in the great Sioux Indian reservation in Southern Dakota will be thrown open to settlement. It only requires that Congress shall approve the agreement, which Ex-Gov. Foster, chairman of the Commission, telegraphed the Interior Department Wednesday had been made with the Indians. Under this agreement the Indians will receive \$1.25 per acre for all the land sold during the first three years, 75 cents per acre for all that remains unsold after. The Commission, which was composed of Ex-Gov. Foster, of Ohio, Gen. Crook, U. S. A., and Hon. Wm. Warner, of Missouri, have been about a month in getting the requisite number of Indians—two thirds of the males over eighteen years old—to sign the agreement. The Indians refused to sign a similar agreement last year.

Representative Allen, of Mass., is in town. Speaking of the next House he said: "The republican programme will presumably be the revision of the rules and an attempt to seat republican contestants. I am not a democratic leader, but I believe that 'the crimes they have taught us we should practice'. If the republicans are allowed their way they will quickly produce a working majority. But remember how they postponed election cases in the last Congress. The Felton—Sullivan contest, for instance they would not allow to be considered at all. I, for one have no fear of the extra session. The burden of its mistakes will be on republican shoulders."

It has been decided that when the Civil Service Commission certify three names for appointment and one of them is a discharged soldier or sailor he must be selected by the appointing power for the place.

The employees of the Government Printing Office are working night and day to get the great mass of testimony in the contested election cases in print before Congress meets. There is an unusual number of such cases and a vast mass of evidence in each case. One of the cases just completed makes a book of nearly 500 pages.

Only one member of the administration is at present in Washington. Secretary Noble is the man. He is carrying the responsibility of the whole machine but it does not seem to worry him much, if any.

President Harrison gladdened the heart of many waiting and hungry brethren by making a large number of appointments before leaving for Bar Harbor. Still the number disappointed was much the greatest.

Attorney General Miller has gone to Indianapolis, where he will remain until joined by the President on the 22nd, inst. at the laying of the corner stone of the soldiers monument, after which they will return to Washington together.

A stick of dynamite was fed in to a threshing machine in Ind. the other day. The machine was blown to pieces, three men were torn to atoms and two teams killed.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years Doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ANCHER, M. D., 311 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colds, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

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OUR LIQUOR IS FOUR MILES NEARER

C. D. LAM, formerly of Mt. Grove, Va., and M. O'FARRELL, have established a new **LIQUOR AND GROCERY STORE** At the foot of the ALLEGHANY MOUNTAIN on the Warm Springs and Huntersville Turnpike, and will handle a full line of first class

WHISKIES, WINES & C., at from \$2 to \$4 per gallon, also **GROCERIES, CIGARS, TOBACCO & C.**

We respectfully solicit a fair share of patronage of the public, and guarantee satisfaction in every particular.

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 Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods before you purchase elsewhere.

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GEO. W. WAGNER, PROPRIETOR.
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Having lately purchased and assumed control of **HOTEL POCAHONTAS**, it is our purpose to spare no pains to keep just such a house as the public demands.

Substantial and comfortable accommodations for all guests.

Horses well provided for.

Charges reasonable.

Try us and see for yourself.

Respectfully,
GEO. W. WAGNER.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
 To the creditors of George O. Hill, deceased.
 In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas made in a case therein pending to subject the real estate of the said Geo. O. Hill, to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said George O. Hill for adjudication to M. McClintic, Commissioner of his estate in the said County, on or before the 6th day of September, 1889.
 Witness, John J. Heard, Clerk of the said Court, this 29th day of July, 1889.
 JOHN J. HEARD, Clerk.
 July 29-89
 Printers fee \$0.70

LADY CORRESPONDENT,
 wanted by a young man of 20 years

Order of Publication.
 At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in July, 1889.
 Cyrena H. Wilfong, Plaintiff,
 vs.
 Henry A. Yeager, Joseph W. Riley and Charles A. Lightner, Defendants
 IN CHANCERY.
 The object of this suit is to attach the estate of the defendant Henry A. Yeager, and subject the same to the payment of a debt due from said Yeager to the plaintiff, Cyrena H. Wilfong by bond, dated the 2nd day of October, 1888, for \$500.00, payable one day after date of the bond. Subject to a credit for \$48.00 as of February 1st, 1889, and it appearing by affidavit filed that Henry A. Yeager is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE
NO. 65, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this Lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. R. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'y.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—Butter is scarce.
—W. O. McCorkle, of Baltimore was in town last week.
—T. L. and J. C. Reynolds were in town last Saturday.
—Capt. J. C. Lakin, of Danmore was in town last Saturday.
—B. C. Jenkins was in Huntersville last week.
—Dr. Richard Williams, has been in town for several days.
—Moffett Cutlip, of Academy, called to see us last Friday.
—John Driscoll, was in town last Saturday.
—Geo. W. Wagner is up at Green Bank, fixing to raft some timber.
—Atty. C. F. Moore, was up at Frost Monday.
—Attorney L. M. McClintic, has returned from William's river.
—Bishop Peterkin will preach in the Methodist church next Sunday night.
—Chas. Bruce, of Mingo Flats passed through town Tuesday with a drove of sheep.
—Mr. Jake Beard and Miss Blanche Clark, of Academy, were the guests of Mr. Wm. Cury Saturday night and Sunday.
—Harry W. Campbell, Esq., of Academy, came up home last Saturday and returned Sunday.
—Miss Dora Sharp, who has been with her sister Mrs. Overholt in Academy for some time has returned home.

—Rev. N. H. Bittinger, of Monroe Co., made us a pleasant call Tuesday. He was on his way home, from visiting his son in Randolph Co.
—Miss Lou W. Hevener, daughter of Mr. Uriah Hevener of Greenbank, W. Va., spent Tuesday night in Monterey, on her way to visit her sister in Pulaski county.—Recorder.
—A. S. Williams, of Va., who built the bridge across Knapp's creek at this place two or three years ago is here now for the purpose of bidding on the additional span.

last 24th to 25th 1889

The Institute for Pocahontas Co., will convene in Huntersville, August 26th, beginning at 9 o'clock, A. M.

Teacher's will be required to attend and put in full time. No excuse taken for non-attendance except those given by law.
Teachers holding four years certificates will be required to attend the Institute and pass an examination on Physiology.

M. G. MATHEWS,
Co. Supt.

Marlinton Items.

Messrs. Kellison and Wort Beverage have started out with their steam thrasher. Last week they threshed crops for G. M. Kee, Esq., Capt. Apperson, and the Prices.
Capt. Apperson had 136 bushels of first-class wheat, from nine acres. Kee's wheat nearly as nice. Prices had 65 bushels from four acres, and good quality. The steam thrasher is a great advance upon the old horse power contrivances.
Messrs. Peters, Gardner and Callison have moved off eighty ten bales during the recent tide amount.

Sacramental meeting (D. V.) at Mt. Vernon Church the fourth Sabbath of August. All day meeting with refreshments, on the ground. Preaching Friday night before at Dover's School House, Saturday night at Frost, as preliminary services.

On the night of the second Sabbath of September there will be preaching (D. V.) at Edny Church. The subject will be the Johnstown disaster.

W. T. P.

Big Spring Notes.

The farmers in this vicinity are making hay very slowly owing to wet weather.
Miss Mannie Gatewood is home from Frederick Female Seminary after an absence of ten months.
The school here is progressing finely under the management of Miss Clark.
Born, on the morning the 5th, to B. F. Hamilton and wife a ten pound boy.

MOODY.

Dunmore Doings.

Fine hay weather and farmers are making use of it.
S. L. Jackson and wife have returned to Roneaverte.
Col. Jno. Driscoll was up last week.
Capt. J. C. Kimports is with us.
Misses Mary Price, Birdie and Col. E. C. Ferguson, of Huttonsville are here on a visit.
Mrs. Flenner and Miss Sallie Patterson are improving.
Bishop Peterkin will preach at Clover Lick Sunday the 18th.
O. W. Ruckman contemplates opening a tan yard near Green Bank soon.
Boyd Burtlett is finishing the plastering of Mr. Pritchard's house.
We have a man here that spent one night in the wreckage at Johnstown.

TOM SAWYER.

Green Bank Items.

News is scarce this week.
Miss Sallie Patterson who has been sick at this place was carried to her home at Glade Hill on her bed on Sunday last. Her severe illness has enlisted much sympathy from her many friends in this vicinity.
Dr. C. L. Austin was called to see Forrest Warwick, who we learn is quite ill.
Mr. F. Little has undertaken an extension job of painting on Mr. Geo. W. Kerr's new house and barn.
Miss Lou Hevener is off on a visit to her sister Mrs. Summerson in Pulaski Va., and other places of interest.
Mr. Davis, the artist has been quite indisposed for the last few days.

PAULINA.

Sunset Locals.

Three days dry weather this week and the farmers have made good use of them putting up hay and oats. The hay crop is good.
Z. N. Goulet the late purchaser of the W. L. Herold farm is preparing to sow a large crop of wheat. More of our farmers should do likewise.
Mrs. P. M. Harper, accompanied by Mrs. Birdie Ballenger are visiting Mrs. R. M. Pritchard at Healing Springs Va.
A. C. Harper, is back from a trip to Healing Springs.
Mr. H. M. Lockridge, is attending Warm Springs for his health.
Rev. W. H. Bullen, will preach at Sunset school house on Sunday the 18 at 8 o'clock p. m., whilst on his way to Monroe where he will attend Monroe Camp Meeting and visit his father.
Success to THE TIMER.

POLBY.

There is a great deal of talk in this day and time of culture. We hear of literary societies that meet to dispense views that are more or less rapid, we hear of schools of philosophy; we hear of the growth and accumulation, so to speak, of that free and easy doctrine which the Plunketts of the north call Christian science; and we hear of a thousand and one movements that restless and uneasy people are pushing forward under the cloak of culture and moral development.

It is a very easy matter to talk about culture and progress. We see a great deal about it in current books and read a great deal about it in newspapers, especially in newspapers printed in the neighborhood of Boston. But, after all, what is culture, and what are its benefits? It is easier to ask the question than it is to answer it, and this is because the average opinion of culture amounts to confusion.

To the person who is familiar with the best in literature—and this familiarity is cheaply and quickly bought—there is nothing to be less sought after than culture. The man who reads his Bible understandingly and appreciatively, and who makes a study of the wonderful body of literature that it contains, is more highly cultured than he who has read a hundred books in a dozen different languages.

Character is the essence of culture, and the books that form character and enable the mind to understand that information is not wisdom and that knowledge is not necessarily the result of what we are pleased to call education. What is best in life is to be found in the best of books—and this suggestion need not necessarily be construed into a sermon. St. Paul was a preacher, it is true, but he was a literary man also, and he had qualities which were not transmitted to the modern evangelists. So with Job and Isaiah, and so with the beloved prophet who was built enough to ease his troubled soul in the pages of Ecclesiastes.

The only culture in life or in literature that is worth considering grows out of earnestness and simplicity.—Atlanta Constitution.

Statistics show that during the past year, there were 2,184 murders in the United States, against 87 legal executions and 144 lynchings.

HILLSBORO TRAINING SCHOOL.

The third annual session of the Hillsboro Training School for young ladies and children will begin September 4 1889.

MISS G. M. SHEARER,
Principal.

Staubsville, W. Va.
I am prepared to make in the best style and order, Roads and floors of all kinds, also repairing them in neat style. May 10 6 m.
J. C. THOMPSON

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA.

To the Hon. of Benben Buzzard, dec'd The Heirs of James Wadsworth, dec'd, Henry D. Davis and John E. and W. B. Grimes, sons of Samuel Wadsworth, dec'd, Da Id Wilton, Trusting:
We command you that you appear before F. J. Snyder, a Commissioner in Chancery of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County at his office in the town of Huntersville, in said County on the 6th day of September, 1889, and show cause, if any, you, or either of you, why certain funds shall not be sold for the benefit of the school fund, which are mentioned in a petition filed in said Court by the Commissioner of School Land for said County, which was referred to said Commissioner, Snyder for report thereon by decree of said Court made on the 18th day of June, 1889.
Witness: John J. Beard, Clerk of said Court, at the Court-house, of said County, the 8th day of August, 1889, in the 27th year of the State.

John J. BEARD, Clerk.

aug 8-41

Printers fee \$7.65

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, West Virginia on the first Monday in August, 1889.

Augusta National Bank, of Staunton, Va., and M. J. McNeel, Sheriff of Pocahontas county and as such adm'r of M. Mustoe, dec'd.

Samuel C. Tardy, K. D. Urquhart and Samuel C. Tardy, Jr., late merchants and partners, doing business under the firm name and style of Tardy, Urquhart & Tardy; Wm. M. McAllister and Charles P. Jones, Trustee.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to enforce a payment of the sum of \$2,551 due to the plaintiffs by the defendants. Tardy, Urquhart & Tardy, by two protested negotiable notes, and the costs of protest; with interest on \$1,018.05 there of, from February 24, 1880, and on \$1,533.75, the residue thereof from March 23, 1880, and the costs of this suit; and to attach the interest of the defendants, Sam'l C. Tardy & Sam'l C. Tardy, Jr. in a tract of land containing 2.197 acres, lying in the County of Pocahontas, sufficient to satisfy the same.

And it appearing by affidavit filed that the said Defendants, Tardy, Urquhart & Tardy, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Teste:

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

JONES & McALLISTER, p. q.

aug. 8-41

Printers fee \$11.94

Commissioner's Notice.

Charles L. Austin & Co.;
Wm. F. Arbogast & Co.;
In Chancery, No. 2.

Notice is hereby given to all parties interested, that in pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered in the above named cause on the 17th day of June, 1889, I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Saturday the 17th day of August 1889 to take, state and report the following accounts:

1st. An account showing who are entitled to share in the fund arising from the sale of 1,039 acres of land decreed to be sold in this cause, and the amount thereof.
2nd. An account showing what taxes have been paid upon said tract of land within the last five years before the institution of this suit, by whom paid and to whom now due.
3rd. An account showing what will be a reasonable fee to the Attorney for the plaintiffs in this cause to be taxed on the fund in this suit.
4th. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner, or requested to be specially stated by any party in interest.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

July 25-41

Printers fee \$9.68.

Commissioner's Notice.

Charles L. Austin & Co.;
Wm. F. Arbogast & Co.;
In Chancery, No. 3.

Notice is hereby given to all parties interested, that pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County made in the above cause on the 17th day of June, 1889, I shall, as Commissioner of said Court proceed at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Friday the 23rd day of August 1889 to take state and report the following matters of account:

1st. A settlement of the accounts of R. H. Hill as administrator c. t. a. of George Hill, dec'd.
2nd. An account showing the debts against the estate of George C. Hill, dec'd, showing their several amounts payable and to whom payable.
3rd. A general description of all the lands of which George C. Hill, dec'd, seized, with a statement of their fee-simple value and annual rental value.
4th. A statement of the general nature and value of all the personal estate of which George C. Hill, dec'd, possessed which at the date of report is remaining applicable to the payment of debts against the estate of George C. Hill, dec'd.
5th. Any other matter deemed pertinent.

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A. R. SMITH,
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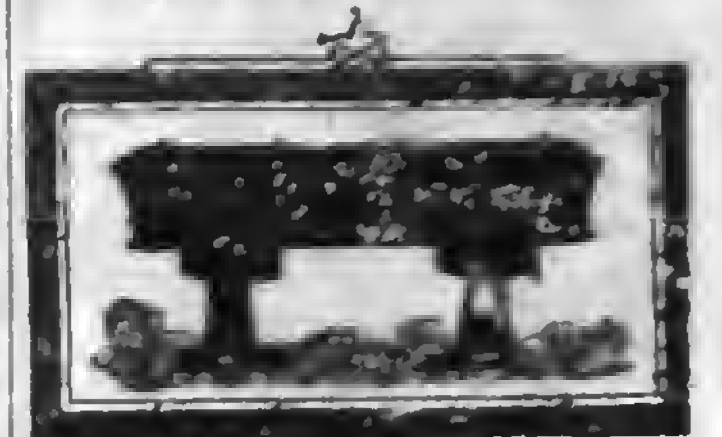
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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of Hugh M. Carpenter deceased:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas made in a cause therein pending to subject the real estate of the said Hugh M. Carpenter, to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said Hugh M. Carpenter, for adjudication to L. M. McClintic, Commissioner, at his office in the said county on or before the 6th day of September, 1889.

Witness, John J. Beard, Clerk of the said Court this 20th day of July 1889.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

July 25-41.

Printers fee \$6.70

Commissioner's Notice.

George C. Hill's Adm'r;
In Chancery.

Notice is hereby given all parties, that pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered in the above cause on the 18th day of June, 1889, I shall as Commissioner of said Court, proceed at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Friday the 6th day of September, 1889, take, state and report the following matters of account:

1st. A settlement of the accounts of R. H. Hill as administrator c. t. a. of George Hill, dec'd.
2nd. An account showing the debts against the estate of George C. Hill, dec'd, showing their several amounts payable and to whom payable.
3rd. A general description of all the lands of which George C. Hill, dec'd, seized, with a statement of their fee-simple value and annual rental value.
4th. A statement of the general nature and value of all the personal estate of which George C. Hill, dec'd, possessed which at the date of report is remaining applicable to the payment of debts against the estate of George C. Hill, dec'd.
5th. Any other matter deemed pertinent.

POGAHONTAS. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter. ADVERTISING RATES. 1 in. 8 in. 6 in. 1 yr. One inch \$ 1 00 \$ 2 00 \$ 3 00 \$ 5 00 Three in. 3 00 4 00 6 00 10 00 Gr. column 2 00 6 00 10 00 17 00 Half col'n 6 00 12 00 20 00 30 00 One col'n 10 00 20 00 30 00 50 00 Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. One copy, 1 yr., \$1.00 in advance; after 6 months, \$1.25; after 12 months, \$1.50. These terms will be strictly complied with. Huntersville, W. Va. August 15, 1889. THE FRONT GATE AJAR.

Her Father Raised His Chamber Window and This is What Came to Him Through the Summer Air.

"Party night, ain't it, Tilly?"

"Yes, party enough; good night, Hank."

"What's yer rush?"

"I'd say 'rush' if I wore you."

"Why, we ain't been standing here but a few minutes."

"O-o-o-h, Hank Sparks, what a big story teller you are. We've been here over an hour."

"Well, what if we have?"

"Well, that's long enough, that's what. We'd ought to be 'shamed of ourselves anyhow."

"What for?"

"For being so silly."

"I reckon we ain't the only silly folks in the world then."

"That makes no difference. Good night."

"No, wait a minute, Tilly."

"What for? You s'pose I'm going to stand here all night?"

"Nobody wants you to say here all night, but I don't see why you snatch yourself away like this."

"I'll be calling me first thing I know."

"Let 'im call; it won't hurt him."

"It might hurt you if he took a notion to come out or to set old Bone loose."

"Pooh! Who's afraid?"

"You'd better be. Good night."

"Wait a minute."

"I shan't stay out here another minute."

"Yes you will."

"I shan't. Let go my hands."

"I don't have to."

"You mean thing, you! I—I—if you dare to kiss me again, Hank Sparks!"

"Oh, I daren't, eh? There?"

"Hank Sparks?"

"There's another."

"I've a notion to call for ya. I will if you kiss me again, sir!"

"You're the worst case I ever saw. Shame on you!"

"Pooh! I pity a fellow who ain't got enough to kiss his girl when he can."

"I'd be ashamed if I was you, sir. Good night."

"Good night, Tilly."

"Good night."

"Good night. Don't forget that we're going to the slugging school on Friday night."

"We will and maybe we won't."

"You'd better look out or I'll kiss you again."

"Yes, you daren't! Good night."

"Bye-bye."

"Goodby."

A man never knows what he can do until he tries, and then, afterward, he is often very sorry that he found out.

Gentleman (calling at the house of a friend): "In your mistress's la?"

Mary: "She is sir." Gentleman:

ed when blown up by his wife.

Strango.—Husband: "I dreamt I died and went to heaven. Strango." Wife: "Yes strango indeed."

Miss Lovelorn: "Did you mean that as a smile at me? Oldbarn: "No, my dear; it was a twinge of the rheumatism."

What is the difference between a summer dress and an extracted tooth?—One is too thin and other is tooth out.

Two heads are better than one. The two-headed freak in the Illinois museum earns a larger salary than the one-headed professor.

Bride: "George, dear, when we reach town let us try to avoid leaving the impression that we are newly married." "All right, Maud; you can log this valise."

Madam: "Do up my hair, Felice, while I am down at breakfast." Felice: "Yes, madam; which colour?" Madam: "The black, please; I am going to a funeral."

A garrulous top, who had annoyed by his frivolous remarks his partner in the ballroom, asked whether she had ever had her ears pierced. "No, but I have had them bored."

Stout Lady: "Sir, I beg that you will desist from following me, or I shall call a constable." Perspiring Stranger: "Pray don't say so. It's the only bit of a shade in the whole park. I'd do as much for you, but my shadow isn't worth mentioning."

Adorer (nervously): "Isn't that your father's step on the stairs?" Sweet Girl: "Yes, but don't mind that; it's only a scare. He won't come down. He always stamps around that way when I sit up with young men after eleven o'clock."

An attorney at law, who wished to show his smartness by quizzing an old farmer, began by asking him if there were many girls in his neighborhood.

"Yes," replied the old man; "there's a dreadful sight of 'em—so many that there ain't half enough respectable husbands for 'em all, and so some of 'em are beginning to take us with lawyers!"

The attorney did not follow up the subject.

"Well, Master Jackson," said the minister, walking homeward after service with an illustrious laborer, who was a constant attendant "Sunday must be a very blessed day of rest for you, who work so hard all the week. And you make good use of the day, for you are to be always seen at church." "Aye, sir," replied Jackson, "it is, indeed, a blessed day, I works hard enough all the week, and then I comes to church o' Sundays, and sets me down, and lays my legs up and thinks o' nothin'."

The Weight of Individuals.

The average weight of a boy at birth is seven and that of a girl little more than six pounds. When they attain the full development man or womanhood they should weigh twenty times as much as they did at birth. This would make man's average weight 140 and woman about 125. The height of male at birth is 1 ft. 7 in., and of a female 1 ft. 6 in. Fully grown a man's height should be at least three and a half times greater than at birth, or 5 ft. 9 in., while a woman should be 5 ft. 3 in. The weight of individuals who are fully developed and well formed, however, varies within extremes, which nearly as one to two, while the height varies within limits which at most are as 1 to 1.30. Tall men, as the maximum of man's weight and 85 as the minimum, would have the average of 1

hard, hard world, do you not?" she said, as she gave the tramp a loaf of stale bread. "Yes'm," answered the tramp, trying to make a dent in the loaf with his knife; "but we frequently strike things that are harder."

In the Sun.

A knowledge of felina traits once enabled Charles James Fox to win a wager from the then Prince of Wales, while the two were sauntering along a fashionable street in London.

It was a hot summer's day and Fox offered to bet that he would see more cats than His Royal Highness during their promenade, although the Prince might choose on which side of the street he would walk.

It turned out that Fox had seen thirteen cats and the Prince none. "Your Royal Highness," said Fox, answering the Prince's request for an explanation, "choose of course, the shady side of the street as being most agreeable. I knew that the sunny side would be left for me, and that cats prefer the sunshine."—Yonth's Companion.

New List of Don'ts.

Don't drink black or green tea. Paint it red.

Don't wear high heels, and yet do not walk altogether on your uppers.

Don't eat a large, juicy steak at a boarding house.

Don't wear your bathing-suit to a sleighing party.

Don't permit a boy to eat more than fifteen times a day if you can help it.

Don't eat on an empty stomach unless you feel hungry.

Don't read in street cars of jolting stages. Get the conductor to read to you.

Don't eat chicken salad if lob veil does not agree with you.

Don't lose your head in case of violent bleeding at the nose. You might need it in your business.

Don't eat cucumbers or stale meats. Send them to the preacher.

Don't eat salad in a hurry.

Don't drink liquor in large quantities when suffering with delirium tremens.

Don't jump from the window when suffering with alcoholism under the impression that there are snakes in the room. These serpents are more imaginative than real.

Don't sit with your back to a slight draft.

The Steubenville Herald tells of a woman who was told that her husband was dead.

Attorney General Miller has gone to Indianapolis, where he will remain until joined by the President on the 22nd, last, at the high of the summer season of the old dlers monument, after which he will return to Washington together with the President.

A stick of dynamite was put into a thrashing machine in Ind. the other day. The machine was left to pieces, three men were torn to atoms and two teams killed.

There is more Catholicism in this part of the country than all other districts put together, and until the last year was supposed to be no more. For a great many years Doctors pronounced it a local disease, and resorted to local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatments pronounced it incurable. Science proved contrary to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Remedy, manufactured by F. J. Hall, Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is internally absorbed from the blood, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for each case it fails to cure. Send for circular and testimonials. Address, F. J. HALL & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

POGAHONTAS TIMES.

FOR THE

Every man in the County should take it, and patronize some industry. It sustains your rights, and works for the advancement of your county, which no city paper will do. It gives you the news from all parts of the county, which you could not get otherwise. It furnishes matters of interest to the Merchant, Farmer and Mechanic. It keeps you posted and gives you information, on all general news, and its sections and Miscellany are fit for all ages.

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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles that lead to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Browsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the ribs, &c. Whole world's remarkable success has been shown in curing.

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is the cause of so many headaches that have been cured by these pills. One or two pills will cure a headache, and they are entirely safe and reliable. They are sold by all druggists and by mail.

Directory of Pocahontas County.

Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
M. J. McNeel.
Sheriff,
Mr. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
O. O. Arbogast.
C. E. Beard, Pres't.
S. B. Hannah.
G. P. Moore.
Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and Monday in October.
Court convenes on the 1st of January, March, October and Tuesday in July July is n.

MOORE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

McCLINTIC,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

STOFER,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

RUCKER,

Attorney-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
practice in the courts of Pocahontas and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

ABEUCKLE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.
practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
attention given to claims for land in Pocahontas county.

KEE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.
Practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

NYDER,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.

visit Pocahontas County every week and Fall. The exact date each visit will appear in this paper.

P. PATTERSON,

Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.



ACME Blacking

BLACK CLOUD'S SON.

A GOVERNMENT RIDER'S STORY

There will never be another Indian outbreak serious enough to call for the action of a full regiment of soldiers in suppressing it. The extermination of the buffalo was the death-blow to the hostile Indian. Added to that, the building of the railroad lines flooded the West with emigrants, miners, hunters and tourists, and the Indian found himself hedged in by circumstances. The red man is no longer a warrior. He is down, and down pretty low, and it is the beginning of the end. He is doomed to follow the buffalo, and his total extinction will be regretted only by the few philanthropists who argued for him as a theory, and never came in physical contact.

No human being ever came nearer being a fiend than an Apache Indian. The Pawnees, Blackfeet and Cheyennes were wicked enough but the Apache had traits of his own—a fiendishness which other tribes might imitate but could not equal. He was born crafty and cruel. He never had the slightest feeling of mercy or pity from the cradle to the grave. He was never so much amused as when assisting to torture some living thing. He was never so satisfied as when planning to take life.

A year previous to the time General Custer was ordered West to begin a vigorous campaign against the Indians, the Apaches were in their glory, and they boasted that they could defeat any force of soldiers sent against them. I was scouting and mail-carrying in Texas for the Government, and after many close shaves was finally captured by the red imps. It is of that incident I am going to write.

A month before my capture I was out on a scout on the Rio Pecos River, our party numbering eighteen men. We were well mounted and moving quickly from point to point. One day at noon we went into camp in a grove of cotton woods, and before I had unsaddled the Lieutenant in command informed me that he had lost his revolver from its holster during the last mile of our ride, and asked me to ride back in search. Instead of riding I returned on foot, and had the luck to find the weapon only about a quarter of a mile away. I then cut across an elbow to reach the grove, and when within stone's throw came suddenly upon an Indian pony in a dry gulch, and at the same instant discovered his owner crouched behind a boulder with his back to me and his face to the grove. I had him under my rifle before he could turn his head. Indeed, my finger was on the trigger when I saw that he was a boy. He had a rifle in his hands, but I called out to him to lay it down or I would fire, and after a moment's hesitation he obeyed. Then, as I kept him covered at a distance of only seven or eight feet, I called to the men in the grove, and several of them came hurrying down in response.

I had captured a son of Black Cloud, Chief of one of the Apache bands, and the boy was named after his father. He was only fourteen years old, and his presence

planning that we would halt there. Single-handed and alone he was going to pick off the Lieutenant, and then make his escape to boast of it. We had splendid horses and were all old campaigners, and the boy would not have had one chance in ten to get away. He must have realized it, and yet he was willing to run the risks. He was greatly chagrined and cast down by his capture. We had finished our scout and were on our way back to Fort McKavett, and we determined to carry him in prisoner. When he was informed of this he earnestly begged me to kill him, saying that he could never hold up his head among his people again. Had he been wounded and rendered helpless it would not have been so bad; but to be taken as he was would forever disgrace him. We bound him fast to his pony, secured the animal against a break for liberty, and set out for the fort.

The boy was sullen and defiant for a time, refusing to answer any question, but after a while, when I had told him that he would not be harmed, and that his capture under the circumstances redounded to his credit, he thawed out a little. Three hours after his capture we got sight of a single Indian a mile away to our right on a knoll, and as we halted young Black Cloud informed me that it was one of his tribe, who wanted to have a talk with us. Signals were exchanged between the two, and the stranger soon came galloping in. He was one of the hunting party, and had been dodging us for twenty miles to find out if the boy had been captured. He was a fine looking fellow, and as he halted in our midst, and saw the ignoble situation of the boy his first thought was to fight for him. I called his attention to the fact that any move of his would result in the death of them both, and then explained how the youth was captured. Knowing the conceit of the tribe I spread it on very thick, alleging that it required our whole force to make the capture, and it was not accomplished then without a hard fight. This falsehood made the boy my friend for life, while it put the other in better humor. I stated that young Black Cloud would be taken to the fort and held prisoner until exchanged for some white captive, and gave my word that he would be well treated meanwhile. He sent a message to his father to the effect that he was not afraid, and hoped to be at liberty in a few days, and two hours later we had him safely lodged in the guard house at the fort. His capture was looked upon as a good thing, for we knew that his tribe would gladly exchange two or three white prisoners for him.

Two weeks after the capture of young Black Cloud I was called in to the Colonel's office one evening, and asked if I thought it possible to get through to Fort Concho with despatches. The country was then in the possession of the hostiles. The Pecos warriors had come down out of New Mexico to make common cause against the whites, and the Kioways, Cheyennes, Ojibwas, and Seminoles, and Shawnees were all on the country to the north and east. The Apaches had

ed certain questions, however, in a manner which decides him to make the attempt. I left the post at 9 o'clock at night of an August evening perfectly satisfied that I should be dead or a prisoner before midnight. I had a bronco of tireless gait, a rifle and revolver, and I carried only five or six pounds extra weight. Before setting out I went in to see young Black Cloud and say good-by. I had spent much of my time in his company, and we had become pretty good friends. When I told him of my journey he took from his neck a beakskin string, to which was attached the tooth of a grizzly bear, and handed it to me with the remark:

"You cannot get through. You will be captured or killed. If not shot down, show this to my people. They will know who it belongs to. They may trade you for me, and I shall thus get back to my tribe."

A thunder storm was coming up as I took my departure. Instead of holding due north, on the direct route, I rode to the east for five miles and then held away for Concho direct. The storm now broke, and for a full hour I rode ahead at a steady gallop, one moment in darkness so black that I could not see the ears of my horse, and the next in a blaze of light so brilliant that it blinded me. By the time the storm had passed I was a good fifteen miles from the fort, and as I had seen nothing to alarm me I began to hope that I would get through all right. It was between 10 and 11 o'clock, and I had pulled my broncho down to a walk for the first time, when he suddenly uttered a snort of alarm and started off with wild jumps. Three or four rifles cracked, and as the reports reached me the horse fell in a heap and flung me far over his head. I was momentarily stunned by the fall, and before I had made a move to get up I was seized by at least three Indians, who were not a minute in binding my hands and feet. When I got a clear head once more it was to realize that the Apaches had me a secure prisoner, and that there were six or seven warriors about me. The moon came up in a clear sky a little later, and then I made out that I had run directly into a contemporary camp. The shots fired after me had brought down my horse, and he lay groaning and floundering a few yards away.

The Indians knew that I was a white man, but they didn't know who they had got hold of until morning came. During the interval I lay on the wet ground guarded by two of the warriors, and almost immediately after my capture two men were sent off in different directions with news of it. A party of twelve Apaches arrived just before daylight and ten more at sunrise, and among the latter I recognized Black Cloud, father of the boy. One of the men had recognized me as "The white man who hurries," as the Government riders were called, and as being in the party who captured the Ojibwas. No one ever saw such a mad lot of redskins before or since. They wanted to torture me, and yet they realized that through me the boy could obtain his liberty. The Chief at first declared that the boy

was tortured. I was jerked to a sitting position, my coat cut off, and the devils were about to use their knives on my feet when the old man changed his mind and restrained them. The sight of me before them was the same as a pile of fresh blood placed before ravenous wolves, and I expected to be knifed or tomahawked every moment for the first half hour. When they had cooled down a little Black Cloud demanded the particulars of his boy's capture. I saw that he felt degraded over the event, and was ready to disown the youth, and I made out a strong defence for the little chap to save my own scalp.

It was finally decided to spare my life for a few days, and I was conducted to a camp in the foothills between the two forts. Here a council was held, and I had a close shave of it. While Black Cloud wanted his son back, some of his advisers contended that he should wait until securing some cheaper prisoner. They insisted on making me out a very important personage, and it was well known that I had killed or wounded several of the tribe in different scrimmages. Another thing that bothered them was how to make the exchange and not get cheated. Treacherous and deceitful to the last degree themselves, they would not credit the whites with having any honor. It was argued, too, that the commander of the fort would exchange the boy for a private soldier or any sort of prisoner, and that I had done them too much damage to be set at liberty. There were three days in which my fate was undecided, and during the last day a stake was driven and ligots collected for a fire to torture me. I had no voice in the council, being bound and under guard, but it was at length decided to make the exchange. So cautious and fearful were the Indians that it took a week to effect what might have been done in a day. I wrote a note to the commandant explaining the situation. This was carried in by a squaw, who was permitted to see and converse with young Black Cloud. He replied that he would exchange. The Apaches then wanted the boy turned loose before they released me, but this I would not hear of, knowing they would murder me. It was finally arranged that he was to be escorted a mile outside the fort and turned loose on his horse. I was to be taken to within a mile of the fort, and turned loose on foot. The parties were to occupy enclosures half a mile apart, and the hour was to be 9 o'clock in the morning. This plan was carried out. Twenty soldiers came out with the boy, and about the same number of Apaches escorted me. The treachery of the copper-headed devils was soon exemplified. They had posted five warriors in a dry run to shoot me down as I made for the fort. The boy doubtless suspected some such move, for as soon as released he came galloping straight for me, and after a "haw haw" and a loud shake he insisted that I walk beside his pony until we reached the gate of the fort. When I was half way he waved his hand and rode away to be revivified with yucca and cholla and it was then we saw the treach-

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE
NO. 65, A. F. & A. M.—The
time of regular meeting of this
Lodge is on the Friday evening pre-
ceding each Full Moon, unless the
Moon falls on Friday, then on that
evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'y.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—Butter is scarce.
—W. O. McCorkle, of Baltimore
was in town last week.
—T. L. and J. C. Reynolds were
in town last Saturday.
—Capt. J. C. Lakin, of Dunmore
was in town last Saturday.
—B. O. Jenkins was in Hunters-
ville last week.
—Dr. Richard Williams, has been
in town for several days.
—Moffett Cutlip, of Academy,
called to see us last Friday.
—John Driscoll, was in town last
Saturday.
—Geo. W. Wagner is up at Green
Bank, fixing to raft some timber.
—Atty. C. F. Moore, was up at
Frost Monday.
—Attorney L. M. McClintic, has
returned from William's river.
—Bishop Peterkin will preach in
the Methodist church next Sunday
night.
—Chas. Brace, of Mingo Flats
passed through town Tuesday with
a drove of sheep.
—Mr. Jake Beard and Miss
Blanch Clark, of Academy, were
the guests of Mr. Wm. Corry Sat-
urday night and Sunday.
—Harry W. Campbell, Esq., of
Academy, came up home last Sat-
urday and returned Sunday.
—Miss Dora Sharp, who has
been with her sister Mrs. Overholt
in Academy for some time has re-
turned home.

—Rev. M. E. Dittinger, of Monroe
Co., made us a pleasant call Tues-
day. He was on his way home,
from visiting his son in Randolph
Co.

—Miss Lou W. Hevener, daugh-
ter of Mr. Uriah Hevener of Green-
bank, W. Va., spent Tuesday night
in Monterey, on her way to visit
her sister in Pulaski county.—Re-
corder.

—A. E. Williams, of Va., who
built the bridge across Knapp's
creek at this place two or three
years ago is here now for the pur-
pose of bidding on the additional
span.

Institute Notice 1899

The Institute for Pocahontas Co.,
will convene in Huntersville, Au-
gust 26th, beginning at 9 o'clock, A.
M.

Teacher's will be required to at-
tend and put in full time. No ex-
cuse taken for non-attendance ex-
cept those given by law.

Teachers holding four years cer-
tificates will be required to attend
the Institute and pass an examina-
tion on Physiology.

M. G. MATHEWS,
Co. Supt.

Marriage News.

Messrs. Kellison and Wort Bev-
erage have started out with their
steam thresher. Last week they
threshed crops for G. M. Kee, Esq.,
Capt. Apperson, and the Prices.

Capt. Apperson had 136 bushels
of first-class wheat, from nine
acres. Kee's wheat nearly as nice.
Prices had 65 bushels from four
acres, and good quality. The steam
thresher is a great advance upon
the old horse power contrivances.

Messrs. Peters, Gardner and Cal-
houn have moved off eight or ten
cords during the recent time amount-
ing to nearly one hundred and fifty
cords of sawed lumber.

Sacramental meeting (D. V.) at
Mt. Vernon Church the fourth sab-
bath of August. All day meeting
with refreshments, on the ground.
Preaching Friday night before at
Dever's School House, Saturday
night at Frost, as preliminary ser-
vices.

On the night of the second sab-
bath of September there will be
preaching (D. V.) at Edray Church.
The subject will be the Johnstown
disaster.

W. T. P.

Big Spring Notes.

The farmers in this vicinity are
making hay very slowly owing to
wet weather.

Miss Mamie Gatewood is home
from Frederick Female Seminary
after an absence of ten months.

The school here is progressing
finely under the management of
Miss Clark.

Born, on the morning the 5th, to
B. F. Hamilton and wife a ten
pound boy.

MOODY.

Dunmore Solage.

Fine hay weather and farmers
are making use of it.

S. L. Jackson and wife have re-
turned to Boncerverte.

Col. Jno. Driscoll was up last
week.

Capt. J. C. Kinports is with us.

Misses Mary Price, Birdie and
Col. E. C. Ferguson, of Huttons-
ville are here on a visit.

Mrs. Flenner and Miss Sallie
Patterson are improving.

Bishop Peterkin will preach at
Clover Lick Sunday the 18th.

O. W. Buckman contemplates
opening a tan yard near Green
Bank soon.

Boyd Bartlett is finishing the
plastering of Mr. Pritchard's house.

We have a man here that spent
one night in the wreckage at
Johnstown.

TOM SAWYER.

Green Bank Items.

News is scarce this week.

Miss Sallie Patterson who has
been sick at this place was carried
to her home at Glade Hill on her
bed on Sunday last. Her severe
illness has enlisted much sympathy
from her many friends in this vicin-
ity.

Dr. C. L. Austin was called to
see Forrest Warwick, who we learn
is quite ill.

Mr. F. Little has undertaken an
extension job of painting on Mr.
Geo. W. Kerr's new house and
barn.

Miss Lou Hevener is off on a vis-
it to her sister Mrs. Summerson in
Pulaski Va., and other places of in-
terest.

Mr. Davis, the artist has been
quite indisposed for the last few
days.

PAULINA.

Sunset Locals.

Three days dry weather this week
and the farmers have made good
use of them putting up hay and
cows. The hay crop is good.

Z. N. Goulet the late purchaser
of the W. L. Herold farm is prepar-
ing to sow a large crop of wheat.
More of our farmers should do like-
wise.

Mrs. P. M. Harper, accompanied
by Mrs. Birdie Ballengee are visit-
ing Mrs. R. M. Pritchard at Houl-
ing Springs Va.

J. O. Harper, is back from a trip
to Houling Springs.

Mr. H. M. Lockridge, is attend-
ing Warm Springs for his health.

Rev. W. H. Ballengee, will preach
at Sunset school house on Sunday
the 18 at 8 o'clock p. m., whilst on
his way to Monroe where he will
attend Monroe Camp Meeting and
visit his father.

Success to THE TIMES.

POLKY.

The Brushy Ridge Camp meeting

There is a great deal of talk in
this day and time of culture. We
hear of literary societies that meet
to dispense views that are more or
less rapid, we hear of schools of
philosophy; we hear of the growth
and accumulation, so to speak, of
that free and easy doctrine which
the Plunketts of the north call
Christian science; and we hear of
a thousand and one movements that
restless and uneasy people are
pushing forward under the cloak of
culture and moral development.

It is a very easy matter to talk
about culture and progress. We see
a great deal about it in current
books and read a great deal about
it in newspapers, especially in
newspapers printed in the neigh-
borhood of Boston. But, after all,
what is culture, and what are its
benefits? It is easier to ask the
question than it is to answer it, and
this is because the average opinion
of culture amounts to confusion.

To the person who is familiar
with the best in literature—and
this familiarity is cheaply and
quickly bought—there is nothing
to be less sought after than culture.
The man who reads his Bible un-
derstandingly and appreciatively,
and who makes a study of the won-
derful body of literature that it
contains, is more highly cultured
than he who has read a hundred
books in a dozen different lan-
guages.

Character is the essence of cult-
ure, and the books that form char-
acter and enable the mind to under-
stand that information is not wis-
dom and that knowledge is not nec-
essarily the result of what we are
pleased to call education. What is
best in life is to be found in the
best of books—and this suggestion
need not necessarily be construed
into a sermon. St. Paul was a
preacher, it is true, but he was a
literary man also, and he had qual-
ities which were not transmitted to
the modern evangelists. So with
Job and Isaiah, and so with the
beloved prophet who was bold
enough to ease his troubled soul in
the pages of Ecclesiastes.

The only culture in life or in liter-
ature that is worth considering
grows out of earnestness and sim-
plicity.—Atlanta Constitution.

Statistics show that during the
past year, there were 2,184 murders
in the United States, against 87
legal executions and 144 lynchings.

HILLSBORO TRAINING SCHOOL.

The third annual session of the
Hillsboro Training School for
young ladies and children will be-
gin September 4 1899:

MISS G. M. SHEARER,
Principal.

NOTICE.

The undersigned commissioners ap-
pointed at the July term of the County
Court of Pocahontas, to rent the In-
firm or Poor farm in said county, will
receive sealed bids until the 18th of Sep-
tember next, 10 o'clock, a. m. at which
time the said bids will be opened. We
reserve the right to reject any or all
bids. The bids can be placed in the
hands of either of the Commrs. The
time of renting will begin the 1st day of
April, 1899 and expire April 1st 1900,
subject to be annulled at any time for
good cause appearing to the Court.
The way for bidding is what amount
the renter is willing to pay annually
for the farm and the amount he will
charge annually to receive and keep
each pauper to comfortably clothed and
fed and take care of them.

The farming of the land must be
done after the manner of the leading
farmers in this country. The renter to
have privilege of cultivating in crop 80
per cent year if there is that much
farming land to use for that purpose.
The renter to furnish Clover and tim-
othy seed to sow the land he crops down
in grass, also to return the farm at the
expiration of the rent with the fences
in a good repair as when he received it,
except as to new rails. The foder, hay
and straw made on the place to be fed
in the barn on the place, and the man-
ure applied where most needed on the
farming land. The superintendence to
be under a committee appointed by the
County Court. The renter will be re-
quired to give bond with approved se-
curity in the sum of \$500 for the faith-
ful performance of the above contract.

SHOEMAKERS' SHOP
at
Huntersville, W. Va.
I am prepared to make in the best
style and order, Boots and Shoes of all
kinds, also repairing done in neat style.
May 10 6 m. J. C. THOMPSON

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA.

To the Heirs of Isaac Buzzard, dec'd
The Heirs of James W. Hanes, dec'd, Hen-
ry D. Davis and John F. and W. B.
Grimes, sons of Samuel Grimes, dec'd,
Da id wilfong, Greeting:

We command you that you appear be-
fore F. J. Snyder, a Commissioner in
Chancery of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas
County at his office in the town
of Huntersville, in said County on the
5th day of September, 1899, and show
cause, if any, you, or either of you, can,
why certain lands shall not be sold for
the benefit of the school fund, which
are mentioned in a petition filed in said
Court by the Commissioner of School
Land for said County, which was re-
ferred to said Commissioner, Snyder for
report thereon by decree of said Court
made on the 18th day of June, 1899.

Witness: John J. Beard, Clerk of said
Court, at the Court-house, of said
County, the 8th day of August, 1899,
in the 27th year of the State.

John J. BEARD, Clerk.
Printers fee \$7.00

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court of
the County of Pocahontas, West Vir-
ginia on the first Monday in August, 1899.

Augusta National Bank, of Staunton,
Va., and M. J. McNeel, Sheriff of Pocahontas
county and as such adm'r of M.
Mustoe, dec'd.

vs.
Samuel C. Tardy, K. D. Urquhart
and Samuel C. Tardy, Jr., late merchants
and partners, doing business under the
firm name and style of Tardy, Urqu-
hart & Tardy; Wm. M. McAllister and
Charles P. Jones, Trustees.

IN CHANCERY.
The object of this suit is to enforce
a payment of the sum of \$2,551 due to
the plaintiffs by the defendants. Tar-
day, Urquhart & Tardy, by two protest-
ed negotiable notes, and the costs of
protest; with interest on \$1,018.05 there-
of, from February 24, 1898, and on
\$1,532.75, the residue thereof from
March 23, 1898, and the costs of this
suit: and to attach the interest of the
defendants, Sam'l C. Tardy & Sam'l C.
Tardy, Jr. in a tract of land contain-
ing 2,197 acres, lying in the County of
Pocahontas, sufficient to satisfy the
same.

And it appearing by affidavit filed
that the said Defendants, Tardy, Urqu-
hart & Tardy, are non-residents of the
State of West Virginia it is ordered that
they do appear here within one month
after the date of the first publication of
this order and do what is necessary to
protect their interest in this suit.

Test:

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.
JONES & McALLISTER, P. Q.
aug. 8-4t Printers fee \$11.94

Commissioner's Notice.

Charles L. Austin &c.;
vs.
In Chancery No. 2.
Wm. F. Arbogast &c.;

Notice is hereby given to all parties
interested, that in pursuance of a decree
of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas
County rendered in the above named
cause on the 17th day of June, 1899, I
shall proceed as Commissioner of said
Court at my office in the town of Hun-
tersville, W. Va., on Saturday the 17th
day of August 1899 to take, state and
report the following accounts:

1st. An account showing who are en-
titled to share in the fund arising from
the sale of 688 acres of land decreed to
be sold in this cause, and the amount
thereof.

2nd. An account showing what taxes
have been paid upon said tract of land
within the last five years before the in-
stitution of this suit, by whom paid and
to whom now due.

3rd. An account showing what will
be a reasonable fee to the Attorney for
the plaintiffs in this cause to be taxed
on the fund in this suit.

4th. Any other matter deemed perti-
nent by the Commissioner, or requested
to be specially stated by any party in-
terested.

G. M. McCLINTIC, Chm'r.
July 28-4t Printers fee \$9.00.

Commissioner's Notice.

Charles L. Austin &c.;
vs.
In Chancery No. 3.
Wm. F. Arbogast &c.;

Notice is hereby given to all parties
interested, that pursuant to a decree of
the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County
made in the above cause on the 17th day
of June, 1899, I shall as Commissioner
of said Court proceed at my office in the
town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Friday
the 6th day of September, 1899, to take,
state and report the following matters
of account:

1st. A settlement of the accounts of
H. F. Hill as administrator &c. &c. of
George Hill, dec'd.

2nd. An account showing the debts
against the estate of George C. Hill,
dec'd, showing their several amounts
priorities and to whom payable.

3rd. A general description of all the
lands of which George C. Hill, dec'd
owned, with a statement of their fee-
simple value and annual rental value.

4th. A statement of the general na-
ture and value of all the personal es-
tate of which George C. Hill dec'd pos-
sessed which at the date of report is re-
maining applicable to the payment of
debts against the estate of George C.
Hill, dec'd.

5th. Any other matter deemed perti-
nent by the Commissioner, or requested
to be specially stated by any party in-
terested.

Staunton Marble Works.

If you want head stones Marble
and granite Monuments etc., etc.,
you can do no better than to buy
from

G. C. COOPER, agent,
Green Bank, Pocahontas Co.,
W. Va.

A. R. SMITH,
Academy, W. Va.



UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver
Coffins upon very short notice and at
reasonable prices.

GOOD FLOUR.

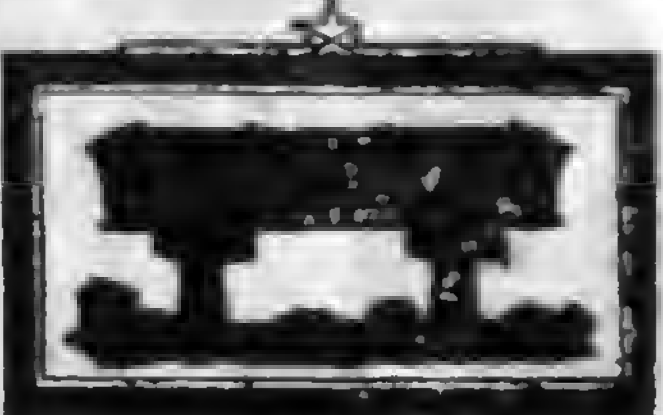
2 1/2 cts pr. pound, meal 7 1/2 cts pr
bushel at H. H. McClintic's mill, also
his flour at A. Barlow's Huntersville,
and Barlow & Moore's, Edray let &
c. m. mar. 28.

NOTICE.

I will not hereafter sell mill stuff on
credit, and all who owe me will please
come forward and settle their accounts
at once and save further trouble.
Flour \$2.50 per 100 lbs and corn 7 1/2 cts
per bu.

GEO. H. McGLASSHELD,
Edray.

FOR THE BEST FURNITURE,
CHAIRS AND FINEST TRIMMED



in the county, go to
O. B. SWENKER,
AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND
CABINET MAKER,
Dunmore, W. Va.

PATENTS.

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained,
and all Patent business conducted for
Moderate Fees.

Our office is Opposite U. S. Patent
Office and we can secure patent in less
time than those remote from Washing-
ton.

Send model, drawing or photo., with
description. We advise if patentable
or not, free of charge. Our fee not due
till patent is secured.

A Pamphlet, "How to Obtain Pat-
ents," with names of actual clients in
your State, county, or town, sent free.
Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.

Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of Hugh M. Carpenter
deceased:

In pursuance of a decree of the Cir-
cuit Court of the County of Pocahontas
made in a cause therein pending to sub-
ject the real estate of the said Hugh M.
Carpenter, to the payment of his debts,
you are required to present your claims
against the estate of the said Hugh M.
Carpenter, for adjudication to L. M.
McClintic, Commissioner; at his office in
the said county on or before the 6th day
of September, 1899.

Witness, John J. Beard, Clerk of the
said Court this 26th day of July 1899.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.
July 28-4t. Printers fee \$8.70

Commissioner's Notice.

George C. Hill's Adm'r
vs.
In Chancery.
Rebecca J. Hill & others;

Notice is hereby given to all parties
interested, that pursuant to a decree of the Circuit
Court of Pocahontas County rendered
in the above cause on the 18th day of
June, 1899, I shall as Commissioner of
said Court, proceed at my office in the
town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Friday
the 6th day of September, 1899, to take,
state and report the following matters
of account:

1st. A settlement of the accounts of
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simple value and annual rental value.

4th. A statement of the general na-
ture and value of all the personal es-
tate of which George C. Hill dec'd pos-
sessed which at the date of report is re-
maining applicable to the payment of
debts against the estate of George C.
Hill, dec'd.

5th. Any other matter deemed perti-
nent by the Commissioner, or requested
to be specially stated by any party in-
terested.

ACHE

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Deputy Sheriff, M. J. McNeal.
Clerk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Recorder, C. O. Arbogast.
County Treasurer, (C. E. Beard, Pres't.
S. B. Hannah.
G. P. Moore.
Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is a term.

F. MOORE.

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

M. MCCLINTIC.

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

A. STOFER.

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

S. RUCKER.

Attorney-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

W. ARDRELL.

Attorney-at-Law,
Lewistown, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. EBE.

Atty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will Practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

J. SNYDER.

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

R. H. WEYMOUTH.

RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in the TIMES.

D. S. P. PATTERSON.

Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Poor, Foolish Men.



TAKE A WOMAN'S ADVICE.

KISS HER AND TELL HER SO.

You've a neat little wife at home John, As sweet as you'd wish to see; As faithful and gentle-hearted, As fond as wife can be; A genuine, home-loving woman, Not caring for fuss and show; She's dearer to you than life, John; Then kiss her and tell her so.

Your dinners are promptly served, John, As likewise your breakfast and tea; Your wardrobe is always in order, With buttons where buttons should be; Her house is a cozy home next, John, A heaven of rest below; You think she's a rare little treasure; Then kiss her and tell her so.

She's a good wife and true to you, John, Let fortune be foul or fair; Of whatever comes to you, John, She cheerfully bears her share; You feel she's a brave, true helper, And perhaps far more than you know; 'Twill lighten her end of the load, John, Just kiss her and tell her so.

There's a cross road somewhere in life, John, Where a hand on a guiding stone Will signal one "over the river," And the other must go on alone.

Should she reach the last milestone first, John, 'Twill be comfort amid your woe To know that while loving her here, John, You kissed her and told her so.

—Lillie Sheldon, in Conklin's Dakotian.

The Basket Seller.

"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Gibson, slowly and emphatically. "What will happen next? There was the eclipse a Wednesday night and the earthquake shock a week ago, and June Aro Shorey's runaway match with Phil Parkinson last night; and I swan to gracious if here don't come along Emma Ellis, ridin' on top of a load o' willow ware, just for all the world as if she was a roan!"

"Don't you want to buy a clothes-basket, Mrs. Gibson?" called out Emma Ellis's clear soprano voice, as the sturdy sorrel pony came to a pause in front of the painted garden fence, where the young quince were just beginning to assume slope and firm among the downy, green leaves.

"A clothes-basket?" repeated Mrs. Gibson. "That's just exactly what I do want. Got any good substantial ones, with bars o' wood across the bottom to strengthen 'em?"

By way of answer, Emma Ellis swung down a solid-looking willow receptacle, springing after it herself, and a lively discussion ensued.

"Goin' into the peddlin' business eh?" said Mrs. Gibson.

"Well, I thought I'd see how I liked it," Emma answered, with a cheery, good-humored laugh. "Do you like this basket? I've got some capital easy cackers for the old grandmothers here, and a dolly cradle that will exactly suit the baby; and as for work baskets—"

And she made a triumphant motion of her hand that expressed marvels.

"Well, I'd like 'em all," said good Mr. Gibson, "but I don't feel able to buy nothin' but the basket this morning. Sellin' on commission eh?"

"No—out and out. Let me see; you want two dollars and nineteen cents change, do you?"

And Miss Ellis opened her little leather pocketbook and counted out the money in true business-like fashion.

"Well—I—never!" repeated Mrs. Gibson, staring after the flood of gold that followed the hand of willow.

could borrow Farmer Gibson's mowing machine for the morrow.

"It's Emma Ellis," said Mrs. Gibson, "drivin' a load o' willow-ware, and sellin' baskets and hamper and things."

"Nonsense!" cried Borden.

"I jest bought this 'ere clothes-basket of her!" declared Mrs. Gibson. "I tell ye what, Charley Borden, she's been disappointed in the deestrick school, and the squire he must have come plumb up agin a snag in the marble-oustel business, and as sure as you live Emma's got to earn her own livin'," with all them genteel ways and plumb lessons and crayon pickers, o' hern. My! what a come-down it is for that family! I don't see how Emma can be so chirk about it. Where's that Borden fellow?" she cried, staring about her. "Gracious me, if he ain't cot across the meadow! I guess most likely he's seen Gibson there."

And Mrs. Gibson tied on a green-checked sun-bonnet and ran down the street to Mrs. Dalrymple to tell the news.

"Serves 'em right!" said Mrs. Dalrymple. "A faubly o' reg'lar goin' opstarts! I never did take no stock in Emma Ellis."

"Your son Oliver did though," chuckled Mrs. Gibson, with a meaning glance.

"That ain't neither here nor there," said Mrs. Dalrymple, sharply. "Oliver ain't guin' to squander on no girl the money that his father laid up, noless she's a real savin', hard workin' creatur', as will know how to take care of it."

"There she is now!" said Mrs. Gibson. "Stoppin' here!"

"No-o-o!" howled Mrs. Dalrymple, opening the window a mere crack. "We don't want nothin'." No, I say!"

Emma Ellis smiled to herself as she drove on, stopping next at the Borden farmstead, where, strange as it may appear, Borden himself had already arrived, by means of the short-cut across the Gibson meadows.

"Oh, is it you, Mr. Borden?" she asked, carelessly. "Won't you ask your sister if she requires anything in my way this morning?"

"But, Miss Ellis, what does this mean?" exclaimed the amazed young farmer.

"It means—willow-ware," Emma answered, composedly.

"Has anything happened?"

"Things are always happenin'," said Emma, reaching across the load for a particularly pretty market basket. "I think she will like this, Mr. Borden."

"I'll buy it for her," said Charley, recklessly.

"And a scrap basket, shaped like a little barrel, don't you see," persisted Emma, "for your own room?" It's cheap—only a dollar."

"I'll buy that, too," said Charley Borden. "And this hamper and this pair of little baskets for Kate's toys to go drivin' with, and—"

"Oh, stop, stop," hurriedly cried Emma. "You mustn't buy all my stock in trade, or I shall have nothing left for anybody else."

"Oh, but I really want that big rocker for the front porch," persisted Mr. Borden. "That's a bargain."

"The big rocker, then," said Emma, half laughing; "but beyond that, absolutely nothing more."

at the end of your trip, you'll give me a chance?" said Charley imploringly. "Wheeler goods always come handy, you know."

Emma only laughed and touched up the old horse.

"I make no promise," said she.

That day, on the high seat among the baskets and rockers, the wash-tubs and clothes-horses, to Emma Ellis it was quite a new experience. The chattering of shady farmhouse doors with busy housewives, the counting of change, the discussion of qualities and the persistent standing up against the general disposition to bend down prices and haggle for odd cents, the various views of human life which she now obtained for the first time from her perched perch, the odd sensation of being "in trade," the consciousness that she was looked upon with pity by some of her friends and scorn by others—it was altogether a strange conglomeration of feelings.

Toward the close of the day's work, as she was returning home with her wagon-load considerably depleted, and her purse somewhat better furnished than it had been, she chanced to come face to face with handsome Oliver Dalrymple, trotting along on the Morgan mare, which once had been the pride of the elder Dalrymple's heart. She looked him full in the face. He seemed absorbed in the knot on the end of his whip-lash, and never even looked her way.

"Sut!" she said to herself; "sets the wind that way?" "Mr. Dalrymple does not seem to approve of this new enterprise of mine. Well, I'm sorry, but I can't help it. Charley Borden, now, views things in an entirely different way."

And she smiled a little as she saw, leaning anxiously over the gate beyond, the stalwart figure of the young farmer.

"Miss Ellis!" he uttered pleadingly.

"I'm sure you can't want to buy any more willow-ware," said Emma, checking her horse. "There can't be room for it in the house."

"No; but won't you let me put this horse in the stable, or drive it home for you, while you come into tea? Alice will be delighted to see you. And you must be tired?" urged he.

Emma thought a moment, and as she reflected how refreshing a cup of hot tea would be, Alice Borden put her curly head out of the window.

"Do come, Emma!" she cried.

"We'll have waffles and maple syrup and baked apples; and I've got over so many things to tell you."

And Emma capitulated.

But as Charley Borden helped her down from her high seat, he stood a minute holding both her hands in his.

"Emma," said he, "I know I've no business to speak so abruptly, but I can't help it. I don't know why you are doing this thing, but if it is to earn money, let me earn it for you, Emma—give me the right to do it. I'm only a farmer, but I've got a nice place here, and I can keep you like a lady. And I love you, Emma! I've loved you well and truly this many and many a day. Now I'm not going to leave and bother you about this. Take time to make up your mind. I'll drive the old horse home, and then

Emma looked from him and ran into the house, blushing yet not displeased.

After meeting her at the door.

"Where is Charley?" said she. "Oh, going to take your haul of willow-ware home! Now, Emma, tell me what this really means. Have you lost all your property?"

"No."

"Are you going into trade?"

"No."

"You won't answer me?"

"No."

"Then," laughed Alice Borden, "I'll ask you no more questions. Hereafter I'm as dumb as an oyster. Now come in and help me dish up the chickens and waffles."

It was past eleven that night when Charley Borden brought Emma Ellis home to the old house, where the squire was nodding over his evening paper.

"Well," said he, viewing her over the edge of his spectacles, with a waggish twinkle in his clear blue eyes, "how did the thing work?"

"First rate, papa," said Emma. "I sold twenty dollars worth—within a few cents. And Mr. Borden here was one of my best customers."

"Then," said the squire, with a sigh of comic resignation, "I've lost my wager. You see, Borden, my girl wanted me to buy this stock of willow ware, with the horse and wagon, to set old Miss Barbydt up in business—and I told her no woman would succeed in such an enterprise, let alone their being unwilling to undertake this sort of work. But Emma stuck to it that it could be done, and I was weak enough to wager the whole outfit that it couldn't. So Emma declared she would prove it—practically—and I didn't think she had pluck enough; but, by jingo, she has! Yes, yes, Emma, you've beat the square deal fair!"

"And Miss Barbydt is to have the outfit of willow-ware?" cried Emma, joyfully, clapping her hands, "and the horse and wagon. Oh, Mr. Borden, you can't think what a nice old woman she is, nor how anxious she is to earn a livelihood in the open air like this! And now you know," with the noblest and most bewitching of glances, "how it came to pass that I was peddling willow baskets around the country. Wouldn't you have done it, if you had been me?"

Young Dalrymple was in despair when he learned of Charles Borden's engagement to the prettiest girl—aye, and the richest girl—in the country.

"But who was to suppose," said he, "that she would take such an unaccountable whim into her head?"

And Mrs. Gibson always declared that she never had a clothes basket wear like the one she bought of Squire Ellis's daughter!

The editor of Wise county, Texas is fat, ragged and sandy, and deserves success. Here is what he says:

We have to live to eat and eat to live. Bring us a quarter's worth of pears, peaches, pears, plums, peaches, potatoes and possums and the best paper for thirteen weeks. We will accept butter, beans, eggs, chicken (if fully hatched), and any other digestible vegetables or fruits. We eat anything except codfish and primateous.

Mr. DeCrest—"Everything I've got in the world is yours, Alice, if

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.
Huntersville, W. Va.
August 22, 1889.

Five men are to be executed August 23rd in New York city.
A shock of earthquake was felt in the Adirondack mountains in N. Y. on the 10 inst.

The Democrats of Virginia have, undoubtedly nominated their strongest candidate for Governor, Capt. W. P. McKinney. Mahoneism backed by the present administration will bring out the full democratic vote, and Democratic victory is an assured fact.

Four Distinguished Brothers.
The shooting in California last week of Judge Terry after slapping of the face a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, serves to remind us that Justice Field is one of four brothers, each of whom is a distinguished man. David Dudley Field the eldest, is best known as the author of the New York State Penal Code; Henry M. is the editor of the the Evangelist; and Cyrus W. will go down to history as the man who laid the first Atlantic cable. Their varied achievements it would manifestly be impossible to recount in such a short space as this. They each obtained success, honor, and wealth, though we can safely say that neither has enshrined himself in the hearts of his countrymen.

The North and the Negro.
Something has already been said in these columns about the refusal of all the barbers in Auburn, New York, to shave a respectable colored preacher.
Auburn gave a thousand majority for Harrison, and the people there doubtless think it a very good thing to force the negro into social equality down south, but they will have none of it themselves. The preacher in question offered a dollar for a shave, but he had a black skin, and that was enough for the barbers of this republican city.
This is nothing new. The north has always been prejudiced against the negro, unless he was at a distance. Sometimes this prejudice has found expression in acts of violence. In 1681 a negro woman was burned at the stake in Massachusetts, and in 1755 another shared the same fate. In 1741 fourteen negroes suspected of being engaged in a plot to burn the city of New York were publicly burned alive. The panic spread, and before it was over two more negroes were burned at Hackensack, New Jersey. In 1836 a negro was burned at St. Louis for killing a white man, and when the next grand jury met the judge said in his charge that it was a case "unt of numerable and ascertainable race-factors, but of congregate thousands, seized by a morbid, metaphysical and almost electric frenzy."
These instances are mentioned by the New York Evening Post, a journal which has on its staff Wendell Phillips Garrison, a son of William Lloyd Garrison, the great abolition agitator. The Post, therefore, is pretty good authority.
Is it likely that a people who burned negroes by wholesale a few generations ago are now entirely devoid of the same feeling of race hostility? It may seem so, but it is not so. When the north forces the negro out of his proper sphere

Miss. The partner is sentenced to pay a fine of \$200. Kilbuck's class to remark when told of Sullivan's sentence "H—ll."

WASHINGTON LETTER.
[From our regular correspondent.]
WASHINGTON August, 16.—Representative Tom Reed, of Maine, will be the next Speaker of the House, of Representatives, at least that is what I have just been told by a prominent republican who is usually well posted on the inside news of his party. He says that the coolness which has existed between Blaine and Reed for several years has been all fixed up and that Blaine's influence will be thrown for him. This he says, was brought about by Quay, Clarkson and other leaders in the party, who have decided that Reed is the only one of the candidates for the speakership whose partisanship is strong enough to make him decide in favor of his party on every contested occasion, and owing to the narrow majority they will have in the House only such a man will fill the bill. Therefore it has been decided that the caucus should nominate Reed.

Congressman "Sunset" Cox is in this city while the time away telling miraculous stories of what he saw during his recent visit to the northwest.
It is now stated that the report of the Commission engaged in investigating the Pension office will be ready about September 1. It is also said that this report will determine whether Commissioner Tanner will continue in office or not.

It is remarkable how quick foreigners "catch on" to the American way of doing things. The French cook who was recently discharged from the White House, and who for several days had the papers full of an intended suit to be brought against the President for breach of contract, now says that she never had any idea of bringing any such suit, but as she and her husband are about to open a boarding house in this city she thought it would be a good idea to get some free advertising in the newspapers. She believed it would pay. Smart woman.

Another Washington girl has married a full blooded Indian. The girl went to Versailles N. Y., the other day, and the next thing her parents heard was that she had been married to Nathaniel Patterson, a Seneca Indian, who is a farmer near that place. There no accounting for taste.

The relic crank is abroad in the land. The latest freak of one who lives in this city is to exhibit the scaffold upon which John Brown was hung. He says he will use the money received to build a monument to the memory of Brown. If everybody was of the same mind as your correspondent it would take him a life time to get enough to buy a pine board.

The Indian bureau has sent a circular to applicants for teacher's position in the Indian schools, informing them that no person will be appointed who has not the ability to stand the examination required to secure a similar position in the best schools for white children. If this bureau lives up to the circulars it has of late been sending out the scandals in the Indian service are likely to be lower.

Contented Congressional election cases come rather high, but it seems we are bound to have them. Our ten thousand pages of testimony have been printed relating to those of the next House. It's dollars to little apples that we would not have one tenth of the capotes, if the contestant had to foot the bills

publishing a settlement in the dispute. The telegraph people have not yet been heard from.

It has been decided by the Treasury department that the four new states can have no part of the \$100,000 appropriated by the last Congress for establishing experimental agricultural stations in the different states.

The democratic state ticket just unprinted at Richmond is enthusiastically received by Virginia democrats here. They say it removes the last vestige of doubt as to the result of the campaign.

The Inter-state commerce commission wants to know all about the organizations of railway employes for insurance and other purposes, and has sent a circular letter to railroad managers asking for information.

President Harrison has returned from Bar Harbor looking well. He leaves for Indianapolis next week to take part in the reunion of his old regiment and in the laying of the corner stone of the soldiers monument. It will be his first visit home since he has been President and he will probably remain there several days.

Advice to Mothers.
Mrs. Winslow's Sore Throat should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Two thousand horses were flooded in Lincoln, Neb., on the 14th inst in which a few drownings were reported and immense damage was done to property;

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
To the creditors of George C. Hill, deceased.
In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas made in a cause therein pending to subject the real estate of the said Geo. C. Hill, to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said George C. Hill for adjudication to L. M. McClintic, Commissioner at his office in the said county, on or before the 6th day of September, 1889.

Witness, John J. Beard, Clerk of the said Court, this 29th day of July, 1889.
JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.
July 25-89. Printers fee \$6.70

FAVORITE SINGER!
Warranted for Five Years.
LOW ARM ONLY \$20
HIGH ARM \$25.00.



OUR FAVORITE SINGER
Drop Leaf, Fancy Cover, Large Drawers, Nickel Rings, Taper, Ruffler, Binder, Four Widths of Hemmer.
Sent on trial. Delivered to your home free of freight charges. Buy only of Manufacturers. Have Sewing Machine? Considered. Get New Machine. Address for Circulars and Testimonials, Co-Operative Sewing Machine Company, 200 E. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CATARRH
We have a remedy that will cure CATARRH, BRONCHITIS and ASTHMA. Our faith is so strong that we will send treatment on trial. Send for Freebie and full particulars. Address, The Hall Chemical Co., 2800 Fairmount Ave., Phila., Pa.

FITS - Falling Sickness
CAN BE CURED.
We will send FREE by mail a large TRIAL BOTTLE, also a treatise on Epilepsy, DON'T SUFFER ANY LONGER! Give Post Office, State and County, and Age plainly. Address, THE HALL CHEMICAL CO., 2800 Fairmount Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Adams, M. D., 311 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Worms, Stomach, Diarrhoea, etc. It is a safe, reliable, and pleasant medicine. Without injurious results.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

4 MILES NEARER 4

OUR LIQUOR IS FOUR MILES NEARER.

C. D. LAM, formerly of Mt. Grove, Va., and M. O'FARRELL, formerly of Mt. Grove, Va., now

LIQUOR AND GROCERY STORE

At the foot of the ALLEGHANY MOUNTAIN on the Warm Springs and Huntersville Turnpike, and will handle a full line of first class

WHISKIES, WINES & C., at from \$2 to \$4 per gallon, also GROCERIES, CIGARS, TOBACCO & C.

We respectfully solicit a fair share of patronage of the public, and guarantee satisfaction in every particular.

A. M. McCLINTIC & Co.,

(Successors to Fudge & McClintic.)

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—DEALERS IN—

LIQUORS,

At from \$2.00 to \$3.50 per gallon.

Orders filled promptly.

Also a full line of general Mercandise.

Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods before you purchase elsewhere.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,

—*GEO. W. WAGNER, PROPRIETOR.—

HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Having lately purchased and assumed control of HOTEL POCAHONTAS, it is our purpose to spare no pains to keep just such a house as the public demands.

Substantial and comfortable accommodations for all guests.

Horses well provided for.

Charges reasonable.

Try us and see for yourself.

Respectfully,
GEO. W. WAGNER.

W. R. TYREE, Late of Staunton, Va.
JOS. E. ROLLINS, Late Asst. Cashier Nat. Policy Bank, Staunton, Va.

TYREE & ROLLINS,

—WHOLESALE DEALERS IN—

DRUGS, TOBACCO CIGARS, TEAS, SPICES, PAINTS & OILS, & C.

Sole Owners of the Famous Tyree Club Cigar and Staunton Bells Chewing Tobacco.

ALL ORDERS WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

NO. 204 FRONT STREET,
Charleston, - - West Va.

STUBBINS & TERRY'S BEST GOLD FLOUR.

STREETVILLE LODGE
NO. 6, A. F. & A. M.—The
time of regular meeting of this
Lodge is on the Friday evening pre-
ceding each Full Moon, unless the
Moon falls on Friday, then on that
evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'y.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—Mr. Geo. P. Moore, of Edray was
in town last Thursday.

—E. B. Moore, of Academy, was
in town Monday.

—Don't forget that Teacher's In-
stitute will begin Monday.

—P. H. Woodward, of Staunton,
Va., was in Huntersville last week.

—Jno. T. Dixon, of Ronceverte
was in town last week.

—Earnest Moore, Esq., was in
our city Tuesday.

—Look for Tyree & Rollins new
ad this week, of Charleston.

—The farmers are about done
cutting grass.

—Prof. Young and daughter, of
Lewisburg were in Huntersville last
Thursday.

—David Rockman, of Mill Gap,
Highland Co., Va., was in town last
Sunday.

—Thomas Courtney, of Edray
called to see us last Thursday and
subscribed for THE TIMES.

—Geo. Gibson, of Marlinton was in
town last Thursday and renewed
subscription.

—Rev. Thomas Catton desires to
meet the Huntersville Bible society
on Wednesday night the 28 last.

—D. A. Fisher's bid was the low-
est on building the new piece of
road near Lockridge's ford.

—Mrs. Jas. T. Lockridge, of
Knapp's Creek, and Mrs. L. W.
Marshall, of Frost were the guests of
Mrs. H. Grose Sunday night.

—The funeral sermon of Mrs.
William Miller, was preached in the
Mt. Vernon Church near Frost on
Aug. 4th by Rev. W. H. Ballengee.

—Please remember that obitu-
ary notices of over five lines are
charged at the rate of 25 cts. per
line.

—Attorney Geo. W. McClintic, of
Charleston, was visiting his brother
L. M. McCherie at this place last
Monday.

—W. E. Tyree, of the firm of
Tyree & Rollins, of Charleston made
us a pleasant and profitable call
last Thursday.

—Mrs. C. F. Moore, and Harry
Beard, Esq., went to Staunton
Tuesday morning and will return
about Friday.

—Bishop Geo. W. Peterkin, of
Parkersburg, preached a very ex-
cellent sermon in the Methodist
church Sunday night to a large and
appreciative audience.

—J. A. Williams, of Rockingham
Co., Va., was awarded the contract
for building the additional span
to the bridge across Knapp's creek
at this place.

—We hope that all the teachers
who attend the Institute next week,
who are not already subscribers of
THE TIMES, will call and give us
their name and their dollar.

—Huntersville Division, No. 20
B. of T., will meet at the usual time
next Saturday evening. The pres-
ence and assistance of Dr. C. W.
Baskridge is expected.

—Mrs. J. C. Thrasher, and chil-
dren of Ingleside, Md., are the
guests of Mrs. J. J. Beard. Joe
McNeel of Academy brought them
up last Saturday and returned Sun-
day.

—A. M. McClintic, and wife and
Miss Clara, of Rockingham Co.,

We'll gladly pay any price named,
to have the hauga stopped, across
the street, for just fifteen minutes!

—DIED.—On Thursday Aug., 13,
near Greenbrier Bridge in Green-
brier Co., Miss Clara Shumate
daughter of Judge W. H. Shumate
aged about 18 years. Miss Clara
was a native of this place, and the
sorrowing parents have the sym-
pathy of our vicinity.

—Dan'l O'Connell, has purchas-
ed the farm of Wm. T. Perry, about
two miles from this place, for, we
understand, \$2,500. We under-
stand Mr. Perry contemplates going
west. So we gain a good citizen
by the purchase and lose a good
one by the sale.

—We had the pleasure of attend-
ing the basket meeting at Buckeye
last Sunday where we witnessed
the largest crowd we have ever
seen at a like occasion, and
we fed our imaginations to our
hearts content on the feminine
beauty of that far surrounding vi-
cinity. And let us not omit, that our
inner man was fed intemperately
by the hospitality of those kind
people.

Thanks.

MR. EDITOR: Allow us through
the medium of your paper, to re-
turn our heart-felt thanks, to the
people of this section, for their many
deeds of great kindness, and their
warm and tender sympathy in our
time of affliction.

J. F. PATTERSON and family.
Glade Hill Aug. 19.

Institute Notice 1889

The Institute for Pocahontas Co.,
will convene in Huntersville, Au-
gust 26th, beginning at 9 o'clock, A.
M.

Teacher's will be required to at-
tend and put in full time. No ex-
cuse taken for non-attendance ex-
cept those given by law.

Teachers holding four years cer-
tificates will be required to attend
the Institute and pass an examina-
tion on Physiology.

M. G. MATHEWS,

Edray Items

W. C. Hall & Son, are holding
forth at A. J. Shinnaberry's old
stand. His family are residents of
our town.

Wallace Irvine was kicked by a
mule, last Saturday in the stomach,
and is in a critical condition. He
was riding behind the mule on a
buggy rake, raking hay. The mule
needed kicking, and Wallace kick-
ed it, and the mule retaliated by
kicking back.

Black berries are just beginning
to ripen, and will be in fine case in
6 or 8 days for gathering. Xx.

Dunmore Delays.

Jno. A. Taylor and Miss Otis
Cockley are off on a visit to But-
tonsville.

Mrs. Flesher is here on a visit.

Mrs. Chas. Cook, of Edray was
up last week.

Mr. Pitcher of Pa., is registered
at Hotel Wakeman.

Most of our farmers are about
done making hay, and are now
ready to thresh.

Rev. Benj. Wilfong preached on
Sunday last at the McGlaughlin
school house and will preach the
3rd Sunday of Sept. at Baxter
church, at 10, a. m.

Capt. J. C. Lakin has returned
from Sutton.

TOM SAWYRE.

Traveler's Rests Locals.

Mr. Editor: As you have no cor-
respondent in this neighborhood, I
have concluded to give you a few
items.

The farmers are busily engaged
in making hay, cutting oats &c.

Col. Driscoll has made several
visits of ladies in this vicinity

a comfortable dwelling.

Mrs. Allen Fleener is improving
slowly.

The Messrs Dawling are building
a large splash dam in Cheat river
and will work a large force of hands
next winter in the lumber business.

O. C. CASIDNAL.

Hillsboro Happenings.

Prof Young and daughter Miss
Bessie of Lewisburg are visiting
friends in the Levels and also in he-
half of the Lewisburg Female Sem-
inary.

Prof. R. C. Laveridge and wife
accompanied by Mr. Rice Clark
left yesterday for their home at
New Haven Conn. Mr. Clark will
attend College at that place.

Dr. Hales, from Va. is now in our
town for the purpose of locating
and will be joined by his family in
a fortnight.

Prof. Laules, of Fishersville
came to see his brother George,
while sick recently and was him-
self stricken with fever about two
weeks ago and is still very ill. His
wife arrived at this place last Mon-
day night.

Mrs. John R. Marshall and four
children left last Sunday for a two
weeks visit to friends and relatives
at Sangerville Va., her former
home.

Rev. D. A. Penick and wife have
returned to their home in Rock-
bridge Va.

The families of Messrs. Geo. Cur-
ry, John Bolton, John R. Marshall,
Geo. Byrd, and several of the peo-
ple in and near town attended the
Presidential meeting at Swago last
Sunday.

Dr. Jas. Larue of this place and
Mrs. Rachel Wallace of Mill Point
are on the sick list at the time of
this writing.

Mr. A. B. Smith and his assistant
Mr. Harry Campbell are building a
large and commodious school house
for Miss G. M. Shearer Prin. of the
H. T. School.

The new church on Hill's Creek
will be ready for dedication soon.

Rev. Wm. E. Miller is absent at
tending the Brnsby Ridge Camp
meeting.

PRUNELLA.

Green Bank Items.

Mr. and Mrs. Scales and daught-
er of Mill Point are visiting rela-
tives in our neighborhood.

Mr. O. W. Ruckinn, of Monter-
ey was in town Friday.

Mrs. Lou Sheets and daughter
and Miss Milha Woodhull are off
on a trip to Cheat Bridge.

Rev. Ballengee, left Saturday for
Healing Springs, where he will
join his wife and go on to Monroe
camp meeting.

DIED.—At her home at Glade
Hill, on Saturday the 17th inst., at
5 o'clock, Miss Sallie, eldest daugh-
ter of J. F. Patterson. The large
crowd that listened to her funeral
discourse and followed her remains
to their last resting place, shown
the high esteem placed on her by
the people of this community.
Truly "Death loves a shining
mark." Her sorrowing friends
have our deepest sympathy, and
the full assurance that she has gone
to rest.

PAULINA.

The Lynching—A Verdict.

The Coroner's Jury, which has
been in session all last seven days
investigating the hanging of John
Carter, colored, on the 22nd of last
month, adjourned yesterday, after
agreeing to the following verdict:

"The jury, upon their oath, do say
that the said John Carter came in
his death from hanging on the
morning of the 22nd of July, 1889,
before daylight, and that he was
taken from the jail of Greenbrier
county about 4 o'clock that morn-

ing, and that Chas. R. White, Thom-
as Patterson, Harry Howard, James
Pherson, and one Chas. of Hinton,
Summers county, W. Va., whose
Christian name is unknown to the
jury, and six or seven other men
whose names are also to the jury
unknown, composed the said mob
and unlawfully and feloniously hung
the said John Carter as aforesaid
until he was dead." [Signed by the
jury.]—Independent, Aug. 15th.

Ex-Judge David S. Terry slipped
Justice Stephen J. Field's face in
a railroad restaurant at Lathrup,
Cal., and was shot dead by Deputy
United States Marshall Nagle. Sa-
rah Althen Hill-Terry was with her
husband, though not in the room
when the shooting took place.

There is more Catarrh in this section
of the country than all other diseases
put together, and until the last few
years was supposed to be incurable.
For a great many years Doctors pro-
nounced it a local disease, and pre-
scribed local remedies, and by constant-
ly failing to cure with local treatment
pronounced it incurable. Science has
proven catarrh to be a constitutional
disease, and therefore requires consti-
tutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh
Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney &
Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only consti-
tutional cure on the market. It is taken
internally in doses from 10 to a tea-
spoonful. It acts directly upon the blood
and mucous surfaces of the system.
They offer one hundred dollars for any
case it fails to cure. Send for circulars
and testimonials. Address,
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The gubernatorial contest will
soon be brought to a close. The
Legislative committee will proba-
bly complete its labors by Sep-
tember 1st, and the extra session
of the legislature will begin as soo
thereafter as possible.

HILLSBORO TRAINING SCHOOL.

The third annual session of the
Hillsboro Training School for
young ladies and children will be-
gin September 4 1889:

MISS G. M. SHEARER,
Principal.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA.

To the Heirs of Reuben Buzzard, dec'd
The Heirs of James Wentz, dec'd, Henry
D. Davis and John F. and W. S.
Grimes, sons of Samuel Grimes, dec'd,
Da id wilfong, Greeting:

We command you that you appear be-
fore F. J. Snyder, a Commissioner in
Chancery of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas
County at his office in the town
of Huntersville, in said County on the
5th day of September, 1889, and show
cause, if any, you, or either of you, can,
why certain lands shall not be sold for
the benefit of the school fund, which
are mentioned in a petition filed in said
Court by the Commissioner of School
Land for said County, which was re-
ferred to said Commissioner, Snyder for
report thereon by decree of said Court
made on the 18th day of June, 1889.

Witness: John J. Beard, Clerk of said
Court, at the Court-house, of said
County, the 8th day of August, 1889,
in the 27th year of the State.

John J. BEARD, Clerk.

aug 8-4t

Printers fee \$7.64

Order of Publication.

At rules hold in the Circuit Court of
the County of Pocahontas, West Virgin-
ia on the first Monday in August, 1889.

Augusta National Bank, of Staunton,
Va., and M. J. McNeel, Sheriff of Pocahontas
county and as such adm'r of M.
Montoy, dec'd.

vs.
Samuel C. Tardy, K. D. Urquhart
and Samuel C. Tardy, Jr., late merchants
and partners, doing business under the
firm name and style of Tardy, Urquhart
& Tardy; Wm. M. McAllister and
Charles P. Jones, Trustees.

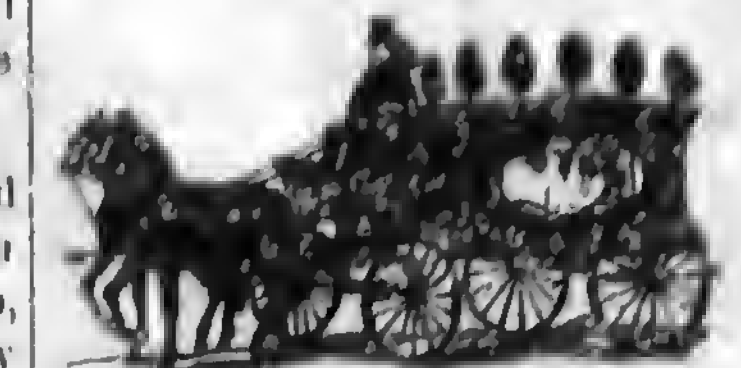
IN CHANCERY.
The object of this suit is to enforce
a payment of the sum of \$2,554 due to
the plaintiffs by the defendants. Tard-
day Urquhart & Tardy, by two protest-
ed negotiable notes, and the costs of
protest, with interest on \$1,018.05 there-
of, from February 24, 1886, and on
\$1,535.75, the residue thereof from
March 20, 1886, and the costs of this
suit; and to attach the interest of the
defendants, Sam'l C. Tardy & Sam'l C.
Tardy, Jr. in a tract of land contain-
ing 2,197 acres, lying in the County of
Pocahontas, sufficient to satisfy the
claim.

And it appearing by affidavit filed
that the said defendants, Tardy, Urqu-
hart & Tardy, are non-residents of the
State of West Virginia it is ordered that
they do appear here within one month
after the date of the first publication of
this order and do what is necessary to

WORKS.
If you want head stones, Marble
and granite Monuments etc., etc.,
you can do no better than to buy
from

G. U. CROPPER, agent,
Green Bank, Pocahontas Co.,
W. Va.

A. R. SMITH,
Academy, W. Va.



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Coffins upon very short notice and at
reasonable prices.

NOTICE.

I will not hereafter sell mill stuff on
credit, and all who owe me will please
come forward and settle their accounts
at once and save further trouble.

Flour \$2.50 per 100 lbs and corn 75 cts
per bu.

Geo. H. McGLAUGHLIN.

Edray.

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CHAIRS AND FINEST TRIMED



in the county, go to
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AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND
CABINET MAKER.

Dunmore, W. Va.

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ton.

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or not, free of charge. Our fee not due
till patent is secured.

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ents," with names of actual clients in
your State, county, or town, sent free.
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C. A. SNOW & CO.
Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of Hugh M. Carpen-
ter deceased:

In pursuance of a decree of the Cir-
cuit Court of the County of Pocahontas
made in a cause therein pending to sub-
ject the real estate of the said Hugh M.
Carpenter, to the payment of his debts,
you are required to present your claims
against the estate of the said Hugh M.
Carpenter, for adjudication to L. M.
McClintic, commissioner: at his office in
the said county on or before the 5th day
of September, 1889.

Witness, John J. Beard, Clerk of the
said Court this 20th day of July 1889.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

July 25 64. Printers fee \$6.70

N-O-T-I-C-E.

The undersigned commissioners ap-
pointed at the July term of the County
Court of Pocahontas, to run the Indus-
trial or Poor farm in said county, will
receive sealed bids until the 15th of Sep-
tember next, 10 o'clock, a. m. at which
time the said bids will be opened. We
reserve the right to reject any or all
bids. The bids can be placed in the
hands of either of the com'rs. The
time of renting will begin the 1st day of
April, 1890 and expire April 1st 1891,
subject to be annulled at any time for
good cause appearing to the court.
The way for bidding is what amount
the renter is willing to pay annually
for the farm and the amount he will
charge annually to receive and keep
each pauper to comfortably clothe and
feed and take care of them.

The fencing of the land must be
done after the manner of the leading
farmers in this country. The renter to
have privilege of cultivating in crop 20
acres each year if there is that much
farming land to use for that purpose.
The renter to furnish Clover and timo-
thy seed to sow the land he occupies
in grass, also to return the farm at the
expiration of the rent with the fences
in a good repair as when he receives it,
except as to new rails. The fodder, hay
and straw made on the place to be fed
in the barn on the place, and the man-
ure applied where most needed on the
farming land. The superintendence to
be under a committee appointed by the
County Court. The renter will be re-
quired to give bond with approved se-

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 in.	3 in.	6 in.	1 yr.
One inch	\$ 1.00	\$ 2.00	\$ 3.00	\$ 5.00
Three in.	3.00	4.00	6.00	10.00
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Half col'n	6.00	12.00	20.00	30.00
One col'n	10.00	20.00	30.00	50.00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., \$1.00 in advance; after 6 months, \$1.25; after 12 months, \$1.50. These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

August 22, 1889.

The American Boy.

J. T. Trowbridge, in an article in the North American Review, both criticises and praises the American boy—criticises his irreverence and disobedience, praises his conscientiousness and generosity when these qualities are appealed to in a way to bring them out. To illustrate he tells too clever stories which he says are true. The first illustrates disobedience and disrespect, and shows how American parents are apt to encourage them. It is Sunday evening, and a western farmer is smoking his pipe on the back porch, while young Josh, his namesake and heir, is playing with the dog in the yard. Old Josh takes his pipe out of his mouth and remarks that it is time for young Josh to go for the cows.

The junior makes no reply, but keeps on teaching Congo to give his paw. Then the senior repeats his observation, to which he manages to give a little more of the tone of a command.

"I tell ye, Josh, ye must go for the cows."

"I do' wonter," grumbles young Josh.

"Quit yer footin' an' go along!" says old Josh.

"I shant," snarls back the junior.

"I tell you to go," exclaims the elder.

"I tell you I won't," mutters the boy.

"Wal, never mind," says the father; "maybe they'll come home."

The other story gives a more agreeable picture. It must be said however, that this boy was only six years old. What he would develop into can only be surmised. "He had a cake," says Mr. Trowbridge, "a portion of which his cousin Mamie coveted. She accordingly reminded him, as she was fond of doing when she had a point to gain, of what the Bible says about doing to others as we would be done by. 'Now you know Willie, if I had the cake you would want half of it.' Willie hesitated a moment between inclination and a conviction of duty, and then said honestly: 'I should want all of it.' With tears in his eyes, but resolutely choking down his grief, he handed over to her the entire cake, which she walked off complacently nibbling."

Wealthy Women in Plain Attire.

Some of the richest women are the least extravagant in their clothes, as is the case, for example with old Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, who does not spend above \$1,000 a year, and the late Mrs. Gould, who inherited \$15,000,000 or \$20,000,000 and already has income of \$40,000 a year—ends about \$2,500 in dress.

velous amount of clothes, furs, hats, bonnets and jewels, most of them very youthful in appearance, though she was over seventy years of age. Mrs. Astor dresses with a solemn, handsome expensiveness at the cost of \$1,000 or \$5,000 a year, and and all of the younger Vanderbilt women spend a great deal of money on their clothes. Mrs. George Gould, who was Edith Kingdom, the actress, and who has been the quietest and most careful woman since her marriage, spends money like water when it comes to a question of clothes, and must put a good \$10,000 a year in the hands of the dressmakers. Her dressmaker, by the way, is a woman who had a good deal of social position, but who, when financial misfortunes came, followed the example English women of rank have set of late years, and went into the milliner's business.

You Ought to Know.

That incivility does not pass for social superiority, even among the blind.

That nowadays you can tell a "gentleman" just as soon as he looks in sight.

That when men have to pay cash for a "vindication" they are worth watching.

That a frog in a thunder storm does not look as silly as the average "chappie."

That half the carriages seen in the park are either hired or not yet paid for.

That fashionable mourning nowadays does not always last as long as the crape.

That juries do not appear to be as much in sympathy with women as they were.

That genteel people are disgusted to hear the slang so many "society girls" use.

That the pomposity of a coachman is not lessened when his wages are overpaid.

That education is better than fine clothes, abundant money, and laundry ancestors.

That there is a strong prejudice growing against the "shamefully re-married people."

That there are no seeds quite so mean as those in which "young ladies" are engaged.

That mothers ambitious for their daughters often forget the G. W. hatchet story.

That the labor of attending to other people's affairs is always voluntarily performed.

That the standard of business honor in Wall street isn't as high as the Eiffel tower.

That the superfluously athletic clergyman does not command the respect due his cloth.

That it is as much as a woman's good name is worth to belong to the "fast set" of today.

That too many rich men believe that they can take their money with them when they die.

That it is no wonder that the wives of some "society men" prefer the society of a pot dog.

That we need more rigid laws governing funerals of those who die of contagious diseases.

That brevity is the soul of wit, dwarfs should be the funniest of men.

The best reasons.—Bulkeley—What's the matter, dear boy? Why don't you sit down?—Culkeley—Gawn't, you know. Got on a stand-log collar.

Talk of the severity of humankind! exulted Miss Loughead, throwing down the paper in vexation: "I rather think the real trouble is the severity of single gentlemen."

man I'm looking for. You must take at least ten chances in the drawing for the crazy quilt. It's only twenty-five cents a chance, and—"

"Oh, Mr. Blank, you must give me fifteen cents and then guess how many times there are in this jar, and if you guess—"

"There, Mr. Blank, isn't that a lovely bouquet in your buttonhole? A dollar, please."

"Ah, I've found you at last, Mr. Blank! We're taking an alghun to the prettiest young lady here, and you must put in at least twenty-five votes for Miss Bessy. It's only ten cents a vote, and—"

"Ah, Mr. Blank, I just know you want this smoking cap and jacket. They're only twenty-nine dollars, and—"

"Now, Mr. Blank, you're not going by my table without buying something! Here's the very pen-wiper you desire, and it's only a dollar. There it is all done up nicely for you. What's this—a five dollar bill? Ah, you foolish man! We never give any change at this table. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, but you must buy this cigar case, Mr. Blank, I won't let you say no. Here it is. There! I've slipped it in your overcoat pocket. Four dollars, please."

"Oh, you bad, naughty man to try to go by my table when I've the very pair of slippers you've been longing for all these years. You're ever and ever so wicked! Wait until I do the slippers up in this lovely tissue paper, and—"

"Oh, Mr. Blank, have you seen Rebecca at the well, and the gypsy fortune-teller? Come, and I'll take you to them, and—"

"Stop, stop, Mr. Blank, wait a step further until you've paid your quarter for a chance in the grab-bag!"

"Why, Mr. Blank, I'm so glad I ran across you. I want you to take six of the loveliest old ladies down stairs and get them nysters and ice cream. Oh, you shan't say no, I just won't let you!"

When Blank finally escapes by sneaking down cellar and out through the furnace room he walks three miles to his boarding place, because he hasn't a car fare left out of the fifty dollars he left home with.

He Knew the Signs.

When Mr. Spooner went home the other evening the door unexpectedly flew open while he was fumbling in his pocket for his latch key, and Mrs. Spooner had her arms around his neck and had given him a kiss on either cheek; then she said cheerily:

"Let me help you off with your overcoat dear. There, I'll hang it up, dear. You'll find your slippers by your chair and I'll put your shoes away. Did you have a good day down town, dear? You look tired. Poor, dear, old boy! There never was a woman who had a dearer husband than my dear, old George, anyhow! Sit right down, dear. There, there, darling, I'll get the evening paper for you. You just sit still and rest while I tell you about what a naughty little wife I've been to-day, for, oh, George, I got me the loveliest bouquet for only \$12 and—mal—you won't mind, will you, dear? I know you won't. That's a darling! It's so lovely! I'll run right up and get it, and show it to you before ten!"

"Humph!" growled George, like the witch he was, "I know there was something of that sort coming. I know the signs!"

Mate my best, gentlemen, said the old-time politician, dusting the brow right and left.

FOR THE

POCAHONTAS

TIMES

Every man in the County should take it, and patronize home industry. It sustains your rights, and works for the advancement of your county, which no city paper will do. It gives you the news from all parts of the county, which you could not get otherwise. It furnishes matters of interest to the Merchant, Farmer and Mechanic. It keeps you posted and gives you information, on all general news, and its sections and Miscellany are fit for all ages.

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Plan's Cure for Consumption is also the best Cough Medicine.

If you have a Cough without disease of the Lungs, a few doses are all you need. But if you neglect this easy means of safety, the slight Cough may become a serious matter, and several bottles will be required.

Plan's Remedy for Catarrh of the Nose, Throat, Lungs, and Chest.

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It is used and endorsed by Physicians because it is the best.

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It is three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil.

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M. J. McNeel.
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C. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
C. O. Arbogast.
C. E. Beard, Pres't.
S. P. Hannah.
G. P. Moore.
Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 8th Monday in June, 1st Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Monday in January, March, October and Tuesday in July. July is term.

F. MOORE.

Attorney-at-Law.

Huntersville, W. Va.

practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in Supreme court of Appeals.

M. MCCLINTIC.

Attorney-at-Law.

Huntersville, W. Va.

practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in Supreme court of Appeals.

A. STOFER.

Attorney-at-Law.

Huntersville, W. Va.

practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

S. RUCKER.

Attorney-at-Law & Notary Public.

Huntersville, W. Va.

practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

W. ARBUCKLE.

Attorney-at-Law.

Lewisburg, W. Va.

practice in the courts of Green and Pocahontas counties. Special attention given to claims for compensation in Pocahontas county.

L. KEE.

Atty.-at-Law,

Beverly, W. Va.

Practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

SNYDER.

Attorney-at-Law.

Huntersville, W. Va.

J. H. WEYMOUTH.

RESIDENT DENTIST.

Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact of each visit will appear in TIMES.

S. P. PATTERSON.

Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.



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A DREAM IN DOG DAYS.

The following was written and read before the Teachers' Institute last week by Miss Lala M. Burner, of Green Bank, W. Va.

Not very long since, as I sat by a spring, surrounded by forests, where merry birds sang:
My thoughts were of places, of pleasure and mirth,
Of scenes of delight, in this land of my birth.

Do you wonder, dear friends, as thus I sat mute,
My mind flew away to our dear Institute:
Well, wonder or not, it is all very true,
What I will endeavor to make known to you.

I thought of this hour, and wondered if I should shine as a spark in the glittering sky;
But when I considered how small I'd appear,
I shrank from the thought with something like fear.

Then the spring at my feet seemed calling to me,
To note its small strength, yet it sped to the sea;
This set me to thinking, that, however small,
My help might be needed to roll the great ball.

An infallible teacher, I then, wished to see,
That such a one's rules, my own rules should be;
While thus I sat thinking, to dreaming I fell,
And how long continued, I really can't tell.

A lady approached me, and calling my name,
Said, "Follow me, I am a lady of fame."
What's your name, and your mission, dear lady, tell me?
But for once, she was silent, or tried hard to be.

Though, I found out her name, it matters not how,
It was rather ill fame, it was "Tattler," I vow.
At length to her mission, by querying I lit,
She was going to a teacher's assembly to wit.

This was an occasion that suited my plans,
To meet with the wise, who would lend helping hands.
So with her I started, these dear ones to meet,
But some questions must ask ere I knew who to greet.

First, I asked her if I would be one I could trust,
To instruct me; but "Oh!" she replied, with disgust,
"Dear me, he is lazy and puffed up with pride,
And the poorest of children I think he'd deride."

And I'm told that he teaches alone for the dimes,
But sits quietly reading the POCAHONTAS TIMES.
The board says he's careless, and I've understood
He seldom, if ever, fills the stove up with wood.

The school-house is cold, and from Edward to Dick,
Poor dears, I am told, were every one sick.
I then wished to know, what she knew about B.,
If 'twould be worth my while this, portion to see.

"Nay, he bids not adieu, when the children go out,
Nor hails them, good morning, the lazy old out,
At play-time the children don't play on the green,
But scuffle and swear and do everything mean."

And when they are quarrelling he chides with a grin,
But for fear of much trouble he quickly goes in.
When next I appealed to her knowledge for skill,
Twice of a dear lady of whom I thought well.

But she quickly made answer, "Miss Prudence is wise,
Keeps very good order, seems knowledge to prize,
But see there's extremes, both ways dear," said she.
"She makes them write essays, or pourished they'll be."

Now this is too much for children to do,
She ought to know better, now, say what thank you?

Would I meet with success if I patterned his ways?
To this she made answer, and seemed much amazed,
"He reads not the scriptures, though laws of our State
Are very decided, and should have their weight.
He holds to no church, so all of them tell,
Is thoughtless and foppish and quite a swell."

"Well there's Mr. Pious, Oh, how does he please?
For he reads the scriptures and prays on his knees."
But here she made answer and went in a fit,
"Don't mention his name, he's an old hypocrite!"

"Well tell me my faults, you have told all the rest,
What are the failings of which I'm possessed?"
To this she made answer, "Now I am your friend,
Will speak of your faults so far as my amendment,
They say you're as poor as the poorest church mouse,
The cottage you live in is scarce called a house,
Your rules are quite faulty, and stunted your knowledge,
But the greatest objection you've never been to college."

As thus she was talking, I found that her game
Was just to give teachers an excellent name;
So I said I'd return, I was a dependant,
Would seek for instruction, our Superintendent;
I knew he was faultless, could help me along,
But again she commenced her detestable song,
"His business to visit the schools seems to be,
But he doesn't do it, or, so they tell me."

My mind was perplexed, seeing trouble in store,
Resolving to hear busy, "Tattler," no more.
I left her behind, made a hasty retreat,
And hoped that a wiser one next I might meet;

Not far had I traveled when my ravished eyes
Beheld a dear object, just haled from the skies,
With love in her heart and wisdom in head,
"I will ever assist you with counsel," she said.

"Don't listen to all that is said of you here,
On the River of Life your own vessel steer,
Love the land of your birth while you live in your youth,
Love God and his creatures, love virtue and truth."

Your pupils instruct, while they seem inclined,
But punish the same if rebellious you find,
Your heart must be touched with the finger of love,
Your aim in this life to lead others above.

Fear not the ill name your conduct may bring,
But trust the result to our Heavenly King."
Such was the instruction she tendered to me,
While I wondered much, what her dear name could be;

I asked for her name, when lo! in the skies
She vanished, and straightway I opened my eyes.
At home ward I went toward the mid setting sun,
I resolved I would profit by the dream of the day.

JUSTLY PUNISHED.

BY THOMAS COBB.

James Monroe and Mary Murdoch were engaged to be married. They had known each other for years and their parents were fast friends and near neighbors. He seemed the most perfect thing in the world that they should wed. They were the children of farmers and from school days up had attended the country merry makings together. No "fussing" or "putting down" or "quite society" was complete unless James and Mary were there.

James Monroe was a tall, blue-eyed young man of five and twenty, with light hair and a light mane-mache, which latter all the girls vol-

untained that it was hardly safe to trespass too far upon her good nature. Her age was twenty.

One evening in July there was an ice cream festival in Layne's Wood's near the village of Barnesville and also near the homes of the two betrothed lovers, and, of course, they were in attendance. It was a merry gathering. Besides ice cream, candy, peanuts and bannocks were offered for sale, all for the benefit of the church.

The merry making was at its height when a sudden hush fell on the assemblage and all eyes were riveted on a gentleman and lady who were slowly making their way toward the head dispenser of ice cream. The gentleman was howling right and left, and smiling with great urbanity, thereby displaying a white and glistening set of false teeth to much advantage. Evidently he was on the best of terms with himself, and as a natural consequence with all the world. Why shouldn't Josiah Horton, J. P., the wealthiest man in the neighborhood be on good terms with himself?

But it was the young lady who attracted the lion's share of attention. She was, perhaps, twenty-five years of age, very tall, with dark blue eyes, and hair denominated autumn by her friends, and red by her enemies, of which last it may be said she had her full complement. Her form was simply perfection. When I told that she was rich in her own right, and the prospective heiress to another large fortune, I have, perhaps, said enough to convince the reader that her lines had fallen in very pleasant places. Her name was Imogene Burton, and she was on a visit to her uncle, Squire Horton. She had tired of Saratoga, she had tired of Newport, the White Mountains, and Bar Harbor and therefore in a sudden freak had left the latter place for Barnesville, arriving there just in time for the lawn festival.

After gazing with some degree of interest on the, to her, unusual and amusing scene, she seated herself at a small table to partake of the cream and cake her uncle had provided.

She had just barely raised the spoon to her lips when a blonde young man deputed a glass of hemlock to her lip and fell prone upon the grass at her side.

It was James Monroe who had been drafted in as a waiter for a short period and who had impulsively stumbled over a chair standing in the shadow of a tree.

Of course Miss Burton was angry, not that her splendid satin dress was irretrievably ruined, but at the awkwardness of the whole affair. To have a young man fling a glass of hemlock on her dress and then fall at her feet if such a thing were pardon or her land, and that too, before a whole grove full of laughing strangers was very well trying to the point and provoked Imogene.

James arose to his feet with a forced grin and commenced uttering his apologies. At first she greeted all his explanations with a snarl "It had no consequence, ah," and a supercilious elevation of the eyebrows, when suddenly it occurred to her that as the young man was of fair appearance he might

the while with radiant eyes at her discolored dress, she held out her white bejeweled hand with great frankness and smiled on him most sweetly.

James, though highly delighted, was somewhat taken aback at this sudden change of front, but as he, as has already been said, was rather inclined to flirt himself, and was flattered at her apparent interest in him, he made no audible comments on her changed behavior.

Taking a seat at the table he entered into an animated conversation with her, in the course of which she artlessly gave him to understand that she was very sad and very unhappy, and that she desired above all things, a friend who would soothe her when sad, rejoice with her when merry, and be true to her till death.

Miss Burton looked tenderly at James as she uttered the above sentiment and softly sighed. What wonder the young man's heart beat violently, and his brain was in a whirl! Was not he betrothed, so to speak, with the beautiful and aristocratic heiress of whom the whole assemblage stood in awe, whose praises had been so loudly and persistently sung by her uncle, the doughty squire?

The good people of Barnesville and vicinity being early risers were necessarily early retires; consequently the festival came to an abrupt end at a far earlier hour than Miss Burton's accustomed bedtime.

How short the evening has seemed Mr. Monroe," she said, as she gave him her hand at parting, "and I leave you to think for it. Will you not call on me tomorrow afternoon or evening? Something tells me we are to be the best of friends. Will you come?"

"I shall be delighted to do so," said James. Squire Horton coming up at that moment, the young man reluctantly left the heiress and proceeded to seek out his deserted and till then forgotten betrothed. He found her seated near the entrance to the grounds, having with her an old lady whom she had prevailed upon to remain with her until her recent lover made his appearance. She was very quiet, and as they passed near the large lantern at the gateway leading from the scene of the festivity, James noticed that she was deathly pale and that there was an ominous glitter in her jet black eyes.

The evening was a wonderful one. The stars shone brightly, the moon was at the full, and a cool breeze unobtrusively rustled the leaves and turned the brows of the moody lovers as they silently wound their way toward the home of Mary which was near by. At last James broke the hallowed silence with the query:

"How have you enjoyed yourself this evening, Mary?"

"Very well," was the reply; "I would have enjoyed myself far more to report that goodness, for I saw you were enjoying yourself immensely. You doubtless found Miss Burton a very noticeable companion."

"I did," replied James. "She gave me a very cordial invitation to call on her tomorrow afternoon or evening."

"Do you intend doing so?" asked Mary, in a sweetly wistful voice.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.				
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One inch	\$ 1.00	\$ 2.00	\$ 3.00	\$ 5.00
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One col'n	10.00	20.00	30.00	50.00

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One copy, 1 yr., \$1.00 in advance; after 6 months, \$1.25; after 12 months, \$1.50. These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.
September, 12, 1889.

Pruntytown, Taylor Co., gets the State Reform School.

Advice to Mothers.
Mrs. Wagoner's *Castoria* should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep, and the little cherub awakes "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, and is the best-known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

On September 1st the residence of Mr. A. G. Williams, near John's Knob, this county, was burned, together with most of its contents. The family were all absent except his daughter, Miss Jennie, who did all she could to extinguish the flames and save the household effects. The fire was caused by a defective flue. Mr. Williams' loss is about \$3,000 and no insurance.—Greenbrier Independent.

THE crime record in West Virginia during the month of August was an appalling one. No fewer than ten murders, and many lesser offenses were committed, and only in a few instances have the criminals been apprehended. West Virginia's good name will suffer if this rising tide of criminality is not soon checked. If the authorities are too remiss to perform their duties properly, an aroused public sentiment should compel them to do justice. West Virginia is not a lawless State; its citizens are not law-breakers, and a few criminals should not be allowed to bring discredit upon the law abiding.—Register.

The Young German Emperor.
There is some discussion in the prints as to the character of the German emperor. In the late Mr. Thorndike Rice's evening magazine we have a comparatively full discussion of the matter.

Mr. Pontney Bigelow went to school with the young man—by preference or by means of money—and he thinks that the young emperor is one of the finest fellows on the top side of the ground.

It must be supposed that there is some mistake here. A young man doesn't love his mother and who has no respect for the memory of his father is not much of a person in any walk of life. As a peasant he would be accounted a brute, and as a king he must be somewhat worse.

There is no more mysterious affair in history than the fact that the German people, who are intelligent, and who are full of the fire and vigor of progress, should submit to be ruled over by a person who hates his mother and despises the memory of his father. It is only less mysterious that the German people should permit any person to rule over them in any shape or form with a power that does not proceed from the people themselves.

But this sort of disease will cure itself in Germany as it has in America and other enlightened nations.

There here can be no Bismarcks and no one horse emperors here. We are living in a great time, and to this extent we are a great people. Show us an American in public life who insults his mother and flouts the memory of his father, and we'll show you the dearest thing that ever quacked.—Atlanta Constitution.

Bride Removal.
ACADEMY W. VA. Sept. 7th.—ED. TIMES:

It is reported here, that our County Commissioners have at last concluded to take a step in the right direction, in regard to the bridge across Knapp's Creek, and to this end, advertise for bidders to move the bridge, from its present worthless location, to one on the line between Messrs Wm. Curry and Wm. Grose.

To all our citizens, who have seen Knapp's Creek when it was high, the last location mentioned seems the proper one; and in fact I have always been surprised that any other was ever selected. At this point the banks on both sides of the creek are high and the channel deep enough to raise the presumption that the bridge will not eventually span the bed of a dry creek, which was never the case where the bridge now stands. A good crossing can also be secured over Brown's Creek by running across the upper edge of the McGlaughlin place. As to the road on this side it is said that my old friend, Mr. Curry, will never consent for the road to cross his land, but "brethren I am persuaded better things" of Mr. Curry. We believe him to be a man of progressive ideas, and brim full of "the milk of human kindness"—a man whose gratitude will ever be ready to acknowledge his obligations to his fellow citizens of Pocahontas. Mr. Editor Mr. Curry was the clerk of this county years ago, when I was a young man. The people delighted to honor him then, and I know he will only be too happy to give us a road across the bottom. If our County Court deem it right, I don't like to hear our old citizens slandered by intimations as above. Another thing, (and a member of the County Court mentioned that), this move would change the road running into Huntersville. Why, what of that my friend? Is the interest of all the people of the county, to come up for consideration before, or after the private interest of one or two citizens? Is this County the province of one or two or does it belong to us all? Does our County Court try to serve all the people, or only a select few? It seems to me, when we elect our Commissioners we elect them to look after the interests of Pocahontas County, and I am glad to say, I believe they have done their best with the lights before them, notwithstanding the howl frequently raised against them. Come fellow citizens, one and all and let us try to uphold the law and support the agents commissioned by us to see to our interests. If they sometimes err, in our judgment, don't let us drive them. We elected them to use their judgments, not our own, and perhaps we would look at this matter differently, were we in their stead. Now Mr. Editor, if you have no objections, I will stop the article until another time.

Yours,
A. CITIZEN.

When Baby was sick, we gave her *Castoria*.
When she was a Child, she cried for *Castoria*.
When she became Miss, she clung to *Castoria*.
When she had Children, she gave them *Castoria*.

WASHINGTON Sept. 11.—Tanner will have to go. That this conclusion has been reached by Secretary Noble is the impression of many out of every ten people one meets here, no matter what their politics may be. It is said that Noble was disposed to look over Tammer's official acts but his eternal talking was the straw which broke the camel's back; as one of Noble's friends puts it "Tanner seems to think that instead of being a subordinate of the Secretary of the Interior he is that official's superior officer." That Tanner will go is extremely probable, but I should not hesitate to wager a big red apple that his resignation will not be asked for until after the Ohio election. Mr. Benjamin Harrison got his political education in Indiana, and is fully aware of the danger there is in attempting to swap horses while crossing a stream.

Senator Barbour, who called at a conference of democratic leaders in Virginia this week, says everything is in excellent condition in that State and all the indications point to a big democratic majority.

Langston, the negro who is a contestant for a seat in Congress from the Fourth Virginia district announces that he will support Mahone, provided that Mahone, the Virginian state republican committee and the administration will support him (Langston) in his contest for a seat in the House. To appreciate the coolness of this announcement it must be remembered that Langston ran for Congress on an independent ticket, the regular republican nominee having been named by Mahone. A democrat was elected and Langston is contesting the seat on the ground that the Mahone people stole votes cast for him. No matter what Mahone and the rest may promise it is very safe to say that Langston will not accept that seat in the next Congress.

This administration has developed quite a faculty for disposing of Mr. "Nigger" in a manner that is pleasing to the white republicans. It has just designated Lieutenant Alexander, the only negro officer in the Army as military attaché of the American legation at Haiti. Fred Douglass is the minister.

Washington will be designated as the place for holding the American Exposition of 1892 by more than a two thirds vote of Congress. Remember this prediction.

Owing to heavy bond purchases and pension payments the Treasury department for August shows an increase of \$1,000,000 in the public debt.

Ex-congressman Thomas, of Illinois, having declined as congressman Little, of Ohio, has been appointed to represent this Government in the Venezuela claims commission. The ex has no right to complain of the administration.

Ex-representative and ex-minister Norwood, of Georgia, is visiting Washington. He was asked what he thought the administration would effect by its tariff attitude in the south. His answer was "Thirty nine out of every one hundred of the intelligent people of the South are tariff reformers. The republicans can do nothing with our people on the tariff question." He was next asked what he thought would be the effect of Congress passing a law to regulate Federal elections. His reply was "They may pass them laws but they will be a dead letter. It is too late to interfere with the affairs of the South in that way. Our people will not regard any legislation intended to place the negro over them. And the sentiment in the North is against it. As a rule the negro is a failure. Some republicans refuse me of representing the negro vote, because they are not and. The fact is simply that the great mass of the negroes not knowing the use of the ballot have got tired now that the novelty is worn off and they do not want to vote, they stay at home."

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." J. A. AMOS, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Diarrhoea, Indigestion, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 71 Murray Street, N. Y.

4 MILES NEARER 4

OUR LIQUOR IS FOUR MILES NEARER

C. D. LAM, formerly of Mt. Grove, and M. O'FARRELL, have opened a new LIQUOR AND GROCERY STORE

At the foot of the ALLEGANY MOUNTAIN on the Warm Spring Road, Huntersville Turnpike; and will handle a full line of first class

WHISKIES, WINES & C., at from \$2 to \$4 per gallon, also GROCERIES, CIGARS, TOBACCO & C.

We respectfully solicit a fair share of patronage of the public, and guarantee satisfaction in every particular.

A. M. McCLINTIC & Co.,

(Successors to Fudge & McClintic.)

Mt. Grove, - - - Va.,

—DEALERS IN—

All brands of LIQUORS,

At from \$2.00 to \$3.50 per gallon.

Orders filled promptly.

Also a full line of general Merchandise.

Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods before you purchase elsewhere.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,

GEO. + W. + WAGNER, PROPRIETOR.

HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Having lately purchased and assumed control of HOTEL POCAHONTAS, it is our purpose to spare no pains to keep just such a house as the public demands.

Substantial and comfortable accommodations for all guests.

Horses well provided for.

Charges reasonable.

Try us and see for yourself.

Respectfully,
GEO. W. WAGNER.

W. H. TYREE, Late of Staunton, Va. JOS. E. ROLLINS, Late Asst. Cashier Nat. Bk., Staunton, Va.

TYREE & ROLLINS,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
DRUGS, TOBACCO CIGARS, TEAS, SPICES, PAINTS OILS, & C.

Sole Owners of the Famous Tyree Club Cigar and Staunton Belle Chewing Tobacco.

ALL ORDERS WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

NO. 214 FRONT STREET, Charleston, - - - West Va.

STICOM ACHERHETOT GYOM FLOUW

of regular meeting of this
is on the Friday evening pre-
each Full Moon, unless the
falls on Friday, then on that
day.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. F. PATTERSON, Sec'y.

HOME NEWS

Clark J. J. Beard, was down at
emy. the first of this week.

Dec. Landes, of Academy, call-
see us Monday.

Several communications were
led out this week, but will ap-
next.

no. A. McNeel, little daught-
ry and son Paul, of Knapp's
were in our office Tuesday.

up and boots and start for the
of all places, the school house.

Miss Maggie Slaven, of Green
was visiting relatives in
ersville a day or two last

We failed to mention last week,
Rev. J. C. Thrasher, of Md.,
in our town Sept. 1st and
hed a very excellent sermon
Methodist church.

We notice in some of our ex-
es, "It would be a good idea
re our side walks sprinkled
g the big show &c." We
rather have ours drained
than sprinkled.

H. Doyle, and wife and J.
Mary, Jr., started last Friday
Baltimore, where they will
a few days in buying their
and winter goods and also
in the exhibition.

Attorney C. F. Moore and
started for Green Bank, Tues-
rning to attend the wedding
Birtie Barlow to Mr. Wm.
rell, also Rice Moore, Esq., of
ore came down to escort Mrs.
Barlow to the same place.

ow is the time to repair our
alks. Fall and winter is ap-
ing, and the first thing we
we'll have to wade through
and water a half a foot deep
our mails, or to get to church.
n't cost much to have our
repaired, and now is the time
it. Here we are, now ready
nd the subscription list with a
er. How's that for a start?
next!

he turnpike between Marlin-
nd the top of Alleghany moun-
in a fearful condition. It
ardly be gotten over safely,
with an ox cart. Teams that
een in the habit of wagoning
his road to Millboro Depot
w going to Koneverte, a dis-
of 10 miles further. This
r should be looked after at
and the road put in, at least,
able condition.

ro Happenings.

d. Landes is improving slowly.
Henry Shearer, wife and sis-
Virginia, and Jake McClure,
ray, were the guests of the
s Shearer last Saturday night.

J. C. Thrasher, wife and
en accompanied by Miss Pau-
McNeel will leave for their
at Hugheside Md. to-morrow.
A. A. Williams has arrived
place and taken charge of
t gallery of A. A. Williams
ons.

Fred Wallace left for Hamp-
ney college, a few days ago.

Jessie Kenick, left this
ing for Alderson, to attend
ttage Home School, Lough

has gone to Virginia for his family.
A handsome reception was given
to Mr. E. I. Holt and bride, at the
residence of his sister Mrs. Wm.
Wysong, last Thursday. They were
accompanied to this place by their
attendants, Misses Lizzie and Lou
Ligon and Mary Beatty, and Messrs
Penick Wallace, Jake Hill, Platt
Marshall, and also by Rev. H. H.
Bittinger and Miss Belle Price, Mr.
Ligon Marshall and Miss Spauld-
ing, and by one usher, Mr. R. K.
Burns. The guests in all number-
ed over one hundred, and certainly
were nicely entertained. The table
decorations were a perfect marvel
of art and loaded with every con-
ceivable dainty that could please
the eye or tempt the palate. The
young couple certainly deserve to
be congratulated on their good
looks, as they were pronounced one
of the handsomest couples in the
lands. The bride was attired in
white sniah silk, trimmed with
white silk lace and bridal wreath,
and the groom wore the convention-
al black. Every thing passed off
nicely with nothing to mar the hap-
piness, except the departure of Mrs.
J. W. Holt, the groom's mother, who
was called home the day before, by
the illness of her daughter Mrs.
Sallie Wilkinson, and every one
left with many wishes for the future
happiness of the young couple.

Sep. 9.

PRUNELLA.

Brilliant Wedding.

In the Presbyterian church at
Mingo Flats on the 4th inst, E.
I Holt, of Hillsboro, and Miss Lucie
Marshall, of Mingo Flats, the lovely
and accomplished daughter of Capt.
J. W. Marshall, were united in the
holy bonds of matrimony, by Rev.
J. B. Bittinger. The ceremony was
beautiful and impressive, and the
church was crowded to its utmost
capacity.

The church being darkened was
brilliantly illuminated, which
played to the best advantage, the
beautiful floral decoration. Over the
aisle through which the bride and
her attendants entered, was a large
arch of evergreens; in the top of
which was placed a beautiful M.
made of exquisite white flowers.
While the ceremony was being per-
formed the handsome couple stood
under an immense floral horse shoe
suspended from the dome by white
ribbons.

At the close of the ceremony, the
bridal pair, led by the maid of
honor, who strewed their path with
flowers, and followed by the at-
tendants passed down the opposite
aisle under a corresponding arch
in which was placed a beautiful H.
The bride who looks lovely
at all times, never appeared more
beautiful than when robed in her
exquisite bridal gown of white su-
rah and elegant lace which was
made entrals. She wore a veil
and orange blossoms, and suspen-
ed from her left side by loops of
white ribbons was an exquisite fan.
She carried a lovely bouquet of white
flowers. The groom appeared in
full dress.

The bride's maids and groom's
men were as follows:

Miss Ligon, Clover Lick, with Mr.
Penick Wallace, Mill Point; Miss
Gatewood, Big Spring, Mr. James
Reynolds, Booneville Va; Miss Lou
Ligon, Mr. Jake Hill Clover Lick,
and Miss Beatty, Mr. Platt Mar-
shall, Mingo Flats; Miss Minnie
Moore, Maid of honor, Mingo Flats.
Miss — Ligon, wore blue China
silk and moire ribbon and carried
a bouquet of white dahlias; Miss
Gatewood, cream India silk and

ket of beautiful flowers. After
having received the congratulations
of their many friends, the bridal
party accompanied by the Minister
and wife started for Hillsboro, the
grooms home, where a large recep-
tion was given.

The bride was the recipient of
many elegant presents. Among
which was a handsome gold watch
and, for present from the groom.
J. J.

Wayside Notes.

Wednesday, the fourth of Sep-
tember, was a red letter day with
your correspondent. At eleven in
the morning, the pupils of Zane
Moore and Miss Ida R. Herold
were auspiciously celebrated at the
residence of the bride's parents, Mr.
and Mrs. Andrew Herold near
Frost.

The vows, were pronounced by
Wm. T. Price, in the presence of
many friends and relatives.

While the wedding march, was
being elegantly rendered by Mrs.
Lizzie Lockridge, the bridal party
appeared in the parlor. Misses
Aunie Moore, Minnie Dever and
Myrtle Hannah were bridesmaids,
attended by Messrs. Letcher Her-
old, Millard Herold and Points
Moore, in the order named.

Festoons of evergreens, floral de-
corations, and Chinese lanterns ren-
dered the scene of weird beauty.
The bride's attire consisted of white
sorrents, silk covered with lace.
The attending ladies were tasteful-
ly attired, either in cream colored
cashmere, or in Henrietta cloth of
snowy whiteness. A varied and
bountiful repast, was much enjoyed
by seventy-five or eighty persons,
served by polite and attentive wait-
ers.

On the afternoon of the same
day, Mr. Loring Kerr and Miss
Laura E. Orndoff, were happily
married at the home of the bride's
widowed mother, in the vicinity of
Green Bank.

The marriage ceremony was per-
formed at five o'clock, by Wm. T.
Price, which was witnessed by a
large attendance of invited friends.
Misses Oley Riley, Ollie Sutton,
Maggie Gam and Corn Wooddell,
attended the bride, escorted by
Messrs. Mack Kerr, Joseph Kerr,
Henry Wooddell and French Sut-
ton, in the order indicated.

The bride and her lady friends
in their pure white attire, present-
ed a very engaging scene, as they
appeared with their escorts upon
the floor.

More than a hundred happy
guests shared the feast of good
things so profusely provided.

For genuine and innocent social
enjoyment, nothing can easily excel
marriage scenes like those witness-
ed the first Wednesday of Septem-
ber, 1889.

W. T. P.

\$100 REWARD. \$100.

The readers of THE TIMES will be
pleased to learn that there is at least
one dreaded disease that science has
been able to cure in all its stages, and
that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is
the only positive cure now known to
the medical fraternity. Catarrh being
a constitutional disease, requires a con-
stitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh
Cure is taken internally, acting direct-
ly upon the blood and mucous surfaces
of the system, thereby destroying the
foundation of the disease, and giving
the patient strength, by building up the
constitution and assisting nature in do-
ing its work. The proprietors have no
much faith in its curative powers, that
they offer one hundred dollars for any
case that it fails to cure.
Send for list of testimonials. Address,
F. A. THENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, The.

WHITE PAPER LAMEN.

FOR BOARD.

During the next term of School at
Hillsboro Male and Female Acad-
emy apply to

B. H. MOORE.

HILLSBORO MALE & FEMALE ACADEMY,

D. S. HANKLA, A. M. Principal.

—o—o—o—

The next annual session of this
school will begin

SEPTEMBER 23rd 1889,

and will continue NINE months.

TUITION from \$1.50 to \$3.00 per month.

BOARD \$3.00 to \$10.00

Contingent fee to provide fuel etc.

15 cents per month.

Thorough instruction guaranteed,
and the principal will exercise ex-
pecial care over all pupils. Par-
ents should consider the advantag-
es of this school before sending
their sons and daughters elsewhere.

Respt.,

D. S. HANKLA.

SHEEP SHEEP!

Public Sale of Personal Prop-
erty.

I will proceed to sell
at public auction on
Thursday September
26th to the highest
bidder the following
personal property.

100 head of sheep,
one yoke of oxen, 2
milk cows, and hay
and grain and farming
utensils.

Wm. T. PERRY.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE, Of Valuable Lands.

Pursuant to, and by virtue of a de-
cree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas
County, A. V., rendered at its June
term, 1889, in the cause of
J. H. Arbogast, Adm'r,

J. H. Arbogast's Heirs &c.,
I will sell at public auction to the high-
est bidder, on the premises, near Trav-
eler's Rest, on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5TH, 1889,
all the lands yet belonging to the Estate
of Jacob H. Arbogast, dec'd, composed
of part of a tract of 45 acres; part of a
tract of 128 acres and part of a tract of
50 acres, all adjoining each other, and
containing in the aggregate about 577
acres, lying in the forks of Greenbrier
River on the S. & P. Turnpike. About
35 acres of these lands are in cultiva-
tion, with a good dwelling and other
buildings and orchard &c. The bal-
ance affords a good outlet for young
stock, especially sheep, and fine some
good Henslock, Spruce and Oak timber
upon it.

TERMS
10 per cent of the purchase money
cash in hand, the balance may be paid pay-
ments, calling, due in 10, 20 and 30
months, from day of sale, with interest
from that day. The purchaser to exe-
cute bonds with good security for the
deferred payments, a lien will be re-
tained until a future order of the
Court.

H. W. YEAMIE, Special Com'r
Sept. 12-41 Printer's fee \$10.00.

BRIDGE LETTING.

The undersigned Commissioner of the
County Court, of Pocahontas County
will receive sealed bids, until 12 m.,
Oct. 1st, 1889, for the following work.
The construction of two Abutments on
Knapp's Creek near Huntersville, or
near the upper end of the "Barby Hall,"
said abutments to be of cut stone, well
laid in Cement on solid foundation
about well located to a distance of 2
feet above high water mark, and the
additional height of stone work to be
rable work well laid in lime and sand.
Abutments to be 23 feet long at bottom
and 10 feet at top, 8 feet wide at bottom
and 5 feet at top. All cement to be of
the best quality. And remove the
bridge from its present location and
place the same on the above said abut-
ments. The Contractor to give bond
with approved security, for the faith-
ful performance of his contract.

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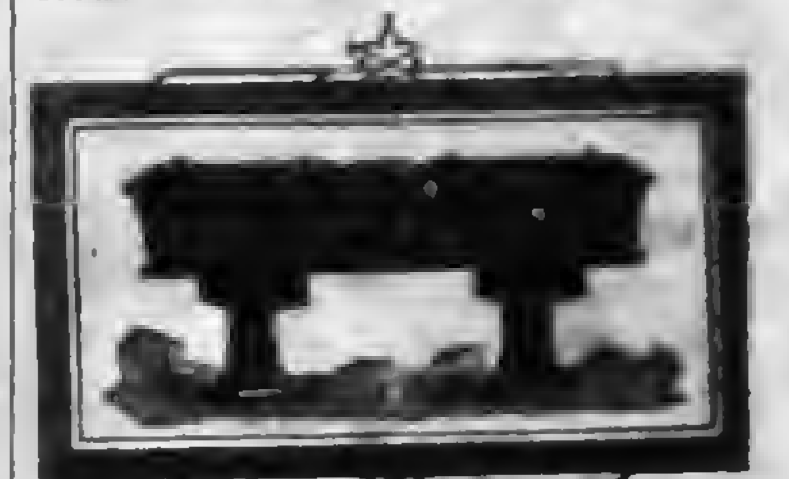
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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of Hugh M. Carpen-
ter deceased:

In pursuance of a decree of the Cir-
cuit Court of the County of Pocahontas
made in a cause then on pending to sub-
ject the real estate of the said Hugh M.
Carpenter, to the payment of his debts,
you are required to present your claims
against the estate of the said Hugh M.
Carpenter, for adjudication to L. V.
McElhiney, commissioner, at his office in
the said county on or before the 5th day
of September, 1889.

Witness, John J. Beard, Clerk of the
said Court this 20th day of July 1889.
JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.
July 25 01. Printer's fee \$4.70

Order of Publication.

At miles held to the Circuit Court
Clerk's office of Pocahontas County
W. Va., on the first Monday in Septem-
ber, 1889.

George A. Riverscomb, Special receiv-
er in the Chancery cause of
Bomer vs. Bommer &c.,
vs.

A. Q. Bommer.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to subject to
judicial sale a tract of one hundred
acres of land, belonging to the defendant
J. H. Bommer situated in the County of
Pocahontas on the South East side of
Middle Mountain, to satisfy a judg-
ment entered by the defendant A. Q.
Bommer to the Plaintiff for \$2,240.88
with interest thereon from the day of
May 1888 until paid and cost.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

September, 12, 1889.

[Continued from first page.]

agement ring from her finger, thrust it into his hands, and, as they had arrived at her father's gate, ran up the gravelled walk and into the house without a word of parting.

"Little spitfire," said James to himself. "The idea of acting in this way just because I conversed with Miss Burton a short time."

He did not seem to realize that he had spent nearly the entire evening in Miss Burton's company, neglecting his betrothed to such an extent that even the dullest took cognizance of and commented upon it.

On the following afternoon after making a more than usually elaborate toilet, James presented himself at the door of Squire Harton's stately white house and inquired of the trim maid of all work who answered the summons of the bell, if Miss Burton was in. The maid replied in the affirmative, ushered him in to the "best room" where he found the heiress deeply absorbed in the latest society novel. She closed the book at once, and rising from her seat greeted him very warmly.

They were soon conversing as amiably and apparently as intimately as friends of long standing.

When at the end of two hours (which seemed but as two minutes to the infatuated James) he arose to take his departure he was warmly invited to call again. He did so on the very next day, when he was treated with greater kindness if possible than on his former visit. They played several games of croquet together during the course of which it was arranged that on the following afternoon they should take a boat ride on Lily Pond, a small lake in the neighborhood, noted for its white and fragrant water lilies. He also took her out riding behind his span of blood bay horses, and on one occasion escorted her to church where the heiress created an immense sensation as she swept down the central aisle in her trailing, rustling silken gown, while he with head erect, silk tie to hand, and curled moustache, was the envy and despair of all the young men of Barnesville. Even the gray-haired old minister was visibly disconcerted at the sudden and unexpected appearance of so much style and elegance and lost his place in the chapter he was reading, for he it known, Miss Burton always made it a point to arrive late at church as well as at all other public gatherings.

In less than two weeks it was whispered about by the gossips that James Monroe and Mary Murdock had quarrelled, that the engagement was broken, and that he was "keeping steady company with that stuck-up, red-haired city girl at Squire Harton's."

And it must be said it was all true; James had become infatuated

with the young woman, and at last all the thought that she was already wealthy and destined at no distant day to become still more so, wrought such havoc in the heart of the unsophisticated youth that he resolved in the first favorable opportunity, to use a phrase much in vogue in those parts, to "pop the question."

Accordingly one pleasant afternoon when he and Imogene were seated on a rustic bench in the very grove where was held the memorable ice-cream festival, he, after much unwonted stammering, plumped down on his knees and proposed in the most dramatic manner imaginable—and was greeted with a loud and ringing peal of laughter. He had never heard Miss Burton laugh before, and the sound, however birdlike, or feline like he might have considered it under other circumstances, was, just at that moment far from pleasant to him.

"Marry you," she said, when she could fully control her risibility. "Marry a farmer? And I suppose you would expect me to milk the cows, and sweep and cook and wash, as do all the good housewives of Barnesville and vicinity. No, Mr. Monroe, the idea is impracticable, and, I will add, utterly impossible; for I am engaged to a gentleman in New York and am to be married early in the fall. I have enjoyed your company very much indeed. You have helped to relieve the tedium of this beautiful though monotonous place, and for that I am truly thankful; but such a thing as becoming your wife has never once entered my head. You must learn to forget me. I leave for Boston to-morrow morning and you doubtless will exemplify the truth of the old adage: 'Out of sight, out of mind.' And now let me give you a little good advice. I have heard something of a little black-eyed girl to whom you quarreled, presumably over poor me. Return to your allegiance, Marry her; she will make you a good wife, and you will both live to laugh over your silly misunderstanding, and at me."

With these words Miss Burton arose, and swiftly and silently glided from the grove, leaving James Monroe dumbfounded and crestfallen, and yet with a secret feeling in his heart that he had been rightly served.

After the first ranklings of his wounded self love had died out, he bethought him of Miss Burton's advice and called at the Murdock homestead. He was ushered into the familiar parlor where had passed so many pleasant happy hours, by one of Mary's younger sisters, and, in a short time Mary made her appearance. She was as bright and cheery as ever and apparently harbored no ill-feeling because of his past conduct, but when he drew forth the engagement ring she had so long worn, and attempted to place it upon her finger and again gulf her consent to be his wife, she drew back with a quick, prompt movement and said:

"No, James, I shall always be a friend to you, but never your wife. You have shown plainly that you did not love me as you ought, and I feel it is best we should henceforth meet merely as friends and neighbors. I will own that I have felt very badly over the way—the way you have used me. But time heals all wounds."

"Yes, time and John Grayson," said James angrily, as he seized his hat. "I have heard of his coming here, and if you care more for that lost time for me all I have to say is: Marry him."

Thus speaking, he flounced out of the room, not forgetting to slam the door behind him. Mary's black eyes fairly sparkled with just anger and indignation. But the storm

for my mind, whom James Monroe had designated "a lost," was a young man living about three miles from Dr. Murdock's. He was a steady, upright young man, and given to resting on his laurels, but honest and true to his friends as the needle to the pole. He had a large firm headquarters in his father, which he inherited to the very best advantage. In fact, he was considered the best farmer near Barnesville. His mother and a maiden sister attended to the household duties, while he and two "hired men" were constantly employed in bringing his broad acres into the highest state of productivity. When the following autumn, Mary Murdock married. And at about the same time Imogene Barton was led to the altar by "a gentleman of New York."

A. (somewhat illiterate)—"I read something in a paper about idiots. Are they human beings?"

B.—"Certainly; they are human beings like yourself."

Guest—"See here, waiter! There's a pin in this soup. Suppose I had swallowed it?" Waiter—"It wouldn't have hurt yer, sah. Don't you notice that it ain't a safety pin, sah?"

Miss Prue—What's that bit of red sticking out of Miss Lowent's corset?

Miss Castigione—Perhaps it is the top of her stocking.

She—There! I've upset that vase and spilled the water all over me.

He (sympathetically)—Too bad. How will you dry your hand?

She (a divine inspiration lighting up her face)—Can't you ring it for me?

"I want to get a good hammock," said the customer.

"Strong enough to hold two, I suppose?" suggested the salesman shyly.

"No, sir," said the customer, with some show of resentment. "No, sir; I've been married for more than three years."

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Three things to love—Courage, gentleness, affectionateness.

Three things to admire—Intellectual power, dignity, gratefulness.

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Three things to reverence—Religion, justice, self-denial.

Three things to wish for—Health, a cheerful spirit, friends.

Three things to flee—Carefulness, good humor, mirthfulness.

Three things to suspect—Flattery, pretentiousness, sudden affection.

Three things to avoid—Idleness, blippant jesting, loquacity.

Three things to govern—Temper, impulse, the tongue.

Three things to be prepared for—Deceit, change, death.

"I am truly sorry to give you pain, Mr. Hankinson," said the young lady, "but please do not allude to the subject again. I can never be your wife."

"Thank you for that answer, Miss Irene?"

"It is."

"Nothing could induce you to change your decision?"

"My mind is fully and unalterably made up."

"Miss Irene," said the young man rising and looking about for his hat, "before coming here this evening I made a bet of \$500 with Van Parkins that you would say no to my proposal. I have won. It was taking a risk, but I was dumb broke. Miss Irene," he continued, his voice quivering with emotion, "you have saved a desperate man from the fate of a suicide, and won

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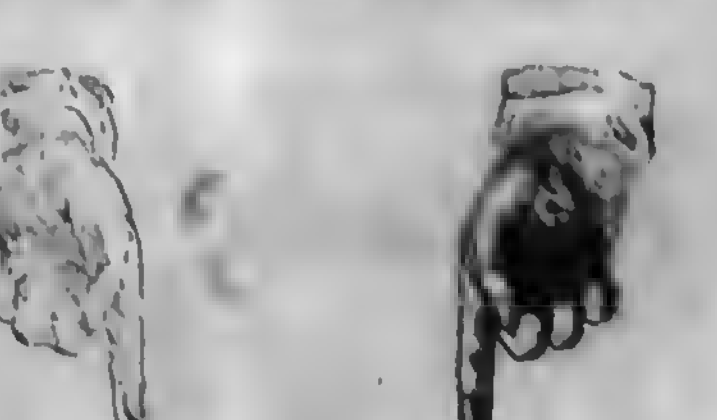
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THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

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Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

L. M. CLINTIC.

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

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Huntersville, W. Va.
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J. ARBUCKLE.

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Lewisburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
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W. KEE.

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F. SNYDER.

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J. H. WEYMOUTH.

RESIDENT DENTIST,
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Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in the TIMES.

S. P. PATTERSON.

Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.

THE PATRIOT FUGITIVE.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

Comely Mistress Sally Snyder sat on a low bench beneath the apple-tree in her back yard, shelling peas. Delicate petals from the fragrant blossoms overhead dropped upon her; the bluebird perched upon the hollow stump hard by sang to her a song of spring and sunshine; the fresh morning breeze that made ripples all across the golden surface of Flushing Bay to mark its progress, came to lift carelessly the soft, brown curls on her temples. Before her, on an upturned pail, rested a gaunt old man, with white hair, and long, bony fingers that were interlocked over his knobby knee.

"Indeed," spoke Mistress Snyder continuing her conversation, "it is hard that Abner should be so long away from his home and in peril of his life, but he would be no true American did he lag at his wife's apron string when his country has need of him. And, of a truth, instead of repining I should rejoice daily that he is still alive and at liberty. I think I would rather hear that he had fallen on the field than that he was a prisoner in the cruel hands of the British."

"In that Jersey prison ship. Verily, it is wondrous that men endure to live in that hell upon earth if the half that is told of it be true."

"The half of its horrors hath not been told!" exclaimed a suppressed but distinct voice from the thicket of lilac bushes behind Mrs. Snyder. The good dame gave a little jump and an exclamation of alarm, while the gaunt man sprang to his feet. Peering in the direction of the voice, they saw under the bushes, close to the ground, the baggy, yellow face of a man with great wild eyes and tangled hair and beard.

"Who are you, and what want you here?" demanded Mistress Snyder, stoutly.

"Robert Jameson, a fugitive from the Jersey prison-ship am I, and sore in need of all that man may heed to live."

"Come forth, man; come forth. You shall need no longer here," responded the old man earnestly, going toward him.

"Back—back! Keep your distance, man! There is death in my garments—the poison of the prison-fever. Stand aloof; but I pray you lay some food where I may get it without coming nigh you."

While he spoke Mistress Snyder reflected, and when he had ceased, quickly took the ordering of affairs in her hands. Giving to the old man—who was none other than the patriot-parson Egbert Ellis—a suit of her soldier-husband's clothing, she instructed him to see that the fugitive, after casting away his infected garments, bathed in the creek at the foot of the garden, and then put on the clean raiment, by which time she would have a good breakfast ready for him.

When Jameson's hunger had been appeased, he told his story:

"I was taken prisoner through the running down of the boat I was in on the Hudson, and was put aboard the prison-ship three months ago. The night before last I sprang overboard, being willing rather to die than live longer there; but coming ashore a little below the tide mill, I managed to make my way into the country, and since then, hiding when I could, and watching for an opportunity to escape, I have been on the run."

"Is life on the prison-ship indeed so terrible as men say?" asked Mrs. Snyder.

"Only the dead have learned all its horrors, but the living learn know enough to madden them. Twelve hundred men are crowded in a space that would not suffice for the healthful keeping of one-fourth so many. They are scantily fed upon tainted meat and vermin-infested bread, so that violent and fatal disorders are rife among them. The dreaded fever hath broken out, and so rages that at times as many as two hundred die of it in a night. Through sheer malignity the British officers refuse water even to those parched with the fever, and find sport in seeing their burning thirst drive them mad. Often in theinky darkness of the lower gun-deck, where they are confined at night, the startling cry is heard: 'Look to yourselves! One here hath gone mad and he hath a knife.' And the madman, knowing not what he does, slashes right and left with his weapon, until in self-defense they must kill him—and all that in the dark. And that much amuses the British officers."

"Lord let death seize upon them, and let them go down quick into hell," ejaculated the pastor, in fervent quotation of the psalmist.

"Amen!" responded Jameson between his clenched teeth, continuing his narrative. "It is a common sport with them to cast apples among the prisoners to set them fighting. The wretched men, whose minds are weakened by their sufferings, seem raddled, at sight of the tempting fruit, and will beat and tear each other, with claws and teeth, like starving, ravenous beasts to get possession of it—whereat the British officers laugh heartily and enjoy themselves mightily."

"Lord, let burning coals fall upon them; let them be cast into the fire into deep pits, that they rise not up again," broke forth the parson.

"Men are shot down like dogs by the sentries, who set under orders, excuse therefor being found in the slightest breach of discipline."

"Woe unto the wicked! It shall be ill with him, for the reward of his hands shall be given him."

"Again and again a cartel hath come for an exchange of prisoners, and those upon whom Death's hand is already laid have been sorted out to send away, while those with more life in them were put back with the cruel jibe: 'You have not been here long enough; you are too well to exchange.'"

"Lord, how long shall the wicked triumph?"

Mistress Snyder's cheeks were very pale, and her eyes blazed with indignation. Each of the excited parson's scriptural quotations were expressive of her sentiments, but she did not open her lips until he uttered, as a prayer:

"Lord, root them out of the land of the living; pity them not, nor spare, nor have mercy, but destroy them utterly."

Then she earnestly ejaculated: "Amen!"

All that day Robert Jameson lay in hiding among the bushes back of Mistress Snyder's home, reading, sleeping and rapidly regaining his strength, while she watched over his safety and fed him.

Parson Ellis went away. Before taking his departure, he told the fugitive:

"I am over here on a mission in which I shall be able to do good."

of this creek. If I come off alive, I shall easily find another boat. This one you had better take, and as soon as the moon hath set to-night, sail for New London, where you will be safe. Go not before, lest you be overhauled on the sand and recaptured."

"I will never be taken alive," answered Robert, firmly.

"You are a brave man, and I do not doubt your intent, but we are all in the hand of God. If you reach New London safely, give the boat in charge of Ebenezer Holden whom you will easily find. And now, farewell."

Robert feared to remain in the house, lest he might be surprised by a party of the British dragoons, who as he was informed, were continually scouring the island. Near midnight Mistress Snyder came rushing down to him from the upper window where she had long been sitting, watching that she might note the approach of an enemy far off.

"The dragoons are coming!" she cried to him.

A dozen of them were coming down the road at an easy swinging trot, with Captain Tileston at their head. Of course the fugitive imagined that they were in pursuit of him, but they were not. He was supposed to have been drowned and eaten by the sharks, numbers of which savage creatures were attracted to the vicinity of the prison ship by the prey that was either tossed to them or that voluntarily leaped overboard. The dragoons had quite another object than his capture in their coming. But he thought only of flight.

He ran swiftly down the brook crouching below the floor of rank grass that margined its banks, until he reached the bay, where he plunged on and disappeared. Day was ended by this time, but the early rising moon gave so clear a light that he did not dare to attempt reaching the parson's boat, though it was only four or five rods from where he took to the water. A couple of the dragoons rode leisurely down to the bay, and there sat upon their horses, chatting. They were discussing the catching of spies who were supposed to land there from the Connecticut or New York shore. Presently Captain Tileston, with four more men, joined them. They had stopped to search for rebels in Mistress Snyder's house. The captain had a plan.

"It is useless," he said, "for us to attempt the capture, upon the water, of those Yankee spies, who have eyes like hawks by day and ears like dogs by night, and could see as long as fire we could see them. We must let them land. As I have sharper sight than any of you at night, I will conceal myself in the boat and watch for them. You will bide in yonder clump of woods. When they land I will signal to you, by imitating the plover's cry, which way to dash to fall upon them—away for this way, twice for that—and at the same moment will seize their boat to cut off their retreat."

So it was arranged. One of the dragoons waded out to the parson's little sail boat and drew her in so that the captain could step aboard dry shod, after he moored her and again. Then the dragoons went away into the woods, and the Captain lay down in the boat to watch and wait for events. Events were not long in coming. The plover's cry was heard, and the dragoons were seen to dash to the boat and seize it.

proaching it closer and closer. At length it seemed to lodge against the boat. The Captain did not notice it. He was looking in the opposite direction. Suddenly a head rose out of the water behind him—the head of Robert Jameson—close by the bunch of floating grass. The next moment a long arm reached over the low side of the boat, and a powerful hand gripped the Captain's throat—gripped it with such ferocious energy that it cut off his breath, made the world turn black before him, and seemed to paralyze him. Before he could make a movement of self defense, or a sound, a man rolled into the boat upon him, and seizing one of his big holster pistols that he had laid beside him dealt such a blow upon his temple that he was stunned and lay as still as if dead.

When the Captain recovered his senses he found himself bound hand and foot with the anchor rope. His captor had stepped the mast. The little sail was belying full with a favoring southeast breeze, and the shore was far behind. The next morning he was turned over to the military authorities at New London as a prisoner; and undestorable as that fortune of war may be deemed, he at least had the consolation of knowing that in the hands of Americans he would suffer from no such fiendish inhumanity as was practiced under the English flag aboard the Jersey prison ship.

Robert Jameson was regarded as quite a hero in New London, where he promptly re-entered the service, and fought bravely until the end of the war.

Tooing the Scratch.

There had been some hard words between Julius and Moses before, as near as I could make out, says a writer in the New York Evening Sun. Moses was blacking my boots on the verandah when Julius came around from the kitchen and began:

"Look heah, boy; I've dun got my eye ball on you, an' de fust thing you know I'll pound you to squish!"

"Shoo! Does you know who 'you is conversin' wid?" demanded Moses. "Duan' you talk to me dat way, black man?"

"Who's black man?"

"You is."

"You was a liar sah!"

"So was you!"

"Look out, boy! A feller dun called me lihah one time and de county had to bury him."

"An' you look out for me, black man; I've mighty hard to wake up, but when I gits woused I was pizen all de way flow."

"Shoo! I just want to say to you dat de las' flight I was in it took eight men to hild me. Duan' you get me mad, boy—duan' you do it."

"Rum I I duss put my hand right on yo' shoulder."

"An' I duss put my hand on yours."

"Now what yo' gwine ter do?"

"Now what you gwine ter do?"

"Shoo!"

"Shoo!"

And after standing in defiance for a moment once, Moses slowly away and went about his business, to renew the "dell" at a later opportunity and always with the result.

Miss Elmy—But, Father, I must remember that I am to go to school. It isn't you that will



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IS A GREAT LABOR SAVER.
A SHINE LASTS A WEEK.
RAIN AND SNOW DON'T AFFECT IT
NO BRUSHING REQUIRED.
MAKES A SHOE WATERPROOF.
USED BY MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.
Can be washed in Oil Cloth, and absolutely
restores and preserves all kinds

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Huntersville, W. Va.

September, 19, 1889.

"Jack the Ripper" adds one more to the list of the White Chapel victims.

Congressman "Sunset" Cox, died at his home in New York, on the 10th inst.

The Charleston Star has been sold, to the Kinnawha Publishing Co., and will hereafter be run on republican principles.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep, and the little cherub awakes "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The sale of lots at Iron Gate, Rockbridge county, Thursday last, aggregated from \$75,000 to \$80,000 some of the lots bringing 125 per cent above the company's price.

LADIES

Needing a tonic, or children that want building up, should take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, and Biliousness. All dealers keep it.

Three million five hundred thousand pounds of sugar, that the Sugar Trust had in store for a rise, was burned in New York on the 7th.

\$100 REWARD. \$100.

The readers of THE TIMES will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength, by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure.
Send for list of testimonials. Address,
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The Prosperous South.

The South is better off, as respects material wealth, than for many years past. Its social, intellectual, moral and political condition has improved, it is believed, at an almost equal rate. The white population, not been affected by immigration, is American still to the backbone, and it is animated by sentiments of devotion to constitutional which render the South the conservative element of the Union. Its growth in wealth, in culture, in population and political influence is, therefore, in the interest of free institutions, to be desired by the whole country.—Baltimore Sou.

John L. Sullivan for Congress.

New York, September 7.—John L. Sullivan in a letter in the Evening Sun announces that he is a candidate for congress from the Boston, Mass., district when the next fall elections are held. He will run he says as a Democrat. In the course of his letter he says: "Any man who doubts my popularity with the American people has only got to travel about with me to get rid of the notion. Some may misconstrue my occupation in life. They don't know what they are talking about. My business is and always has been ever since I came before the public to encourage physical culture. A man who can quiet a crowd in Madison square garden as I have done, can make his presence felt in Congress, or anywhere else on earth."

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON Sept. 13.—Corporal

Tanner is gone. The Pension office will know him no more, at least not as its chief. He will of course, continue to draw his pension. The long wrangle between the "Corporal" and Secretary Noble reached its culminating point this week, when the Secretary suspended Tanner from office, pending the result of the investigation now going on. Tanner refused to consider himself suspended unless the order came direct from the President. That brought the whole matter before President Harrison, who was compelled to delay his intended departure for Deer Park in order to hear the parties to this dispute. Exactly what was said when Tanner and Noble met in the President's private office, where they had been summoned will probably never be known, as the only witnesses were President Harrison and Marshall Randall. But it is understood that Secretary Noble told President Harrison that the investigation now going on in the Pension office had convinced him that Tanner was both inefficient and indiscreet, and that he had suspended him from office until the investigation was closed when he expected the result would be ample to demand his summary dismissal. Tanner claimed to be innocent of either wrong doing or indiscreetness. Exactly what the President did, has not yet been made public, but Tanner's resignation is known to be in the hands of the President. Secretary Noble is known to have been bitterly opposed to allowing Tanner to resign; he thinks he should be dismissed, and only wants to wait until he gets the official report of the investigating commission, in order to show the public that the dismissal is deserved. Assistant Commissioner Smith, is acting Commissioner of Pensions, and Tanner has not been to the office since Tuesday, when he shook hands with one of the employees, and told him that he (Tanner) never expected to come into the building again.

General Rosecrans, the democratic veteran who has been Register of the Treasury since the early days of Mr. Cleveland's administration, was removed by rumor. This week to make a place for Tanner. As usual, rumor lied. Gen. Rosecrans has not been removed, and I have it from high republican authority that he will not be disturbed during Harrison's administration. My informant gave two reasons why: Many G. A. R. men had asked for his retention and, he is Channey Depew's relative by marriage.

Think it of my countrymen the rolls of the Pension office continued on the last day of June 489,725 pensioners and is still increasing. The figures are from an official statement just issued.

Secretary Proctor is trying the wires to succeed Senator Morrill, of Vermont, whose term expires in 1891, and Senator Edmunds is doing all he can to assist him.

Representative Norwood of Georgia, has a level head. He says: "I think the world's fair of 1892 will be held in Washington. It in the proper place for it—the only place where it could have a national character. The celebration must be national, must be the celebration of the whole people—every man woman and child—and must be held at its National capital. The Southern Congressmen are all for Washington."

Ex-Senator Blodgett of Virginia has returned to the democratic party. He will stump Virginia in opposition to Mahone.

President Harrison has settled a long wrangle by making the rank of the Federal appointments for New York City.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES

Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing. It is a general complaint. Try

The Baldwin District Fair at Staunton, Va. opens Oct. 1st and continues 4 days.

Ellison Hatfield has been sentenced by a Kentucky court to hanging on the 3rd of December for the murder of one of the McNays in January, 1888, and Wall Hatfield, Alexander Messer and Doc and Sam Mayhan have been sent to the Kentucky penitentiary for life, for participation in the Hatfield-McCoy feud.

PHILADELPHIA SINGER

WARRANTED 5 YEARS.
LOW ARM, \$20
HIGH ARM, \$28



FIFTEEN DAYS' TRIAL

IN YOUR OWN HOUSE BEFORE YOU PAY ONE CENT.
High-Arm Machine has self-setting needle, self-threading shuttle, is noiseless and light-running, has the finest set of attachments, in a velvet-lined case. Don't pay agents \$35 or \$50, but send for circular. Remember, we guarantee our machines equal to any high-priced machine on the market. Address
The C. A. WOOD CO.,
17 N. 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Sick Headache

Is a complaint from which many suffer and few are entirely free. Its cause is indigestion and a sluggish liver, the cure for which is readily found in the use of Ayer's Pills.

"I have found that for sick headache, caused by a disordered condition of the stomach, Ayer's Pills are the most reliable remedy."—Samuel C. Bradburn, Worthington, Mass.

"After the use of Ayer's Pills for many years, in my practice and family, I am justified in saying that they are an excellent cathartic and liver medicine—containing all the claims made for them."—W. A. Westfall, M. D., V. P. Austin & N. W. Railway Co., Bureau, Texas.

"Ayer's Pills are the best medicine known to me for regulating the bowels, and for all diseases caused by a disordered stomach and liver. I suffered for over three years from headache, indigestion, and constipation. I had no appetite and was weak and nervous most of the time. By using three boxes of Ayer's Pills, and at the same time doing myself, I was completely cured."—Philip Lockwood, Topeka, Kansas.

"I was troubled for years with indigestion, constipation, and headache. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills, used in small daily doses, restored me to health. They are prompt and effective."—W. H. Strout, Mendocino, Pa.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

WHITE PINE LUMBER.

Having several orders for white pine lumber I have concluded if I get orders sufficient to justify to saw up a fine piece of choice pine timber I own a short distance east of Huntersville. Any one desiring lumber within six months will please notify me at once. Large bills will be sold to responsible parties upon a credit of six months.
Respectfully,
H. M. Lockman.

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE

Lands in Pocahontas County.

In pursuance of two decrees of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term, 1889, in the chancery cause of

C. L. Austin & Co.,
vs.
B. F. Arbogast & Co.,
I will on
MONDAY THE 22ND DAY OF OCTOBER,

next, offer for sale at public auction, in front of the Court house of Pocahontas county, two tracts of land, one of 100 acres and the other of 1,000 acres. These tracts of land are situated on the Alleghany mountains, and are known as lots No. 8 and 10, in the highway and are valuable for the timber thereon.

TERMS:
Cash in hand to pay the costs of the two suits and the costs of sale and for the balance, the purchaser will be required to execute bonds with good security payable in six and twelve months, bearing interest from day of sale and the legal title to be retained as until then.

L. H. BETHUNE, Commissioner.

J. John D. Board, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do hereby certify that L. H. Bethune, Commissioner, has the same as required by said decrees.
J. D. Board, 11th.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARMITA, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Castoria cures Colic, Wind, Worms, gives sleep, and without injurious action.
THE CASTOR COMPANY, 77 N. Y.

4 MILES NEARER 4

OUR LIQUOR IS FOUR MILES NEARER

C. D. LAM, formerly of Mt. Grove, Va., and M. O'FARRELL, have established a

LIQUOR AND GROCERY STORE

At the foot of the ALLEGHANY MOUNTAIN on the Warm Springs and Huntersville Turnpike, and will handle a full line of first-class

WHISKIES, WINES & C., at from \$2 to \$4 per gallon, also GROCERIES, CIGARS, TOBACCO & C.

We respectfully solicit a fair share of patronage of the public, and satisfaction in every particular.



A. M. McCLINTIC & Co.,

(Successors to Fudge & McLintic.)

Mt. Grove, Va.,

DEALERS IN

All brands of

LIQUORS,

At from \$2.00 to \$3.50 per gallon.

Orders filled promptly.

Also a full line of general Mercandise.

Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods before you purchase elsewhere.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,

GEO. W. WAGNER, PROPRIETOR.
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Having lately purchased and assumed control of HOTEL POCAHONTAS, it is our purpose to spare no pains to keep just such a house as the public demands.

Substantial and comfortable accommodations for all guests.

Horses well provided for.

Charges reasonable.

Try us and see for yourself.

Respectfully,

GEO. W. WAGNER

W. R. TYREE, Late of Staunton, Va.
JOS. E. ROLLINS, Late Asst. Cashier Nat. Valley Bank, Staunton, Va.

TYREE & ROLLINS,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

DRUGS, TOBACCO CIGARS, TEAS, SPICES, PAINTS, OILS, & C.

Sole Owners of the Famous Tyree Club Cigar and Staunton Chasing Tobacco.

ALL ORDERS WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

NO. 234 FRONT STREET.

Charleston, West Va.

STORM A R B R E S E L O P G O O D F L O U R

I am prepared to make in the best manner all kinds of flour, meal, and other articles, and will deliver all the flour at A. Barlow's mill, Staunton, Va., also, combined in coal, and Barlow & Moore's, Staunton, Va.

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE
NO. 65, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this Lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'y.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—The threshing machine is in operation in this vicinity now.

—Mrs. Jos. Beard, of Academy, is visiting her son at this place. J. J. Beard, Esq.

—N. J. Brown, of Mill Point, passed through town last Saturday with a drove of fine cattle for market.

—Atty. C. F. Moore, is attending Court at Beverly, Randolph Co., this week.

—J. H. Doyle and wife and J. C. Louny Jr., have returned from Baltimore.

—Hugh Adams, of Rockbridge Baths, Va., passed through town Tuesday, on his way to Elk.

PREACHING.—Rev. B. M. Wheeler, of Parnassus, Va., will preach in the Methodist Church, at this place next Sunday, the 22nd, at 11 o'clock A. M.

—Well, Sarah, what have you been doing to make you look so young. Oh, nothing much, only been using Hall's Hair Renewer to restore the color of my hair.

—A. Barlow had something over 400 bushels of wheat threshed on his farm at this place last week, and we understand will have about the same amount on his farm a mile from town.

—The use of calomel for derangements of the liver has ruined many a fine constitution. Those who, for similar troubles, have tried Ayer's Pills testify to their efficacy in thoroughly remedying the complaint, without injury to the system.

FUNERAL.—We are authorized to announce that Mrs. David McGoughlin's funeral will be preached by the Rev. Ballengee on Sept. 29th, at the church on Back Alley at 11 o'clock a. m.

—It is astonishing how rapidly the feeble and debilitated gain strength and vigor when taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. For what are called "broken-down constitutions," nothing else has proved so effective as this powerful but perfectly safe medicine.

—We have received Vol. 1 first and second number of the *National Democrat*, published at Washington, D. C. It is a weekly paper devoted to the interests and promotion of the Democratic party. It is a contribution that has been recommended at our national capital, and should meet the hearty, substantial support of the entire Democratic party.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at Mingo Flats, October 1st, and remain 3 days.

Edray, Oct. 8th, 3 days.

Mill Point, Oct. 15th 3 days.

Huntersville, Oct. 18th, 4 days.

Tooths extracted by the use of Cocaine with very little pain. Call early and make your engagements as his time is limited to the above dates.

See *Times* for other appointments.

The Count Ended.

The Committee has at last completed the count of the vote cast last November for Governor, and adjourned to meet, in the near future, at the call of the Chairman, for the purpose of writing out the report. Briefly how the count

Edray Items.

A funeral sermon in memory of Mrs. Margaret Jackson late wife of James H. Jackson Esq., will be preached on Elk at Mary's Chapel on first Sunday the 10th of October next by G. P. Moore.

J. C. Gay, received serious injuries last Tuesday in being thrown down and run over by his team running away. He is improving at this writing.

Mrs. W. C. Shearer and Miss Mamie McClure are off on a visit to relatives in Appomattox Co. Va.

Mr. H. Shearer and wife who have been visiting relatives in this section left for their home this morning.

Threshing is about done around here. Wheat yielded fine, Oats very light.

Sept. 10th. X.X.

Green Bank Items.

Mr. J. L. Jones, of Highland spent some time calling on patrons and former pupils of other days on his return from the Institute.

Mr. McCoy from the Levels has engaged our school for the coming session.

Guy Slaven of Huntersville is visiting friends and relatives in our neighborhood.

Mr. Townsend and wife and Miss Henry of Winchester, who were attending the marriage and reception of Mr. D. L. Kerr returned Saturday.

Mr. C. O. Arbogast and wife after sojourning a few weeks in our neighborhood returned to Winchester last week.

Sept. 10th. PAULINA.

Dunmore Doings.

Auctioneer Swecker has returned from an antiquing trip in Randolph county, and will return and commence on the 16th inst. one of the biggest auction sales ever in Beverly.

Business is booming on the W. Va. Central railroad.

Wm. M. Kerr is putting the Cheat Mt. road in first class order.

Elkins Randolph Co., will be the nearest place for us to haul our goods from; being about 25 miles nearer than Staunton.

Col. B. F. Jackson, of Rockingham Co., Va., is here on a visit.

Mrs. Jno. A. Noel is visiting in Randolph Co.

Miss Cora Jones commenced the Dunmore school the 9th.

Miss Kittie Lakin is off on a trip to Edray.

Miss Annie Wakeman will leave to-morrow for Warren Co., Va.

Dan O'Connell has opened up his lumber camp on Glade Hill.

Attorney C. F. Moore and wife passed through town today.

A good many young are attending the big sale at Edray.

Sept. 11. A TRAVELER.

Hillsboro Happenings.

Robt. Burns and brother Will, left last week for a visit to relatives in Bath Co.

Mrs. Kate McNeel is visiting relatives and friends in Greenbrier Co.

Miss Sallie Hamilton, of Summit, is visiting Mrs. Knuch Moore.

The Marriage of Mr. Ludington and Miss Maggie Heard will take place in the Presbyterian church to-morrow morning.

Reverly Waugh and wife returned this morning from Lewisburg where Mr. Waugh has been for treatment by the cancer specialist, of Richmond. Mr. Waugh is very much improved in health.

Mrs. Jasper Payne was called to Columbia Sulphur by the illness of her mother.

The Hillsboro division of the sons of Temperance at W. Va., will give a free entertainment in the Methodist church Friday night. The public are cordially invited.

Mrs. D. B. Sydenstricker and

visiting her mother Mrs. Whites of Richlands.

Died, on last Thursday, Blancha, child of Mr. and Mrs. Wise Hall, at Edray.

Hymn's Festivities.

One of the most beautiful weddings of the season was that of Mrs. Bertie Barlow to Mr. William Gladwell, which occurred on the morning of the 11th of Sept. at the home of the bride's father, Major Arbogast, near Green Bank.

As the hour of 7 drew nigh the conventional march was played till the party had arranged itself in the parlor. The beautiful Methodist ceremony was most impressively rendered by the Rev. Mr. Ballengee.

The attendants were:

Miss Lucy Barlow with Mr. Rice Moore; Miss Mattie Hevener, Mr. Emily Arbogast; Miss Flora Mann, Mr. John Hevener; Miss Otie Cackley, Mr. Harry Moore; Miss Minnie Bradshaw, Mr. Snowdon Moonaw; Miss Lena Barker, Mr. Wilson; Miss Monte Arbogast, Mr. McMully; Miss Minnie Patterson, Mr. Howard Arbogast.

The bride was most becomingly attired in a henrietta of Dove's grey with embroidery of white daisies and wore a corsage bouquet of La France roses. The maids wore Directoire of the same soft shade, Doves grey.

The many pretty and valuable presents of which the bride was the recipient betokened the high esteem in which she was held. After a most delightful breakfast the bridal party started for McDowell, the home of the groom, and the guests took leave of their genial host and hostess, and started to their respective homes, feeling as if it were good for them to have been there.

CORRESPONDENT.

DIED.—Charles Turner, son of Prof. T. M. Turner, at the residence of his father in Lewisburg, Thursday Sept. 5th, in the 15th year of his age.

DIED.—Fanny Cleveland, infant daughter of J. O. and Eyn Beard, near Green Bank Sept. 6, 1889, after a brief illness, aged 11 months, lacking one day. A sweet precious body, newly allowed to appear on earth, then was taken to bloom forever in the "Garden of Paradise." Cheer up dear sorrowing parents, brothers and sisters; you can not, would not, call her back, but you can all "go to her." A more affecting scene was never witnessed by the writer, than was that of the family, all kneeling around the little quiet sleeper bidding her "good bye" till they all met again.

W. H. B.

Obituary.

Again the cloud of gloom and death overshadow us. About 4 o'clock on Saturday Evening, Aug. 17, 1889 passed from earth to the heavenly world, Miss Sallie M. Patterson, daughter of F. J. and Rachel Patterson, near Glade Hill, this county in great peace.

Sister Sallie was converted to God at the early age of 13 years, under the Ministry of Rev. H. M. Strickler, and joined the M. E. Church, South, in which she lived a Christian life.

It is certainly true in this case, that death leaves a shining mark. Sallie was the idol of the home and she was known and loved by a large circle of friends, both young and old.

She bore her great afflictions, which lasted for several weeks, with a Christian's patience, saying the will of the Lord be done. Her resignation to her heavenly Father's will, was perfectly beautiful. Her death, while it is sad to give up our young, was undeniably beautiful, even beyond description. And before her quick back its contesting light her Lord seemed to open in her vision, scenes in the heavenly world. After having looked to her beloved parents and surviving friends around her bedside and praying for sympathy, she sank down as if asleep; when suddenly she awoke up and called for her mother and said to her, "Oh mother, I am glad to be home."

The Hillsboro division of the sons of Temperance at W. Va., will give a free entertainment in the Methodist church Friday night. The public are cordially invited.

Mrs. D. B. Sydenstricker and

visiting her mother Mrs. Whites of Richlands.

into the beautiful world, shouting the praises of Him who with us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Thanks be unto God for such a triumphant victory over the last enemy in the death of our Sister.

About her life, much might be said, but this will suffice:

She was a kind, abundant daughter, a gentle, loving Sister, an affectionate friend, a true genuine Christian.

May the consolations of divine grace be given the sorrow-stricken family and in the end may they all meet in heaven.

After the funeral services, which were conducted the next evening, (Sunday), the large and weeping congregation of relatives and friends followed her remains to a newly made grave yard, just north, overlooking the home of her childhood, on a beautiful eminence, where with tender hands, her body was laid away to rest till the resurrection morn.

HER PASTOR.

A terrible storm prevailed on the Atlantic last week, in which dozens of vessels were lost and a number of lives, and the coast is strewn for miles with wreckage.

SHEEP SHEEP!

Public Sale of Personal Property.

I will proceed to sell at public auction on Thursday September 26th to the highest bidder the following personal property.

100 head of sheep, one yoke of oxen, 2 milch cows, and hay and grain and farming utensils.

Wm. T. PERRY.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE, Of Valuable Lands.

Pursuant to, and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, W. Va., rendered at its June term, 1889, in the cause of J. B. Arbogast, Adm'r,

vs. J. H. Arbogast's Heirs &c.,

I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on the premises, near Traveler's Repose, on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5TH, 1889, all the lands yet belonging to the Estate of Jacob H. Arbogast, dec'd, comprised of part of a tract of 45 acres; part of a tract of 122 acres and part of a tract of 50 acres, all adjoining each other, and containing in the aggregate about 377 acres, lying in the forks of Greenbrier River on the S. & P. Turnpike. About 95 acres of these lands are in cultivation, with a good dwelling and other buildings and orchard &c. The balance affords a good outlet for young stock, especially sheep, and has some good hemlock, Spruce and Oak timber upon it.

TERMS: 10 per cent. of the purchase money cash in hand, the balance in equal payments, falling due on 9, 18 and 27 months, from day of sale, with interest from that day. The purchaser to execute bonds with good security for the deferred payments, a loan will be retained until a future order of the Court.

H. M. YEAGER, Special Com'r. Sept. 12th. Printer's fee \$10.00.

BRIDGE LETTING.

The undersigned Commissioner of the County Court, of Pocahontas County will receive sealed bids, until 12 m., Oct. 10, 1889, for the following work: The construction of two Abutments on Knapp's Creek near Huntersville at or near the upper end of the "Dorby Hall," and abutments to be of cut stone, well laid in cement on solid foundation. The bridge well located to a distance of 9 feet above high water mark, and the additional height of stone work to be made work well laid in lime and sand. Abutments to be 23 feet high at bottom and 18 feet at top, 9 feet wide at bottom and 4 feet at top. All cement to be of the best quality. The masonry the bridge from its present location and place the same on the proposed abutments. The Contractor to give bond with approved security, for the faithful performance of his contract.

The Court reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

L. M. McARTHUR, Com'r.

LOT of Edgemoor

before the undersigned for settlement. Amos B. Hillebrand, Adm'r of Jas. P. Hillebrand, dec'd.

Wm. H. Hillebrand, John Hillebrand and Amos B. Hillebrand, Adm'r of Jas. P. Hillebrand, dec'd.

Jas. A. Hillebrand, Adm'r of Jas. P. Hillebrand, dec'd.

HILLSBORO MALE & FEMALE ACADEMY.

D. S. HANKLA, A. M. Principal.

The next annual session of this school will begin

SEPTEMBER 23rd 1889,

and will continue NINE months.

tuition from \$1.50 to \$3.00 per month.

BOARD \$3.00 to \$10.00

Contingent fee to provide fuel etc/ 15 cents per month.

Thorough instruction guaranteed, and the principal will exercise special care over all pupils. Parents should consider the advantages of this school before sending their sons and daughters elsewhere.

Respt., D. S. HANKLA.

FOR BOARD.

During the next term of School at Hillsboro Male and Female Academy apply to

E. H. MOORE.

Staunton Marble Works.

If you want head stones Marble and granite Monuments etc., etc., you can do no better than to buy from

G. C. COOPER, agent, Green Bank, Pocahontas Co., W. Va.

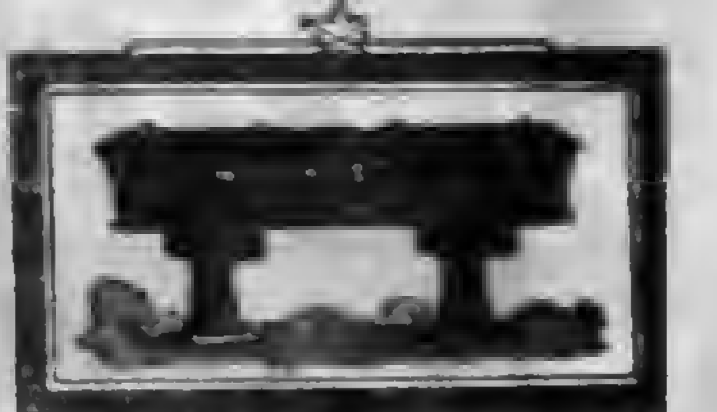
A. R. SMITH, Academy, W. Va.



UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at reasonable prices.

FOR THE BEST FURNITURE, CHAIRS AND FINEST TRIMMED



In the county, go to C. B. SWECKER, AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND CABINET MAKER. Dunmore, W. Va.

PATENTS.

Patents, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees.

Our office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A Pamphlet, "How to Obtain Patents," with names of actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.

Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Order of publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, County W. Va., on the first Monday in September, 1889.

George A. Riversworth, Special receiver in the Chancery cause of Bonner vs. Bonner &c.,

vs.

A. G. Bonner.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to subject to judicial sale a tract of two hundred acres of land, belonging to the defendant J. H. Bonner situated in the County of Pocahontas on the South East side of Middle Mountain, to satisfy a judgment confessed by the defendant A. G. Bonner to the Plaintiff for \$2,000.00 with interest thereon from 1st day of May, 1880 until paid and cost.

And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant A. G. Bonner is a non-resident of the State of West Va., it is ordered that he appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is proper to answer the same, and if he fails to do so, that the Plaintiff be allowed to proceed to sell the land.

LOCALITIES. TIMES.
JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	1 yr.
One inch	\$ 1.00	\$ 2.00	\$ 3.00	\$ 5.00
Three in.	2.00	4.00	6.00	10.00
One column	8.00	16.00	24.00	40.00
Half column	4.00	8.00	12.00	20.00
One column	10.00	20.00	30.00	50.00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
One copy, 1 yr., \$1.00 in advance; after 6 months, \$1.25; after 12 months, \$1.50. These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.
September, 19, 1889.

Relics of the Johnstown Disaster.

With very few exceptions, all the New York "boys" of the press who did duty at Johnstown brought back relics of the eventful trip. Among a collection which I happened to see was a gravure type of the Madonna. The flood had evidently torn the picture from the frame, but the face was not marred in the least. The relic was pasted upon a large white sheet of cardboard, and the whole piece so framed that the ragged and torn edges were visible. Among the same collection was a marble which had been taken from the little hand of a dead child which the reporter had stumbled over the first night he spent in the village. A more interesting souvenir, but one fraught with more sad recollections, is the silver half dollar wrapped in a piece of brown paper, upon which was written the following sentences: "Three and a half pounds of brown sugar, one pound of starch, yeast cake." The handwriting was that of a woman, and the coin and paper were tightly clinched in the hand of a twelve year-old girl, whose body was found half buried in the sand.

"Were you ever engaged in a train robbery?" asked the prosecuting attorney, looking at him keenly.

"I was never indicted for train robbing," answered the witness, evasively.

"That is not the question," said the lawyer. "I will ask you again. Were you ever a train robber?"

"Judge," said the witness, turning imploringly to the dignitary on the bench, "must I answer that question?"

"You must," answered the judge. "And remember you are under oath."

The witness turned pale and his knees knocked together.

"I suppose it's got to come out. I sold books and bananas on the cars for a whole year when I was a young fellow," muttered the miserable man.

"Harry," exclaimed the blushing Laura, "this declaration is so sudden that I—that—that I hardly knew what to say. I was unprepared for it. It unnerves me."

"I was afraid it might," said the young druggist, rising with alacrity from his knees, "and I brought along a bottle of my untried nerve anodyne. This preparation, darling," he added, soothingly, as he took a bottle from his pocket, quickly extracted the cork, and poured a quantity of the medicine into a spoon he had also brought along, "will allay any undue excitement, quiet the nerves, aid digestion, and restore lost appetite. I sell it at 60 cents a bottle. This is the dose for an adult. Take it, dearest."

from the new neighbor and gazing intently at her)—"Am't I a brave boy, Mrs. Spinks?"

"Mrs. Spinks—"Why?"

Jimmy—"Cause mamma said you were a perfect fright, but you don't scare me a bit."

She—O, George, I think you are too mean for anything. She said last night if I ever married she would give the piano to my little sister.

He—Did she? By the way, dear, I'm ready to marry you at any time now. The last obstacle has been removed.

Miss Pique—I'll institute a breach of promise suit against you and show the letters you have written to me.

Mr. Jill—Well, I have no reason to feel mortified over any part of them, save the address on the envelopes.

In a police Court—"Prisoner, you've been brought before me three times within a year, and that's three times too often."

Well, your honor, my case is a hard one and no mistake. When I work at my profession I'm arrested for stealing. If I don't work then I get took up for loafing.

He—And you are sure that I am the first and only man who ever kissed you?

She—Of course, I am sure. You do not doubt my word, do you?

He—Of course I do not doubt you, my darling. I love you too madly, too devotedly for that. But why, O why did you reach for the lines the very instant I ventured to put my arm around you if you had never been there before?

Little Roger—"Uncle John, I heard papa say you got pretty well soaked last night. Did it rain very hard?"

Uncle John (with a sickly smile)—"I don't exactly remember, Roger; I know I was dry enough early in the evening."

Two Paris loafers are reading a notice: "Lost, a black poodle. One hundred francs reward." One of them says to the other:

"You must take the one you stole yesterday."

"But it is white."

"You must say that it has turned white through grief."

Colonel Kaw (of Kansas)—It's gettin' so that science, once the friend of man, is fast becoming his bitterest enemy. Here some son-of-a-gun of a scientist has discovered that chloride of lime is a better antidote for snake bites than whiskey.

Colonel Kent (of Kentucky)—What of it?

Colonel Kaw (of Kansas)—What of it? Why, man alive, you'd know what of it if you lived in a State where you have to get your whiskey on a prescription!

Anxious Mother—"My dear, I'm afraid George is getting into bad company. He is out very late nearly every night."

Observing Father—"Oh, he's all right. He goes to see some girl or other. Shouldn't wonder if he'll announce an engagement soon."

"He hasn't said a word about any young lady."

"No; but he's keeping company with one all the same. His right wrist is full of pin scratches."

Bacon Steerer (to Farmer)—Isn't this Mr. Swindown, of Gray-neck Corners?" Farmer—"That's me." Bacon Steerer—"My name is Ann Shurper, son of old man Shurper, the banker in your town."

Farmer—"Your' looks don't show

after you to his father? Mrs. Child—He takes after his father. You never can believe a word he says.

At a college examination—"And now, sir, let us see whether you know more about physical science than about the other subjects you have studied. What are the properties of heat?"

"One of its properties is to cause expansion."

"Correct give me an illustration."

"Oh, that's easy enough. In summer, the sun, being hotter, causes the days to lengthen, sir."

Mrs. Alect—If you should make a thousand dollars unexpectedly, Tom, would you give me that diamond pendant I've been looking at so long?

Mr. Alect—Why, yes, dear."

Mrs. Alect—Very well, I'll order it to-morrow. I stopped wanting that ivory finished piano to-day, and a thousand was just the price of it."

Hotel call-boy—Madam, you must hurry if you would save your life. The hotel is all on fire. This is the third time I have warned you.

Lady guest—Well, tell the firemen to keep the flames under control until I take out my card papers and friz my hair. I just know there's a great crowd of men down there, and some of them are newspaper reporters.

Catarrh

IS a blood disease. Until the poison is expelled from the system, there can be no cure for this loathsome and dangerous malady. Therefore, the only effective treatment is a thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the best of all blood purifiers. The sooner you begin the better; delay is dangerous.

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"When Ayer's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me for catarrh, I was inclined to doubt its efficacy. Having tried so many remedies, with little benefit, I had no faith that anything would cure me. I became emaciated from loss of appetite and impaired digestion. I had nearly lost the sense of smell, and my system was badly deranged. I was about discouraged, when a friend urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and referred me to persons whom it had cured of catarrh. After taking half a dozen bottles of this medicine, I am convinced that the only sure way of treating this obstinate disease is through the blood."—Charles H. Maloney, 113 River st., Lowell, Mass.

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CATARRH

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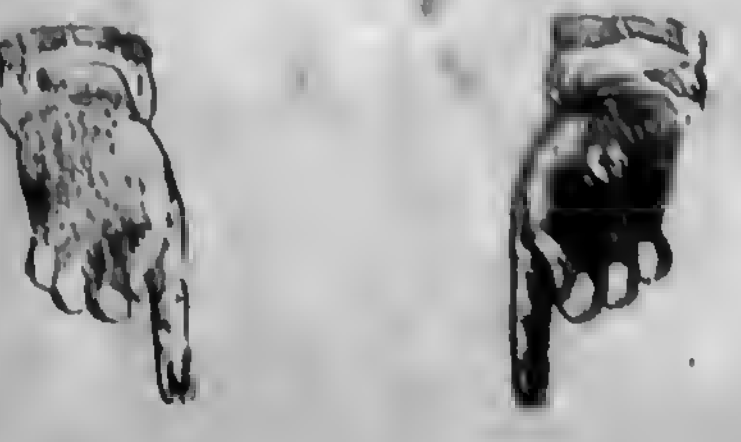
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THE COURTS.

Court convenes on the first of April, 8th Monday in June, 1st Monday in October, 1st Monday in January, March, October, Tuesday in July. July is the last day of the year.

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THE DRESSMAKER.

"Yes, I'm up early," said Mrs. Ford, leaning over the side paling to talk to her next neighbor. "I'm going to have a dressmaker to-day to start my henrietta cloth. She lives in town"—Mrs. Ford's charming home was a little out—and my brother Jim has gone for her with the dog-cart. Stowe is her name; I haven't even seen her. I sent Rob's nurse girl to engage her."

"Stowe? There, now, I guess you've done it!" said Mrs. Sayles, raising her inquisitive little upturned nose, with brisk enjoyment to Mrs. Ford's tall blonde prettiness. "It isn't best to have her if there's a young man in the house. They all fall in love with her so they say. She's pretty, you know, in that showy sort of way—red hair and pink cheeks—and I guess she knows it. Mrs. Ritter had her a while back, and Paul Ritter was crazy after her; and they say she flirted with him awfully, and then threw him over. I presume she thought she could do better. He isn't so well off as your brother Jim, for instance," said Mrs. Sayles, shrewdly smiling.

"But Jim," said Mrs. Ford, seriously—"Jim never falls in love. He never has once, do you know? I think it's because he's so superior to all girls. Oh, yes, of course, I should feel dreadfully! I feel that Jim is on my responsibility while he's with me, and I should be brokenhearted. But there isn't the least danger with Jim."

The dogcart was rolling in the drive, and Mrs. Ford went across the smooth lawn, with six-year-old Rob at her heels.

Jim—tall and blonde, and handsome like his sister—was driving slowly to the horse-dock. He was turned squarely toward the dressmaker, and his gaily-enthusiastic tones were audible to Mrs. Ford.

He did not appear to know when he had reached the block; he talked absently on. Mrs. Ford was thankful that Mrs. Sayles was out of hearing.

"Jim!" she said.

And Jim jumped out, lifted the dressmaker down, presented her to his sister, walked with her up to the porch steps and pulled forth a chair. He was brisk and smiling.

Mrs. Ford sighed with relief that the bay window hid them from Mrs. Sayles.

"We've a nice view from here, don't you think, Miss Stowe?" said Jim eagerly. "Those woods over there, with the break where the sky—"

"I have everything ready for you, I think, Miss Stowe," said Mrs. Ford, distinctly, and took Miss Stowe indoors.

She intended sewing in the dining room—it was large and cool and light; but it was on that account that Jim was won't to lounge there. The upstairs hall would do. There was a window at the back.

She took Miss Stowe up stairs.

"It's rather warm," she apologized, "but it will be cooler later."

It would not be cooler before five o'clock, but Mrs. Ford congratulated herself warmly. For Miss Stowe was pretty, with a little form in a blue gown, and hair not red but

up stairs.

"Why, I've been looking for you everywhere!" said Jim, in injured tones, lifting Rob from his shoulders to the top stair.

He sat down in the window seat. Miss Stowe sat near the window.

"Is there anything you want, Jim?" said his sister, with severe eyes upon him.

But it was doubtful whether Jim heard. He was springing after the spool Miss Stowe had dropped.

"I want to show you that old coin I told you about, Miss Stowe," he declared. "See—1710. Oh, stop that snipping and look at it!"

But Miss Stowe, smiling and faintly flushing, looked at it over her snipping.

"Who drove into the yard?" Mrs. Ford demanded, cutting a gore at a wrong angle with nervous hands.

"Oh, Jeff Loury! I must tell you about Jeff, Miss Stowe. He's been wearing a beard for two years, and he went down town the other day without it, and the fellows didn't know him. He's—"

"I thought you were going driving with him?" Mrs. Ford interposed.

"Oh, it's too warm!" Jim responded, as blandly as though rattling down shady roads were indeed warmer than the upstairs hall.

His sister watched him wofully. Jim, talking to a young lady, with smiling gusto and fascinated gaze, and foregoing a drive and the morning papers and his cigar for this alone!

He had stayed in his room for three hours to escape the Kenny girls, and come nigh to dying the evening Miss Markham had called. The Kenny girls did not have red lips and shining eyes, to be sure, and if Jim had told them stories, they could never have listened so prettily as did Miss Stowe. But was she the girl for Jim? Mercy, mercy, no! It did not serve to calm Mrs. Ford that Mrs. Sayles should come over, and, after inquiring of the girl, bustle up stairs.

Her sharp gaze fixed itself on Jim, lounging in the window, his handsome head bent toward the dressmaker and his honest blue eyes unflinchingly upon her.

"You dressmaking, too?" cried Mrs. Sayles, with a triumphant glance at Mrs. Ford. "You don't mean that you're staying away from the toll gate—you?"

"Oh, I don't care for it this weather!" said Jim, unblushingly—Jim who had breathlessly watched a game last week from the sunny side of the grandstand, with the thermometer at ninety-eight.

Mrs. Sayles laughed delightedly.

"Yes, I will have a point in the back, Miss Stowe," said Mrs. Ford with cold ignoring of Mrs. Sayles and her rejoicing.

But she was in a desponding mood. Mrs. Sayles' small, keen eyes seemed periods which pointed out what she had tried not to believe.

He was in love with her. And with Jim, who was ardent and sincere, it was likely—it was certain to be serious. And who was she? Mrs. Ford did not know—probably nobody did.

She stared at her hostings with unseeing eyes.

to her? It would never have happened if Jim hadn't been visiting her.

She was in a whirl of helpless agitation. She could not tell the right from the wrong side of the cloth.

And where was Rob? His nurse was setting the dinner table, and his mother had meant to oversee him, but she hadn't. He might be over playing with those rough little Beldens, for all she knew.

"Well, I just ran over," said Mrs. Sayles, orally. "I won't stay since you're all so busy."

And Mrs. Ford knew, as she ran down stairs, that the Dwyers and the Bidwells at least would know the state of affairs within half an hour.

"You are hasting those darts too high, Miss Stowe," said Mrs. Ford, sharply.

And Miss Stowe, who was basting the darts exactly right, flushed and raised wondering eyes.

"And I never have my collars so high—" Mrs. Ford stopped. "What is that?" she cried, nervously.

It was a sound of feet on the porch; feet and shrill young voices and subs in a terrified little voice that Mrs. Ford knew.

"It's Rob!" she cried, flying down stairs.

It was Rob in the arms of the Beldens' gardener, and the three small Beldens were close behind and all talking together, rather noisily than otherwise.

"He fell out of the hammock!" he was swinging him, you know, awful!" And you ought to hear him bother." "And I guess he's broke his leg; he came down awful hard."

Mrs. Ford gathered her boy into her arms.

"Go home you little wretches!" she sobbed, hysterically. "Oh, my baby! And I didn't watch him—I didn't know where he was! Is the leg broken?" she demanded, wildly, of Miss Stowe, who had come down with Jim and stood beside her.

"I'll see," said Miss Stowe.

It did not seem odd to Mrs. Ford that she said it, and she was not astonished when the pretty dressmaker took Rob into her own arms and laid him on a sofa.

She watched her dazedly, wringing her hands. Miss Stowe rolled down the small black stockings and banded over them.

"There isn't anything broken," she said, tremulously; "but the right leg is dislocated at the knee. The scum is not the better, and I think, Mrs. Ford, if you will let me, I can do it."

The color was gone from her cheeks; but she held Rob's hands firmly.

"Let you," cried Mrs. Ford, "Oh, if you can!"

"It will hurt," said the dressmaker; "but only a minute."

And she gave a sudden, quick, strong jerk to Rob's leg; and then sat down quite pale and faint, while the little boy cried on his mother's arm.

"I never did it before," she said; "but I've seen it done, and I think I did it right. The doctor will know."

Mrs. Ford went up stairs in haste.

"My Grandfather Gorham was a doctor," said Miss Stowe, quietly overcasting; "and I used to drive about with him, and I saw him set dislocated limbs two or three times. It is simple enough, just a jerk. I was sure I could do it; but it made me faint."

"Gorham?" said Mrs. Ford, forgetting dislocations. "My grandfather was a Gorham. I wonder if it's the same family? What was his name?"

"Andrew," said the dressmaker.

"And my grandfather had a cousin Andrew," cried Mrs. Ford, "in—"

"Fairfield," said Miss Stowe smiling.

"Yes, Fairfield," said Mrs. Ford, exultantly; and the lions in the centres of the coats-of-arms, still visible to her mortal gaze, assumed a meek and vanquished mien. "Why we're cousins!"

"We're cousins," said Jim, and shook Miss Stowe's hand with an ardor disproportionate to the degree of kinship.

• • • • •

"Yes, she is a pretty girl," said Mrs. Ford, wheeling Rob about the lawn a week after the accident in his discarded baby carriage, and pausing to talk to Mrs. Sayles over the fence. "She's lovely and so sweet tempered and bright! And you were right about Jim, too. He is in love with her already—dreadfully! He told me so. And of course she likes him. How can she help it? And they're to be married. She never encouraged Paul Ritter at all, do you know? She disliked him from the first. I asked her. And do you know that her mother was a Gorham, too, and we're distantly connected! We've the history of family for two hundred years back, and so we know what it is. We were so glad to discover it!"

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Sayles, in tones unsoftened by defeat and disappointment.

The Crisis at Waterloo.

All at once came the tragedy. To the left of the English and on our right, the head of the column of emigrants reared with a fearful clamor. Arrived on the ridge, wild, furious and running to the annihilation of the squares and cannon, the cuirassiers saw between them and the English a ditch—a grave. It was the sunken road of Outala. It was a frightful moment. There was the ravine, unlooked for, gaping, before their very horses' feet two fathoms deep between its banks. The second rank pushed in the first and the third pushed in the second. The horses reared, fell backward, struggled with their feet in the air, leaping up and overturning their riders. There was no power to retreat; the whole column was but a projectile, the momentum gathered to crush the English, crashed the French. The pitiless ravine still gaped all it was filled. Whirlwinds rolled in together pell-mell, mashing each other, quaking, cowering back in this gulf; and when the grave was full of living men, the red roadway over them and passed on. About a third of Outala's brigades plunged into this abyss. World of Adventure



Little Romances.

From the Omaha, Neb., Bee.)

The village of Winchester, W. Va. has been much stirred up over the announcement of the marriage of Miss Annie Petticoat, an heiress. During a visit to Missouri last summer she won the affections of G. A. Goodman, of Hamilton. After her return home she kept up a correspondence with him, and their affection for each other soon grew into love and from love into an engagement. Invitations for their marriage in Winchester were issued and one of them was sent to Thomas Jackson, of Clark county, who was also one of Miss Petticoat's suitors. On receiving the announcement he at once sought an interview with Miss Petticoat, and between sobs and tears, told how he loved her, and that her marriage to another would kill him. This softened her heart, and she then and there consented to cancel the engagement with the Missourian. She wrote him that she had changed her mind and that she loved another. Goodman, on receiving the notice, took the first train, arriving at Winchester more than a week ago. He, too, sought an interview with Miss Petticoat, and she promised to be his partner. Thinking he had everything his own way, Goodman went to his hotel, but Jackson called and made another more affecting appeal, and her mind was again changed. This was kept up for a week, first one and then the other being the victor. Paols were sold on the result, and nothing else was talked of in Winchester. One Sunday evening Goodman had an engagement to call, and, getting tired of the fickleness of the woman, concluded to take with him a minister and a license and settle the matter beyond recall. Imagine his chagrin to find that Jackson had called half an hour before, armed with a license and minister, and when Goodman arrived he found that Jackson had won the prize.

The United States a Century Hence.

In the last number of Science, Quartermaster General Montgomery C. Meigs presents some wonderful figures as to the increase in the population of the United States during the next hundred years.

Raising his calculations upon our past increase, Gen. Meigs concludes that 33.3 per cent. will be the rate of increase for every decade from now till 1990, and then the inhabitants of the United States will be 1,205,562,248, or five sixths as many as the present population of the world. In 1920, he gives us 159,000,000 and in 1950 he puts the population at 321,000,000. Between 1930 and 1950 he figures a gain of 302,000,000. Gen. Meigs expresses the utmost confidence that science will have so progressed that in 1990 the United States will be fully able to support not only this vast population, which will average 400 to the square mile, but even twice the number.

All this is sufficient to take away one's breath, yet who can say it will not all come to pass, and that a hundred years hence the United States will not be the home of a consolidated nation of the English speaking people of the world—the most intelligent, most industrious, richest, most powerful, the grandest nation on earth, out-weighting all the remainder of the world?

It is a fairy-like picture that Gen. Meigs paints of the future of the United States, but our history, progress and growth has been so remarkable in our short past that no one can afford to doubt of it.

Personal allies still furnish the republicans with worry and the democrats with amusement. The trouble seems to have been to find a representative G. A. R. man for the position of Commissioner who was willing to reverse the methods of Tanner in the conduct of the office. Ex Representative Warner of Missouri to whom the position was first offered, was rather inclined to accept, but after spending a night with President Harrison at Deer Park, and thinking out what was expected of him, he declined and it was given out that he could not afford to give up his private business. The real reason was that he would not agree to conduct the office on any other method than that adopted by Tanner. Then the position was tendered to G. S. Merrill, of Massachusetts, and it is understood that he has accepted it with all the conditions imposed by President Harrison. Gen. Merrill is an ex-commander-in-chief of the G. A. R. but he is very conservative on the pension question and has always voted with the minority of that organization in opposing the proposed service pension. The present acting Commissioner of Pensions, acting it is supposed under orders from President Harrison, has revoked the orders of Tanner allowing all pensioners receiving less than \$4 per month to be examined upon application for a rating, and the one making the evidence of a single private sufficient to prove original disability. The administration has taken the back track on the pension question. In the mean time Tanner is waiting to receive the appointment of Recorder of Deeds for this District, which his friends claim was promised to him if he would resign, while our citizens here irrespective of party are up in arms against his getting this position which President Harrison has promised them should not be given to any one not a citizen of the District of Columbia. President Harrison's position is far from a bed of roses.

The white clerks in the navy pay division of the Fourth Auditor's office are in a bad humor because Secretary Winham has appointed a negro chief of that division. Those who remain under him deserve no sympathy.

Tanner's friends are starting a movement to drive Secretary Noble out of the cabinet. They want ex Representative Goff of West Virginia, to succeed him. But Mr. Clarkson's friends will probably have something to say about that.

The Civil Service Commission has written a letter to the postmaster at Minneapolis scolding him for violating the law in making appointments in his office.

Representative Catehings, of Mississippi, thinks that the only legislation of importance which will be passed at the coming session of Congress will be the repeal of the tobacco tax, and that men only be passed by the assistance of democratic votes.

Secretary Tracy is getting on very dangerous ground. He is considering the advisability of building the two 3,000 ton cruisers provided for by the last Congress in Government navy yards. Mr. Tracy means well, but if he escapes the political strikers he will do well. It does not require a very long memory to remember what attempting to build vessels in Government Navy Yards a few years ago cost the people. Better stick to the contract system.

Representative Hyman, of Indiana, expects a very lively session of Congress. He says: "We have a lot to worry the republicans about and we will be very apt to make it interesting for them."

hug no man is at present in a position to even make an intelligent guess, and they come early to make preparation for it. The absence of decided opinion on both sides as to what will or will not be done is very marked.

Judge Traff, of Nebraska, is the new Commissioner of the General Land office. His appointment was a great disappointment to a number of aspiring gentlemen.

Senator Sherman still lingers here, and there are people who say that Foraker would prefer his staying here. He fears the assistance of the Senator more than his absence and has not yet asked him to take any part in the Ohio campaign. Somebody must have been whispering something in the governor's ear.

A Good Result of the "Printer's" Thrill.—One of the severest cyclones ever experienced visited a portion of the West the other day, but no property was destroyed. Eastern men held such heavy mortgages on all the farms in the neighborhood that the cyclone couldn't budge 'em.—Norristown Herald.

A "Northern settler" in Virginia writes as follows to the Philadelphia North American: "I am a Republican from away back to 1856, but no inducement could make me or my two sons vote Mahom's ticket. Of the 10,000 or 12,000 Northern men who have come here since 1865 not 500 will vote his ticket."

A BUSTLE factory in Connecticut has suspended. A change of fashion is sometimes a serious matter. In this instance three hundred girls are thrown out of employment. Nevertheless, we do not want to see the bustle fashion revived.

\$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of THE TIMES will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength, by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have much faith in its curative powers, and they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

WHITE PINE LUMBER.

Having several orders for white pine lumber I have concluded if I get orders sufficient to justify to saw up a floor piece of choice pine lumber I will have a short distance east of Huntersville. Any one desiring lumber within six months will please notify me at once. Large bills will be sold to responsible parties upon a credit of six months. Respectfully, H. M. LOCKHART.

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE

Lands in Pocahontas County.

In pursuance of two decrees of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term, 1889, in the chancery cause of C. L. Austin & Co., vs.

H. F. Arbogast & Co., I will on

MONDAY THE 21ST DAY OF DECEMBER,

next, offer for sale at public auction, in front of the court house of Pocahontas County, two tracts of land, one containing 1,028 acres and the other of 1,028 acres. These tracts of land are situated on the Allegheny mountain, and are known as lots No. 9 and 10, in the big survey and are valuable for the timber thereon.

TERMS: Cash in hand to pay the costs of the two sales and the costs of sale for the balance, the purchasers will be required to execute bonds with good security payable in six and twelve months, bearing interest from day of sale and the land to be retained as until then.

L. H. STEPHENS, Commissioner.

J. John A. Board, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do hereby certify that L. H. Stephens, Com'r, has given on the bond required by said decrees.

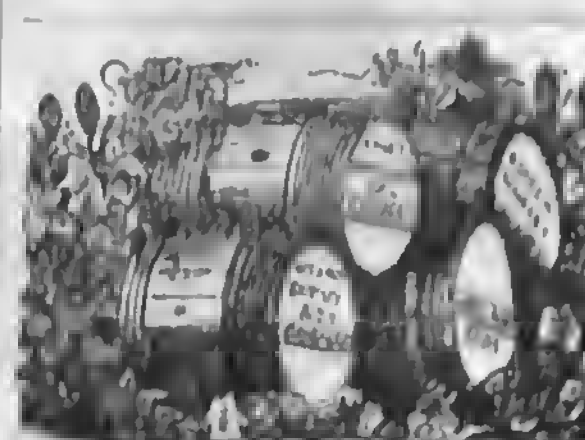
CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARNER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and protects from infection. Without injurious medication.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.



4 MILES NEARER 4
OUR LIQUOR IS FOUR MILES NEARER.

C. D. LAM, formerly of Mt. Grove, Va., and M. O'FARRELL, have established a

new LIQUOR AND GROCERY STORE
At the foot of the ALLEGHENY MOUNTAIN on the Warma Springs and Huntersville Turnpike, and will handle a full line of first class

WHISKIES, WINES & C., at from \$2 to \$4 per gallon, also GROCERIES, CIGARS, TOBACCO & C.

We respectfully solicit a fair share of patronage of the public, and guarantee satisfaction to every particular.



A. M. McCLINTIC & Co.,
Business to Fudge & Mc Clintic,

Mt. Grove, - - Va.,
—DEALERS IN—

All brands of

LIQUORS,

At from \$2.00 to \$3.50 per gallon.
Orders filled promptly.

Also a full line of general Mercandise.

Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods before you purchase elsewhere.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,

GEO. + W. + WAGNER, PROPRIETOR.
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Having lately purchased and assumed control of HOTEL POCAHONTAS, it is our purpose to spare no pains to keep just such a house as the public demands.

Substantial and comfortable accommodations for all guests.

Horses well provided for.
Charges reasonable.

Try us and see for yourself.
Respectfully,
GEO. W. WAGNER.

W. R. TYREE, JR.,
Late of Staunton, Va.
JOS. E. ROLLINS,
Late Asst. Usher Nat. Valt. Bank, Staunton, Va.

TYREE + & + ROLLINS,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN—

DRUGS, TOBACCO CIGARS, TEAS, SPICES, PAINTS
OILS, & C.

Sole Owners of the Famous Tyree Club Cigar and Staunton Belle Chewing Tobacco.

ALL ORDERS WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.
NO. 234 FRONT STREET.

Charleston, - - West Va

STORM A FINE BEEF OF QUALITY
at
Huntersville, W. Va.
I am prepared to make in the best hotel at Mt. U. McClintic's with a

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE
NO. 65, A. F. & A. M.—The
time of regular meeting of this
lodge is on the Friday evening pre-
ceding each Full Moon, unless the
Moon falls on Friday, then on that
evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'y.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—Plenty of rain this week.
—A big frost last Sunday morn-
ing.
—J. H. Doyle Esq., has the
mumps this week.
—Sheriff M. J. McNeel was in to
see us last week.
—Thanks to Mrs. A. P. Mc-
Glaughlin, for some nice pouches.
—Circuit Court will convene in
Monroe Co., on Monday October
7th.
—Hermit Miller, Esq., of Mt.
Grove, Va., was in our office last
Saturday.
—We return thanks to Mitchell
Beard, Esq., for a very fine sweet
potato, which weighed 3 lbs.
—John E. Campbell, the Ed. of
this paper is suffering with a right
severe attack of rheumatism.
—Atty. C. F. Moore has return-
ed from Beverly. He bought twelve
horses at the sale at that place last
week.
—Rev. R. M. Wheeler, preached
in the Methodist church last Sun-
day at 11 o'clock, a. m. and Rev.
Wm. Carter, preached at 7:30 p. m.
—The man who is in the habit of
going to church to get up and leave
after the sermon has commenced
had better stay away if that's all
he goes for.
—J. H. McClintic, of Warm
Springs, Va.; C. G. McCorkle and
wife and Mrs. Mary Wilson, of
Rockbridge Co., Va., were guests
at Hotel by Wagner, last Friday.
—The following persons were
registered at Huntersville Hotel
last week and this: Attorney Wm.
M. McAlester and wife, of Warm
Springs, Va.; A. F. and B. F. Wick-
liffe, of the G. V. Woolen Mills; A.
W. Lindington, of Ronceverte and
B. C. Hill, of Academy.

—Tuesday afternoon both Mr.
and Mrs. H. M. Lockridge came
near being drowned in Knapp's
Creek. They were attempting to
cross the stream in a buggy near
the residence of Dr. Lockridge
when the current capsize the bog-
gy and carried them down the
stream some distance, where they
succeeded in getting ashore. Their
escape was very narrow.

A Sad Death.

Tuesday afternoon, at about 1
o'clock, Newton Barkley, son of
James Barkley, Sr., was drowned
while attempting to cross Knapp's
Creek in a boat. It seems that
Randolph Harris (col.) had come
to Mr. Barkley's mill just above
Huntersville and, as the water had
raised considerably while there, he
asked Newton to take his brother
James to ride across the Creek
in the boat. The boys took Harris
safely across, but on their return lost
control of the boat and fearing they
would be carried over the mill-dam
jumped into the water, hoping to
reach the bank. The strong cur-
rent, however, rapidly carried them
down over the dam, where with
great difficulty James succeeded in
getting out, but Newton was car-
ried down the stream and lost.

At the time of going to press no
trace has been found of his body.
His death is a great shock to the
family and community.
LATER.—The body has been
found.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at
Mingo Bluffs, October 1st, and re-
main 3 days.

Edray, Oct. 8th, 4 days.
Mill Point, Oct. 15th 3 days.
Huntersville, Oct. 18th, 4 days.
Tooth extracted by the use of
Cortain with very little pain. Call
early and make your engagements
as his time is limited to the above
dates.

See Times for other appoint-
ments.

Hillsboro Happenings

Mr. Beverly Waugh lies in a crit-
ical condition at his home from the
cancer on his liver.

The 5th term of the Hillsboro M.
& F. Academy, commenced this
morning with Mr. Hankla of Va.
as Principal and Miss Kate Cath-
rile of Smithville Va. as assistant.
Messrs. Guy Shaven and Freddie
Board of Huntersville were enroll-
ed as pupils.

Messrs. Wm. H. Overholt and
Charlie Callison left this morning
for Ronceverte to look after their
lumber at that place.

A heavy frost greeted us Sunday
morning and caught some fine corn
not cut.

Mrs. S. E. Wickliffe, of Va., is
visiting friends and relatives in the
Levels and at Jacob.

Misses Fannie Williams and Ma-
ry Pickering of Falling Spring are
visiting friends in the Levels.

The entertainment given by the
Temperance Lodge last Friday
night was a success and consisted
of select reading by Misses Verdie
Clark, Katie Marshall, Belle Esk-
ridge. The Quarterly Review, a
Temperance paper edited by Mr.
E. H. Moore and Jennie R. Clark
assistant editor, was read by Jen-
nie Clark and followed by a dia-
logue. Wine as a medicine, by
Messrs. Harry Campbell, Gus Esk-
ridge and Will Wysong and Misses
Belle Eskridge, Katie Marshall and
Verdie Clark. This was a good dia-
logue and was well prepared. The
music was furnished by Mr. E. H.
Moore, and Misses Lillie Overholt,
Mary I. McNeel, and Rose Shear-
er. Owing to a little misunder-
standing a speech by Rev. Wm.
E. Miller and one by the Worthy
Pastor was left off the program.
The stage was handsomely decora-
ted with Hydrangea and ferns.
Sep. 22nd PRUELLA.

Dunmore Doings.

Quite a leaky day.
Died, at his home, near Green
Bank, on Sunday 22nd inst., Fred-
erick Phillips. I suppose he was
at the time of his death, the oldest
man in the county. He leaves a
number of sons and daughters,
friends and relatives to mourn his
loss. Peace be unto his ashes.

Prof. Geo. E. Swecker, of High-
land is out on a visit. He sold the
St. Lawrence Boom & Mill Co.,
one of the finest horses in the coun-
ty.

Capt. E. A. Smith, lost a very
fine horse this week.

Nathan Wallace lost his cow by
a tree falling on her.

We still have lots of humping
cough.

Mrs. H. N. Moore, is not so well
at this writing.

Mrs. Pichee, of Pa., is registered
at Hotel Wakeham for the winter.
B. M. Pritchard, and wife, of Hot
Springs, Va., were here on a visit
last week.

The threshing machine is in our
neighborhood blushing up for the
season.

The Misses Egan, of Claver Lake
spent Saturday and Sunday with
the Misses Siple.

Profs. O. W. Ruckman and Geo.
Beales assisted Prof. G. H. Swecker
with the slaying on Sunday last at
Cross Road. The slaying was large-
ly attended. Slaying every two
weeks.

There will be a slaying chess on

prized at Hunter church on Sun-
day the 29, of 9, p. m. by Prof. P.
H. Swecker, Miss Guy Shaven and
others. Come and bring your hump-
ing books.

Amateur C. B. Swecker has re-
turned from the largest sale of per-
sonal property ever had in Randolph
Co. and he says fine stock brought
fine prices. Attorney D. F. Moore
and R. H. Kerr, made the sale. Yes,
ly, and they both have some fine
stock.

R. H. Kerr has done some excel-
lent work on the Stanton and
Parkerburg turnpike.

Swecker had a little chase across
about Mountain by a panther. They
both squatted some, but we believe
Swecker outspelled the panther.
(Swecker should have that panther
or induced for "paying" without
license—Editor.)

Give us the news from all parts of
the County.

Success to THE TIMES.

A. TRAVELER.

A Card of Thanks.

I desire to express my heartfelt
gratitude to my friends of Hills-
boro and vicinity for their unemit-
ting kindness to me during my late
illness there.

W. H. LANDER.

Stanton Va.

DEATHS.

Mrs. Miriam Beard, on the 18th
inst., at her home near Lawsburg.
Greenbrier Co., aged 81 years.

Wm. D. Gibson, at his home on
the 15th, 2 miles South of Monturey,
Highland Co., Va., aged 65 years.

Examination.

I will hold my second examina-
tion at Hillsboro October the 4th
and 5th, beginning at 9 o'clock a.
m.

M. G. MATHEWS.
Co. Superintendent.

Green Bank News.

Mr. H. H. Slaven and wife and
Mr. Wm. Gibson of Meadow Dale
Highland Co. Va., who were visit-
ing friends in this vicinity for a few
days returned Monday last.

Mr. Samuel Cooper has gone to
Baltimore to visit his family, who
reside in that city, and will remain
about one month.

Mr. Frederick Phillips, who lived
about seven miles above here, died
on last Sunday morning at a very
advanced age.

Mrs. Dr. Moonan has been quite
unwell for some days, but we are
glad to learn, is now "convalescent."

Sunday morning witnessed the
first frost of the season in this com-
munity and it was a big one.

PAULINA.

Two Pendleton county farmers,
named Rhodes and Anderson, were
struck by lightning on Tuesday
night of last week. Anderson was
killed, while Rhodes injuries are
considered fatal. The men were
standing under a shed, whither
they had gone to be out of the
storm, and after being struck the
building took fire and was consum-
ed. Rhodes was badly burned be-
fore he could escape. Anderson's
body was consumed in the build-
ing.

John Gordon, in the employ of
the Lark George Paper and Pulp
Company, at Glenboro, New
York, fell asleep near the machin-
ery. Two fellow workmen, in a
joke planned to scare him. They
tied a rope about his feet and
threw it over a shaft, making 125
revolutions a minute. They could
not cut the rope in time and Gor-
don was killed, the body being hor-
ribly mutilated. One of the perpe-
trators of the joke lost his reason
from the shock.

The Atlanta Constitution says:
It cannot be denied that there is
more men in the South than
between the white and black than
has been known in twenty years.

And those to be sold, 1 day, 2 days, 3 days, 4 days, 5 days, 6 days, 7 days, 8 days, 9 days, 10 days, 11 days, 12 days, 13 days, 14 days, 15 days, 16 days, 17 days, 18 days, 19 days, 20 days, 21 days, 22 days, 23 days, 24 days, 25 days, 26 days, 27 days, 28 days, 29 days, 30 days, 31 days, 32 days, 33 days, 34 days, 35 days, 36 days, 37 days, 38 days, 39 days, 40 days, 41 days, 42 days, 43 days, 44 days, 45 days, 46 days, 47 days, 48 days, 49 days, 50 days, 51 days, 52 days, 53 days, 54 days, 55 days, 56 days, 57 days, 58 days, 59 days, 60 days, 61 days, 62 days, 63 days, 64 days, 65 days, 66 days, 67 days, 68 days, 69 days, 70 days, 71 days, 72 days, 73 days, 74 days, 75 days, 76 days, 77 days, 78 days, 79 days, 80 days, 81 days, 82 days, 83 days, 84 days, 85 days, 86 days, 87 days, 88 days, 89 days, 90 days, 91 days, 92 days, 93 days, 94 days, 95 days, 96 days, 97 days, 98 days, 99 days, 100 days, 101 days, 102 days, 103 days, 104 days, 105 days, 106 days, 107 days, 108 days, 109 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JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

September, 26, 1889.

Two Exchanges.

When the Board of Trade of Chicago moved from the old business center there was a rush for the old offices vacated by the nabobs of commerce. After awhile, these new tenants found the high-priced rooms didn't pay, and sought all kinds of excuses to move.

Among these unfortunates were Stobbs and Stobbs. Each had rented an office, Stobbs in the basement, Stobbs in the attic. When the renting agent came around, Mr. Stobbs announced his intention of moving.

"But you can't do it you know," said the agent.

"Why not?"

"We've got you on a year's lease."

"Well, I have reasons for abandoning the case."

"What reasons?"

"This basement room is damp. The glue in the desks got so moist they fell to pieces. The books are all moldy, and I've got rheumatism from it. I'd ought to sue you for damages."

The agent looked scared, muttered something about "being sorry; move, of course, if you must," and went to see Mr. Stobbs.

Stobbs surprised him with a similar declaration of intention to move.

"What's your complaint?" growled the agent. "Dampness here, too I suppose?"

"No, sir, just the reverse. Why, sir, the sun has blistered the floor till it's all out of plumb, my new desk is all scorched, and I've got no blood left, with the dry rot in this place."

"You got very badly deceived by two very shrewd men," a friend told the agent, a day or two later. "Those scamps got rich on those offices."

"How so? They said wet and dry—"

"Yes, Stobbs was in the basement next door to the saloon. Kept full all the time, and got so jovial that everybody liked him. Business boomed on account of his rare good-nature."

"And Stobbs?"

"He was dry—very dry. Basement saloon eight flights down. Kept sober for a month from necessity, reformed, and saved a farm in drinks in two weeks!"

What Woman can Do.

She can come to a conclusion without the slightest trouble, and reasoning on it, and no sane man can do that.

Six of them can talk at once and get along first, rate, and no, but men can do that.

She can safely stick fifty pins in her dress while he is getting under his church veil.

She is cool as a cucumber in looking at a dozen light dresses and skirts, while a man will sweat and fume and growl in one loose shirt.

She can talk as sweet as a peewee, and even to the woman she hates.

each of a head before they had exchanged ten words.

She can throw a stone with a curve that would be a fortune to a baseball pitcher.

"She can say 'no' in such a low voice that it means 'yes.'"

She can sharpen a lead pencil if you give her plenty of time and plenty of pencils.

She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her and enjoy every minute of the time.

She can appreciate a kiss from her husband seventy-five years after the marriage ceremony is performed.

She can go to church and afterward tell you what every woman in the congregation had on, and in some rare instances can give you some faint idea of what the text was.

She can walk half the night with a colicky baby in her arms without once the desire of murdering the infant.

She can do more in a minute than a man can do in an hour, and do it better.

She can drive a man crazy for twenty-four hours, and then bring him to paradise in two seconds by simply tickling him under the chin, and there does not live that mortal son of Adam's misery who can do it.—Boston Times.

Overhauling History.

The old story books made us believe that on April 20, 1775, Israel Putnam was plowing in his field, when a messenger arrived in hot haste with news of the battle of Lexington, and that the hero farmer unyoked his oxen and left them to their fate, mounted a horse and was off to the north without so much as saying "good-by" to those of his house.

And were we not brought up in the belief that this line—

They left the plowshare in the mold, was inspired especially by his case?

And have not we, all of us, ever since our childhood been familiar with pictures representing him plowing, clad in a frock as long as a nightgown, which no farmer could wear at any kind of work without imminent and inescapable peril of being tripped up at every step he took—to say nothing of throwing a furrow, when he would be indeed fortunate if he did not fling himself under the plowshare?

And to know that after many years that there was no plow in the case—to find out that that, too, is a myth!

It was, indeed, the day after the fight at Lexington, in the morning, and Israel Putnam was at work on his farm in Pomfret, Conn. But he was building a stone wall, with his hired men; and he had on a leather frock and apron—the frock must have been a short one; fancy an old that material coming to his heels! He took off the apron, but did not wait to change the check shirt he had worn in the field, and was off without delay. He rode the same horse 100 miles in eighteen hours and reached Cambridge at sunrise the next morning.

"Mr. Smithers," said his wife, "if I remember rightly, you have often said that you disliked to see a woman constantly getting herself into print."

And that is why we have the United States Navy. It does not require memory to remember a big to build vessels for the Navy Yard in New York. The people. Better contract system.

Representative Byrnes, expects a very large lot to worry the people, and we will be very interesting for them. Members and Byrnes.

boys should be taught.

Not to loose girls or boys smaller than themselves.

When their play is over for the day, to wash their faces and hands, brush their hair and spend the evening in the house.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room and put it directly in front of the fire, and forget to offer it to their mother when she comes to sit down.

To treat their mother not politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.

To be kind and helpful to their sisters, as to other boys' sisters.

Not to grumble or refuse when asked to do some errand which must be done, and which otherwise takes the time of some one or other who has more to do than themselves.

To take pride in having their mothers and sisters for their best friends.

To try to find some amusement for the evening that all the family can join in, large and small.

To take pride in being gentle: men at home.

To cultivate a cheerful temper.

To learn to sew on their own buttons.

"If they do anything wrong, to take their mothers into their confidence, and, above all, never to lie about anything they have done."

Rheumatism,

BEING due to the presence of uric acid in the blood, is most effectually cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Be sure you get Ayer's and no other, and take it till the poisonous acid is thoroughly expelled from the system. We challenge attention to this testimony:—

"About two years ago, after suffering for nearly two years from rheumatic gout, being able to walk only with great discomfort, and having tried various remedies, including mineral waters, without relief, I saw by an advertisement in a Chicago paper that a man had been relieved of this distressing complaint, after long suffering, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I then decided to make a trial of this medicine, and took it regularly for eight months, and am pleased to state that it has effected a complete cure. I have since had no return of the disease."—Mrs. R. Irving Dodge, 110 West 125th st., New York.

"One year ago I was taken ill with biliousness, rheumatism, being confined to my house six months. I came out of the sickness very much debilitated, with no appetite, and my system disordered in every way. I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla and began to improve at once, gaining in strength and soon recovering my usual health. I cannot say too much in praise of this well-known medicine."—Mrs. L. A. Stark, Nashua, N. H.

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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Headaches, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK HEADACHE, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

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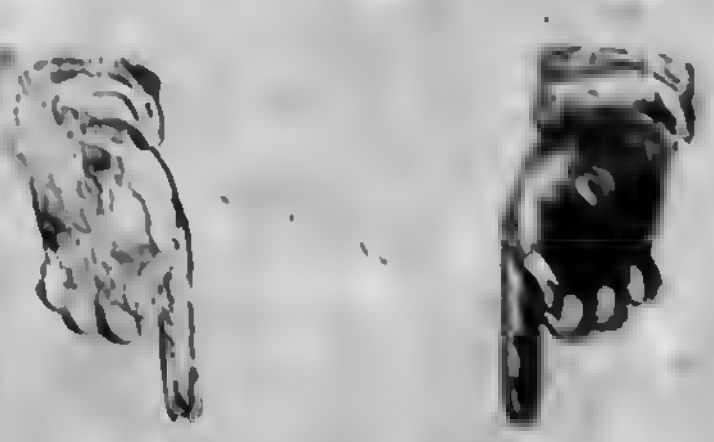
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Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

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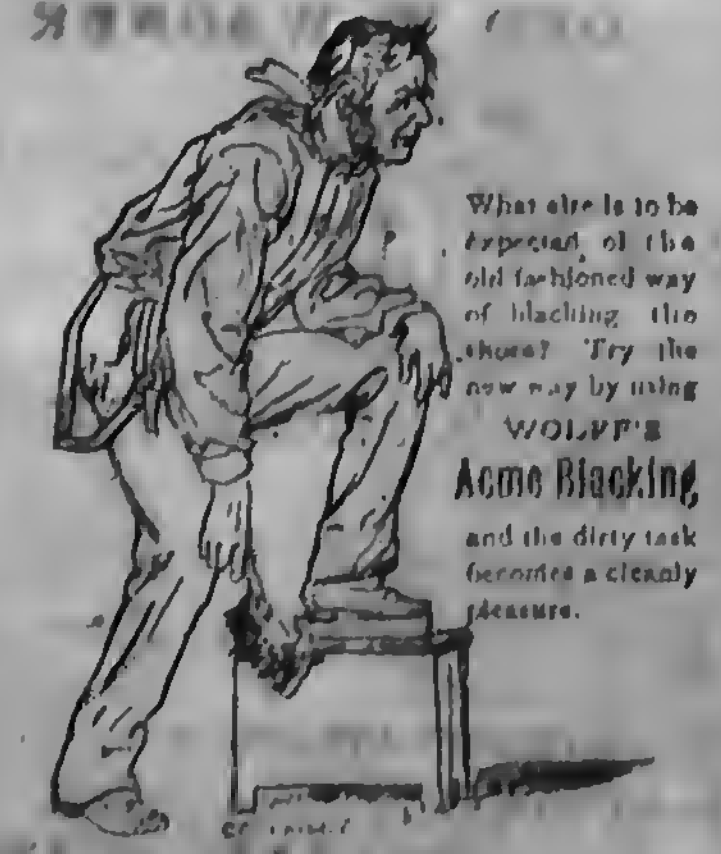
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REQUIRES NO BRUSH.

TIGER LILY.

A mild-summer moon was shining down on the uneven surface of the white mountain plateau; the lights of the little settlement shone like yellow dots of flame, here and there. To-night the harrunks—more rude wooden enclosures they were than hastily constructed as a child's castles—were in restless commotion, for the men were to break camp on the morrow.

Six months they had been stationed at Onmyo. When first the struggling settlement sprang up around the mountain mine, whose hidden treasures had attracted the inhabitants, there had been trouble with the wandering Indians who haunted the slopes higher up—as much the fault of the whites as of the red men, it is but just to say.

But the United States protects its own, and a body of men were stationed at once at Onmyo, until the settlement was strong enough figuratively speaking, to stand on its own feet. And now the emergency was over, and the soldiers had been ordered to a military post a hundred miles or so to the north-west.

Old Joe Jernigan sat smoking his pipe on the board platform in front of his "General Supply Store."

All the evening it had been full of customers, but now, as the hands of the wooden clock neared the figure nine, he was at liberty to come out to his splint chair and smoke his pipe and stare at the moon, while Captain Irving Ismay sat on the cracker barrel inside and talked with Lily.

Lily was Jernigan's niece and bookkeeper, and in addition to this the very apple of his eye—a tall, dusky-eyed, handsome girl, with a peachy complexion, and hair full of bronze glints and gleams.

"Tiger Lily," the miners called her, sometimes in reference to the blue spirit of her own that she had, and as self-assertion which she was very apt to show if once she suspected that any of them were not treating her with due respect.

Lily was filling up the books for the day. (Old Joe was no scholar, and knew nothing of bookkeeping by double entry. "The gal knows enough for us both," he was wont to say, with a certain pride, as he looked toward the wooden-rattled desk where she wrote down the various items of sale and barter with an eagle's quill pen, dipped in ink made of pokeberry juice.) And Captain Ismay was bidding her good by.

"She'll miss him, likely, will Lily?" said Joe to himself, with staring bewilderment up at the moon. "It's been a dent in company for her. It ain't as if she could bring herself to associate with every fellow at the Onmyo Mines, for Lily always was particular. But then a hundred miles or so do 't count for much out here, and if he asks permission to come and see her often in a while I shan't say no. My poor little Tiger Lily! I thought her out here because there didn't seem no place to have her in the State of Virginia, and she's been rare and useful to me, there's no denyin' that. But it's a lonesome place for a gal to come to, yes, it is. And the Captain's a fine fellow, but he ain't no handsomer for a man than Lily is for a gal. So far's I can see, I shall be the only man who will be a loser by the bargain. Eh? Is that you, Ranson Dorsay? Sit down a

"Come, eh?" said Ranson Dorsay, the young foreman of the lode now employed in establishing telegraphic communications between Onmyo and Center City. "Well, it's no great matter. To-morrow will do very well. Nite night, Jernigan, isn't it?"

"Yes." The old man knocked on. "The military division is getting ready to move to-morrow."

"So I'm told."

"The captain's inside, isn't he, talking to Lily?"

Jernigan nodded without removing his pipe from his mouth.

Dorsay half rose, then sat down again.

"Well," said he, "I guess I won't disturb them."

Jernigan answered only by a sort of shy chuckle.

"A nice man, that young Ismay?"

Once more old Joe nodded.

"They'll get more civilized quarters, I've heard, at Morton's Pass," observed Dorsay, leaning back against the cedar post that formed one of the columns of the rude portico. "Ismay's wife is to meet him there."

"Ismay's which?"

"His wife. From Sacramento City. Didn't you know he was married to old General Purviance's daughter? A runaway match, two years ago. Quite a romantic story."

"No," said Joe Jernigan, "I never heard it."

Dorsay talked a little longer, but old Joe paid no sort of attention to his words. He did not even know when the young foreman went away.

"Ismay's wife!" he kept repeating to himself—"Ismay's wife! What will Lily say—poor Lily!—when she knows it? By gum! I've a mind to pluck the fellow down in the gulley when he comes out! What business has a married man lurking around here, talking nonsense to the girls? But he'll find it won't pay to fool with my Tiger Lily! No, that it won't!"

Captain Ismay went away presently, with a careless, good-humored adieu.

The old man glared at him as he departed, with red, savage eyes like those of a Spanish bull who faces the matador.

The moment he had vanished behind the mahogany shutters, Jernigan sprang up and made for the gallery round by a short cut which would insure to intercept the wayfarer soon quarter of a mile below.

In his hand he grasped his open jack-knife; his heart beat like a military drum.

"My Tiger Lily!" he kept repeating to himself; "my own little, own heart! There's but one way to deal with the scoundrel who comes here to make a fool of her heart. No captain in all the United States army can do that, and hope to escape alive!"

He stood there waiting, but Ismay did not come that way.

"I'm baffled for men," Jernigan muttered. "He has taken the Red road round the Mine. No wonder! I'll hunt him down yet. He'll be in the place twelve hours longer. They'll have to detail another captain to take the duty at Morton's Pass, that's all. I shall hear him when he comes down past the Echo Rock and I shall be ready for him!"

He returned slowly still, glancing his breath quick and fresh—to

luscious the stars he could hear Lily's light steps moving around, as she looked the cash drawer and put the ledger and day-book away.

As she did so, she hummed a snatch of some tune. The sound went to old Joe's heart.

Poor child! how innocently happy she was!

In a minute or so she came out into the clear white moonshine.

"Well, Uncle Joe?" she said gaily.

"Well, my lass?"

The words were almost like a groan.

She sat down beside him, leaning her head against his arm.

He stroked down the bronze, gleaming hair with a dumb strength of longing tenderness in his heart.

Her cheeks were unwontedly red; her dark eyes sparkled beneath their long lashes.

"How shall I tell her?" thought the old man. "My pet lamb, that I wouldn't hunt for a king's ransom! I never was one to pick and choose my words, like a preacher or a lawyer. But she'd ought to know—yes, she'd ought to know!"

"Uncle Joe!" said Lily, after a moment or two of silence.

"Yes, my girl?"

"There—there's something I want to tell you."

"Is there, Lily?" His heart sank within him. Was it coming now?

"You won't be vexed, Uncle Joe?" she said, nestling her head close against his arm.

"I—vexed with you, my girl? That ain't up-and-down likely, is it? But I've done wrong, Lily—I've forgot that a great rough man like me ain't the sort to look after a tender chick like you. I should 'a' watched closer, Lily—that's what I should have done."

"What should you say, uncle," whispered Lily, "if—if I am to get married and leave you?"

"Th—get married, Lily?"

"Haven't you suspected this, uncle, of late?"

"Yes, I have," said he, "but, Oh, Lily, is your heart very much in this?"

"I'm in!"

"Has he asked you to marry him, Lily?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Then—the old man flung his clay pipe down upon the ground, where it broke into a score of fragments, and muttered a deep exclamation under his breath—"he's a villain, that's all."

"I wish!" cried out the girl.

"And a doubled-eyed one at that!" said the excited old man. "Lily! Lily! he has a wife already at Morton's Pass! He's going to her now."

Lily had lifted her head and looked earnestly at her uncle.

"But uncle, he isn't going to Morton's Pass."

"Yes, he is—to-morrow. And I wish he'd fallen dead before he ever came to Onmyo with his epaulettes and his flinging spurs, and his false, handsome face!"

"Indeed!" cried Lily, "whom are you talking about?"

"About Captain Ismay, to be sure."

"But what has Captain Ismay to do with it?"

"Everything, hasn't he?"

mer at North Marino in the new works there, and whenever you can spare me uncle—"

"Ranhen!" burst out Joe Jernigan.

"Yes, to be sure—Ranhen Dorsay. We've been engaged a long time now. Do you mean, you dear, darling, stupid old uncle, that you never suspected this?"

"Never!" said Uncle Joe, smiting his knee with his fist. "But look here, Tiger Lily, do you love him?"

"Yes, Uncle Joe."

"And he loves you?"

"Of course he does."

"Then," said the old man, "I haven't a word of objection. I shall be awful lonesome without you, but as long as you're both happy, why, it's all right."

"And as he kissed her forehead, she thought she felt the touch of a tear on her brow."

"But it can't be possible," said Tiger Lily, to herself, "because who ever heard of Uncle Joe shedding a tear?"

But Tiger Lily did not know that this tear was not one of grief, but rather of thankfulness that there was no bloodguiltiness on his hands.

THERE is not a man, woman or child living who will ever date a letter or document without using the figure 9, if the date of the document is made complete. Why not? See. The 9 has come to stay many years. It is now on the right—1889. Next year it will move a step to the left—1890, stay there ten years and then take another step to the left—1900, and there will remain until you are done dating letters.

"Say, doctor," he remarked, striding into the office. "what do you suppose is the matter with me?"

"What are your symptoms?" asked the M. D.

"Well, I have a great tendency to sit still, and let my wife hustle around the house. Again, in winter, I don't seem to feel like getting up and making the fire."

"You have a bad attack of inertia," said the doctor, "so perimed by a liver trouble. You must be very careful."

"Then it ain't laziness?"

"Of course not."

"By George, then, I hope it will last."

Young Fitzpeter (waiting for Miss Gusher to come down, to Johnny)—"Your sister has some very pretty flowers in the bay window, Johnny."

Johnny (who is always around)—"Now your talking, mister. She told Miss Rustler, yesterday, that she'd like to add you to the collection."

Fitzpeter (delighted)—"Ah, how clever! What sort of a flower did she propose to call me?"

"A monkey plant."

When Miss Gusher comes home to receive her mail, Johnny is alone trying to tack the cat's tail to the floor.

Aunt Keshuk (severely)—"So you're going to try the experiment of reforming young scamp after marriage. Is he worth reforming?"

Kittie (tentatively)—"Well, he's worth a million."

Sam Johnson happened to pay a visit to the county jail a few days ago, and who should he see inside of the bars but Oabe Snowgrass.

"How is de work?" Oabe, and ver' glad in due?" asked Sam Johnson.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Gr. column	3.00	6.00	10.00	17.00
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Huntersville, W. Va.

October 3, 1889.

The Democratic Idea.

The difference between the Democratic and Republican parties on the question of taxation is not a difference between 47 and 40 per cent., which is a mere matter of detail, nor a question between a prohibitory tariff on one side and free trade on the other, which is a mere academic discussion, of no interest to practical men. But it is a difference that lies at the very root of all government, a question upon which it depends whether our Government shall be of the people, for the people, and by the people, or a Government of all the people by a very few of the people for an extremely limited class of the people. The Republican party says that taxes are blessings, and the more the people of a nation are taxed individually, the more prosperous the nation is as a whole. The Democratic party declares that taxes are burdens, and the less we have of them the better, and that the idea of enriching the whole community by taking property in minute quantities from a great many people and giving it to a few people is simply rubbish. Sixty million dollars in one man's pocket is a very imposing evidence of his prosperity, but the nation would be better off if each one of 60,000,000 people had a dollar in his pocket, although it is true that the 60,000,000 would not make much show when divided up. Undoubtedly it makes money circulate to take it out of one pocket and put it into the other, but that doesn't make the whole amount any greater. And so it makes it circulate to take it from one man and give it to another, but the process does not bless the man it is taken from.—National Democrat.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON Sept. 27.—President Harrison returned to the White House to-day for the season, and once more that historic residence becomes the Mecca towards which all office-seekers bend their way. He will not lack for companionship or occupation for some time. It is stated semi-officially that the first question to be decided will be the appointment of a Commissioner of Pensions. Senator Sherman is trying to get the place for Ex-Representative Brown of his State. It is said that he told President Harrison that his removal of Tanager was raising Cain among the republicans in Ohio and unless Brown was appointed the democrats would certainly carry the State. No doubt Mr. Sherman told President Harrison that, in hopes of getting his friend appointed, but among those who know Mr. Sherman best it is not believed that he will shed any tears over the defeat of Tanager in Ohio.

The silver question is going to be a troublesome one for this administration. The trouble about this question is that what pleases the

Some reason the idea is entertained among those who sought to know that Frank Hutton, editor of the Washington Post, speaks through that paper on many important public matters for the administration. It is certain that he refused to print in his paper signed communications from republicans criticizing President Harrison for removing Tanager, and that the editorial columns of the Post have let that subject severely alone. Looking at the thing from this standpoint Hutton's attack on the civil service law, which has just broken out again in a most violent form is most significant.

Senator Quay who was here one day this week, is understood to have expressed a very uncomplimentary opinion of the administration which he did so much to bring into office. "Mum," is the word at the Pension office these days. The only talking around the building is done by the attorneys who find it almost impossible to do any business there on account of the tangle in which everything is in. The new Commissioner has a horrendous task before him, one that I would not undertake were the salary four times what it is.

Everything is in readiness for the meeting here next week of the Three America's Congress, which will really be only the precursor of the great American Exposition to be held in Washington in 1892.

This administration is very careful in some things. For instance, it sent Fred Douglass minister to Haiti from Washington to Fortress Monroe on a Government vessel for fear that the Potomac river steamboats would refuse to furnish him and his white wife with first-class accommodations, and that Fred would raise a big row in consequence thereof. That's what I call diplomacy, but it was rather expensive all the same.

The great convolve of Knight Templars to assemble here early in October will find Washington at its prettiest, and they will be so treated that every one of them will become an earnest advocate of this city as the proper place for the World's Exposition of 1892.

More than one democratic member of Congress has expressed to your correspondent the opinion that the republicans will make no serious attempt to pass a tariff bill at the coming session of Congress. They are afraid of the subject. They know from past experience that it is loaded.

Tanager's letter to private Ditzell printed here this week has proved a veritable bombshell in the administrative camp. Its veracity is a course denied, but most people believe it to be genuine.

Civil Service Commissioner Roosevelt says it will be party treachery for a republican to introduce a bill in Congress for the repeal of the civil service law, or to attack that law. If this be treachery several members of the House are, to my certain knowledge, preparing to be traitors to the party. But as Mr. Roosevelt draws a salary of \$7,000 a year, besides liberal travelling expenses, under that law, it may be considered by many people that he is prejudiced.

Dr. Kimball, Director of the Mint, and Col. Switzer, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, have both resigned to take effect October 15. They were appointees of the Cleveland administration, and their places were wanted for republicans.

The Navy department has decided to build the two 3,000 ton cruisers at Government Navy Yards. Now keep your weather eye on the yards they go to, and their effect on local politics.

Of the twelve grand jurors granted at the Paris exhibition of 1889,

FOR SOME REASON THE IDEA IS ENTERTAINED AMONG THOSE WHO

The readers of The Times will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength, by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

WHITE PINE LUMBER.

Having several orders for white pine lumber I have concluded if I get orders sufficient to justify to saw up a fine piece of choice pine timber I own a short distance east of Huntersville. Any one desiring lumber within six months will please notify me at once. Large bills will be sold to responsible parties upon a credit of six months. Respectfully,
H. M. LOCKMOR.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE

Lands in Pocahontas County.

In pursuance of two decrees of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term, 1889, in the chancery cause of
C. L. Austin & Co.,
vs.
W. F. Arbogast & Co.,
I will on
MONDAY THE 21ST DAY OF OCTOBER,

next, offer for sale at public auction in front of the Court house of Pocahontas county, two tracts of land, one of 683 acres and the other of 1,828 acres. These tracts of land are situated on the Allegheny mountains, and are known as lots No. 9 and 10, in the big survey and are valuable for the timber thereon.

TERMS:

Cash in hand to pay the costs of the two suits and the costs of sale and for the balance, the purchasers will be required to execute bonds with good security payable in six and twelve months, bearing interest from day of sale, and the legal title to be retained as ultimate security.

L. H. STEPHENSON,
Commissioner.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that L. H. Stephenson, Com'r has given the bond as required by said decrees.
J. J. BEARD, Clerk.
Sept. 10-41. Printer's fee \$9.84

Neuralgic Persons
And those troubled with nervousness resulting from care or overwork will be relieved by taking
Brown's Iron Bitters. Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

OUR 13 WEEK Club System

While as convenient to the layer as any watch system, it is a valuable and profitable system to us. The cooperation of the club members is essential to success. We watch in each club, and we get cash from the Club for each watch before it goes out, though each member only pays \$1 a week. This is why we give you more for your money than any one else and why we are doing the largest watch business in the world. We sell only first quality goods, but our prices are about what others get for second quality. Our \$10 Silver Watch is a substantial piece (not imitation of any kind) with Wind American Lever Watch—either hunting case or open. Our \$25.00 Watch is a fine—wind Open Face, first quality, silver-plated American Lever Watch, guaranteed to run 30 years. It is fully equal to any watch sold for \$40 by others. We have a first-class Billethead Gold Case much more satisfactory and reliable than any Solid Gold Case that can be had at less than double the money, as cheap solid cases are invariably thin, weak, of low quality, and worthless after short use. Our \$10 Watch contains numerous important patented improvements—Patent Dimpled, Patent Steel, Wind, etc., which we control exclusively. It is fully equal for accuracy, appearance, durability and service, to any first watch, silver or gold, for hunting. Our \$25.00 Watch is especially constructed for the watchmaking trade, and is the best kind of Watch made. Open Face or Hunting. All these prices are either all cash or in clubs. \$1.00 a week, or 10 days from purchase given free and cash watch.

The Keystone Watch Club Co.
Main Office in 6th St. Bldg.
204 WALNUT ST., PHILA., PA.
Agents Wanted.
Ajax Watch Jeweler, \$1.00
For best product on equal terms see return of any watch sent by mail on condition of \$1.00 a week for any 13 week Club Agency.

FOR THE HEADS, Weakness, Malaria, Indigestion and Biliousness, take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It cures quickly. For sale by all dealers in medicine. Get the goods.
BONAN & AGENTS CAMPBELL & CO.
No. 100, New York City
J. A. B. B.
Heading a family, or children that want building

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any purgative known to me."
H. A. Acheson, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colds, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, Indigestion, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes the growth of children. Without injurious medication.
This Castoria Company, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

4 MILES NEARER 4

OUR LIQUOR IS FOUR MILES NEARER

C. D. LAM, formerly of Mt. Grove, Va., and M. O'FARRELL, have established a new
LIQUOR AND GROCERY STORE
At the foot of the ALLEGHENY MOUNTAIN on the Warm Springs and Huntersville Turnpike, and will handle a full line of first class
WHISKIES, WINES & C., at from \$2 to \$4 per gallon, also GROCERIES, CIGARS, TOBACCO & C.
We respectfully solicit a fair share of patronage of the public, and guarantee satisfaction in every particular.

A. M. McCLINTIC & Co.,
(Successors to Fudge & McLintic.)
Mt. Grove, - - Va.,
—DEALERS IN—
LIQUORS,
At from \$2.00 to \$3.50 per gallon.
Orders filled promptly.
Also a full line of general Mercandise.
Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods before you purchase elsewhere.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,
GEO. W. WAGNER, PROPRIETOR.
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Having lately purchased and assumed control of HOTEL POCAHONTAS, it is our purpose to spare no pains to keep just such a house as the public demands.
Substantial and comfortable accommodations for all guests.
Horses well provided for.
Charges reasonable.
Try us and see for yourself.
Respectfully,
GEO. W. WAGNER.

W. R. TYREE. **JOS. E. ROLLINS**
Late of Newton, Va. Late Asst. Cashier Nat. Falls Bank, Staunton, Va.

TYREE & ROLLINS,
—WHOLESALE DEALERS IN—
DRUGS, TOBACCO CIGARS, TEAS, SPIRITS, PAINTS OILS, & C.

Sole Owners of the Famous Tyree Club Cigar and Staunton Belle Chewing Tobacco.
ALL ORDERS WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.
NO. 204 FRONT STREET,
Charleston, West Va

S. H. MUMFORD & CO. FLOUR.
at
Huntersville, W. Va. 25 cents per pound, meal 75 cts per
I am prepared to make in the best baked at H. H. Marshall & Co. also

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

October 3, 1889.

Curious Facts.

Melons were found originally in Asia.

The Mammals found Nauroo, Ill., in 1840.

Sage is a native of the South of Europe.

An Atlanta (Ga.) store is built entirely of paper.

In France a seventh son in direct succession is called a marcon.

There is only one lawyer in Millville, N. J., a city of over 10,000 inhabitants.

It is an ancient belief that a change in the body of a man occurs every seventh year.

Mr. C. W. Oldrive walked five miles on the surface of the water near Boston recently.

There are 450,000,000 postal cards manufactured annually, and their use is increasing daily.

The New York Custom House has an efficient clerk, William O. Fitzgerald, who is a deaf mute.

The present English national debt may be said to have commenced in the reign of William III., 1689.

Ship building was begun at Salem, Mass., about 1640. So began the ship building industry in this country.

It is said that the number of derelicts recorded each month in the North Atlantic alone varies from twenty-five to forty-five.

About a week's association with a threshing machine will give a farmer's voice fully an octave higher, as all town folks know.

A Jefferson City (Mo.) man manages to make a living by following up picnic parties and gathering up the empty bottles which they leave.

Tons from the squares boiler around the Philadelphia electric light poles to feast on the fried bugs that tumble to them sizzling hot.

The Minie rifle was invented at Vincennes, France, about 1833, by M. Minie, who from a common soldier raised himself to a high rank.

A Pennsylvania boy found a bird's nest that contained eggs of four different colors—white, pink, blue and green. All were the same size.

A Chicago detective has just had his pocket picked of \$600, which he had drawn from a building association to make a payment on a house.

A goat at Dallas, Texas, which came upon a rattlesnake, walked back a few yards, and taking a running start, made a long jump, alighting with his legs braced, and cutting the snake in pieces.

Spiders have been known to come out of their webs and crawl down the sides of the wall at the sound of music, seemingly enchanted by the sounds, but hurrying back to their hiding place as soon as the music ceased.

The latest development of the slot machine is a brass frankincense.

It is believed by the Moslems that at the Judgement day paluders will be required to furnish with souls all repose tithings of human beings which they have made. Failing in this ordeal, they will lose their presumption imitation of the work of the Creator.

One method of keeping the railroad track clear of sand near the Caspian Sea is to sink the road bed with sea-water. In other places it is protected with an armor of clay. Paluders are excited sometimes to stop drifting. Another method employed is the cultivation of hardy plants, such as are used for the same purpose on the Danish coast.

Tramp—"Your barn was burned about two months ago, ma'am."

Farmer's Wife—"Yes."

Tramp—"Well, a chain of mine set it on fire that you might get the insurance money, and he asked me to call around and see if you'd got it yet, and see if you'd give him a few dollars of it."

Farmer's Wife—"You'll not get a cent of the insurance here."

Tramp—"Very well, ma'am, but you mustn't feel hurt if my friend never sets any more of your buildings on fire."

Mistah Johnsing, I think you suffering with affection ob de heart. Yo' heartbeats is terrible irregular." "Dat's all right, doctor; but, sah, yo' has yo' ear right 'gin my watch, an' it hain't varied a minit in de las' free months, sah! Wid all respect to yo', I guess I'll go ter some older practitioner, sah."

Happy Father—"Joe, old boy, give me suitable names for my twin babies."

Joe—"Are they boys or girls?"

"Girls."

"How will Kate and Duplicate do?"

Aspiring Author—"Wasn't there anything in the letters I sent you that you could use?"

Practical Editor—"Yes; the stanzas you inclosed for their return we used, but there was nothing else available."

Small Bob (on the sidewalk)—"Ma, Ma! look out of the window!"

Ma (putting her head out of the window)—"What is it?"

Bob (pointing to his playmate)—"Mike didn't believe you were so cross-eyed."

Fond Mamma—"What are you drawing on your slate, pet?"

Little Nell—"I was tryin' to draw my dolly; but I deess I'll tell it a clothes pin."

Merritt—"Is it true that Mrs. Henpeck rules her husband with a rod of iron?"

Miss Ford—"I guess so. I saw her last night chasing him with the poker."

LADIES
Needling a tole, or children that want building up, should take
BROWN'S HON BITTERS.
It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, and Biliousness. All dealers keep it.

A VOICE
A \$20 A Day Man!

BEING due to the presence of air held in the blood, is most effectually cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Be sure you get Ayer's and no other, and take it till the poisonous acid is thoroughly expelled from the system. We challenge attention to this testimony:—

"About two years ago, after suffering for nearly two years from rheumatism, being able to walk only with great discomfort, and having tried various remedies, including mineral waters, without relief, I saw by an advertisement in a Chicago paper that a man had been relieved of this distressing complaint, after long suffering, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I then decided to make a trial of this medicine, and took it regularly for eight months, and am pleased to state that it has effected a complete cure. I have since had no return of the disease."—Mrs. R. Irving Dodge, 110 West 125th St., New York.

"One year ago I was taken ill with inflammatory rheumatism, being confined to my house six months. I came out of the sickness very much debilitated, with no appetite, and my system disordered in every way. I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla and began to improve at once, gaining in strength and soon recovering my usual health. I cannot say too much in praise of this well-known medicine."—Mrs. L. A. Stark, Nashua, N. H.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

FAVORITE SINGER!
Warranted for Five Years.
LOW ARM ONLY
\$20



HIGH ARM \$25.00.

OUR FAVORITE SINGER
Drop Leaf, Four Green, Large Drawers, Nickel Rings, Tuckers, Raggers, Gliders, Four Widths of Hemmers. Sent on trial. Delivered in your hands free of freight charges. Buy only of Manufacturers. Have Cashiers' Certificates. Get New Machines. Address for Circulars and Testimonials: Co-Operative Sewing Machine Company, 200 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CATARRH
We have a remedy that will CURE CATARRH, BRONCHITIS and ASTHMA. Our faith is so strong that we will send treatment on trial. Send for Treatise and full particulars. Address, The Hall Chemical Co., 3260 Fairmount Ave., Phila., Pa.

FITS or Falling Sickness CAN BE CURED.
We will send FREE by mail a copy of our LITTLE LIVER PILLS. SUFFER ANY LONGER! Give Post Office, State and County, and Age plainly. Address, THE HALL CHEMICAL CO., 3260 Fairmount Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

A YOUNG man was killed in a prize fight in St. Louis Mo., on the 14th for \$35.

PHILADELPHIA SINGER WARRANTED 5 YEARS.
LOW ARM, \$20. HIGH ARM, \$28.



DURABLE.

FIFTEEN DAYS' TRIAL.
IN YOUR OWN HOUSE BEFORE YOU PAY ONE CENT. High-Arm Machine has self-feeding needle, self-feeding shuttle, is unobstructed and High-Speeding, heads do not catch in motion, in a velvet-lined case. Don't pay agents \$25 or \$30, but send for circular. Remember we guarantee our machine equal to any high-speed machine on the market. Address: THE G. A. WOOD CO., 17 N. 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES.

CONSUMPTION SCROFULA BRONCHITIS COUGHS COLDS Wasting Diseases

—FOR THE—

Wonderful Flesh Producer.

Many have gained one pound per day by its use.

Scott's Emulsion is not a secret remedy. It contains the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites and pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased. It is used by Physicians all over the world.

PALATABLE AS MILK.
Sold by all Druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Piso's Cure for Consumption is also the best Cough Medicine.

If you have a Cough without disease of the Lungs, a few doses are all you need. But if you neglect this easy means of safety, the slight Cough may become a serious matter, and several bottles will be required.

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CURE SICK HEAD

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Then it they only cured.

ACHE

As the body would be almost useless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their medicine does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them but after all sick head.

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POGAHONTAS


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Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Treasurer, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioner, C. E. Beard, Pres't.
S. B. Hannah.
G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 5th Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

F. MOORE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

M. MCCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

A. STOFER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

S. RUCKER,
Attorney-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

W. ARBUCKLE,
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Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

L. KEE,
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Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

J. SNYDER,
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Huntersville, W. Va.

D. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

R. S. P. PATTERSON,
Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.

OLD ROCK.

On the eve of their bridal day Jessie Glenn and John Marcus had their first quarrel. It was not a very fierce one, but it proved that such a thing could be between them and was not pleasant. Besides, it was a terrible time for such a thing. It began by Jessie asking John what he was going to do with Rock, a big black dog he was very fond of.

"Do with him?" said John. "Why just what I always have—sell him, I suppose."

"You don't mean to keep him, do you?" said Jessie. "You'll sell him?"

"Sell Rock?" cried John. "Why, it would seem like selling your baby or your grandfather. He's been my friend for years—slept under my bed, followed me to work, shared my lunch. Why, I had him when I was a poor, motherless boy. Dad used to kick us out together. Many's the time, when he'd been drinking, and we'd cuddle up together for warmth in some area. Now I'm comfortable, I shan't kick Rock out. No, indeed. I couldn't."

"I hate dogs," said Jessie.

"Well, you've got to learn to love Old Rock," said John, laughing. "Love me, love my dog, and in this case, so you've got to, you see."

"I've got to?" cried Jessie, indignantly. "Oubring me like that already, when I refused Sam Williams for your sake, as well you know, John."

"Well," said John, "I always supposed that was because you liked me best, not out of self-sacrifice."

"At least," said Jessie, "he didn't keep a dog of that sort, and he was on his knees to me almost. Oh, dear! I don't think you care about me, John. I sent a novel the other day, and in it the young man received a favorite feline for his lady love's dinner, and never minded it at all, he was so devoted to her."

"If I was to roast Old Rock, he'd be too much dinner for a regiment," said John, and I'll bet you wouldn't make a dog of him. Do you want me to show my affection for you by carrying him to the sausage-millers and having him put up into bologna for winter use?"

This was not gallant, and naturally Jessie was displeased, as one may presume. They were not fashionable people. She was an honest, pretty, little factory-girl. He a young plunderer. But they have been very much in love with each other. This was a dash of cold water to both. They felt the propriety of a squabble at this time and parted with a kiss, as usual; but the thought rankled in each mind.

Jessie thought of it as she made ready for her wedding, and as her friends looked at her new things. She had a pretty blue not far off, ready furnished for her, and things were all very nice, in a plain way. But what happiness could she expect if he was so cross about a little thing? And then to have ugly, black Rock, with his moody look, his way of snoring aloud and slowing his tongue in gapes, always lying about. It was not a pleasant thought for the day before a wedding.

Meanwhile, the day wore on; the guests came. The bride was dressed. The minister arrived with his old wife. Everybody had come but the bridegroom and his best man. The bridesmaids left the room and whispered in the little parlor.

and none. Jessie tried to sit still to smile, to laugh and talk but she kept saying to herself: "What keeps him? Could he really have been angry? Could it be possible that he meant to break with her in this dreadful manner just about Old Rock?" She listened—the hell rang. Had he come? No! It was only the best man, alone. He reported that he had waited for John, and that he had not been home to supper. His wedding suit was spread on his bed, but there was no sign of John.

"I didn't know but he might be here," said the young man, looking about. But John was not there.

In her own room the bride wept and wailed and went trying to comfort her. They lingered late. Eleven, twelve, one o'clock saw the minister still sitting in the great chair in the parlor, ready to marry John if he came, but though the bride's friends flew about the city and inquired everywhere, there was no news of the missing bridegroom.

That he had left her in wrath was Jessie's explanation of the matter; and it was she who at last declared that people had better go home, for that she would not marry John. If he came on his bended knees to ask pardon.

Meanwhile the missing bridegroom had gone to work as usual, expecting, as it was Saturday, to get off earlier than usual, and had been pleased that he finished his work at four o'clock; but coming in eager to ask leave to go home, he found all in a commotion. A gas pipe had burst in a public building, where there was danger of leaving it unrepaired very long, and only one other man was in the place—Sam Williams, his old rival.

"You too must go," said the proprietor, waving his hands about. "I know it is hard, John; but Sam can bring the furnace and tools in, and you can get straight home. You have time, and you shall be paid for overwork, both of you, and I'll send a present to the bride on Monday. This is a necessary job, or I'd let you off."

John did not grumble, though he felt irritated. He hurried off as fast as he could, followed by Williams. The men did not like each other, and Williams was still jealous.

They spoke very little. Old Rock followed at John's heels and crouched outside the building, when he was locked out, as usual.

The men's work took them down into the cellar, and into some great vaults, there. They worked without any more talk than was necessary, and at last the job was done.

Williams had tested the leak at his part of the work and was about to call to John, whose light shone at the other end of the dark cellar, when suddenly the light went out. There was a crash, a cry. Williams did not know what had happened, but judged that a great beam that had been lifted out of place had fallen. He waited; there was silence.

And now having the opportunity, the demoniac spirit of revenge asserted itself. He would not have planned to kill his rival, but he thought with joy that some bad accident had happened to him. He thought, too, that it was not his work, and that he was not called upon to alter it. If John was dead Jessie would be free again. Then he said to himself with Sam's sophistry: "How do I know anything but that he is dead?"

a fellow," he said aloud; and gathered up the furnace and bag of tools and went his way locking all the doors behind him, and leaving the keys with the person who had charge of them, saying that his auto had gone off without a goodbye, leaving him alone in the cellar.

"Queer I never saw him," said the old man; but Sam did not relent. He took a night train out of town to spend Sunday at his mother's in the country and he out of the way of questions.

And this is how John did not come to his own wedding. He lay in the cellar hardly conscious, unable to lift the beam from his leg, and in a sort of dream, thinking of his Jessie and longing to hear Old Rock's voice somewhere.

The poor girl arose wretched, and quite sure that John had killed her. She never thought of any accident. As she sat at her late breakfast, trying not to show her grief and shame, and wondering how she should go home and face the girls, something pushed at the door.

The mother opened it, and the dog she hated so, Old Rock himself, walked in. He looked forlorn and hungry, his coat covered with mud, his eyes red, his appearance miserably hideous, his manners, too, had altered for the worse, for instead of gulping playfully about, striving to lick Jessie's face and wagging his tail, as usual, he sat down on his hind legs and began at once to deliver a series of those pitious howls with which his species are supposed by the superstitions to celebrate the departure of an immortal soul from this vale of tears.

At this, a sudden revulsion took place in Jessie's feelings, and with a wild scream she uttered her revulsion that John was dead, and that the dog knew it.

In this the family coincided to an individual. Then the dog began to pull at Jessie's flounces.

"We have had our doubts, we have had our doubts," growled the father. "John's not a man to jilt a girl that way, quarrel or no quarrel."

"And the dog just says it plain as words," sobbed the mother. "When my grandfather was drowned his dog came home just like that. Oh, poor John! You'll never see him no more, child, never no more!"

Meanwhile, the dog pulled and howled harder than ever.

"Silence, there," cried the old grandmother, from the cosy corner, where she was breaking her bread into a bowl of coffee. "Mebbe the parrot spelt some thing with the dog. The master is going to lend you to the body. Stop your crying, an' go. Follow him. He knows better than you, for John's along of him. Do."

With her blood swirling in her veins, Jessie obeyed. She fled on her hat, and huddled herself into a nook, and went down the stairs and out into the streets, with the faithful old dog upon them. It was not easy to keep pace with Old Rock along the pavement; but she did so, and at last slipped with him before a great, empty-looking public building. Here the dog lay down at a grating, and began to howl again.

It was more than Jessie could stand. She burst into bitter tears and was obliged to sit down on the sidewalk and hide her face in her hands.

with his queer, bushy tail.

Then Jessie went to work. A policeman, kindly disposed; an old man with a bunch of keys; much talk a disclosure of the fact that plumbers were down cellar late Saturday afternoon, led at last to a descent into the cellar, where Old Rock, in a state of delight past all bounds, led to the spot where John lay, with a broken leg and crushed arm, but conscious and not fatally injured; and when she was sure of this, Jessie took Old Rock's head in both her hands, and kissed it fondly over and over again.

"You told me I'd have to love him, and it's come true; and he's brought us together, and as long as he lives he shall be as dear to me as he is to you. There, now!"

It was some time before they were married, but there was no more quarrelling; and Jessie and John are a very happy couple. It is reported of Old Rock that the first time he met Sam Williams he bit him; and that, Jessie declares, is a proof that Sam knew all about John's being in the cellar, though he swears he did not.

Last evening two youths, each about 14, met in the street, when the following dialogue took place:

"I say, Bill, got my knife?"
"No, I ain't."
"Pon your word?"
"Pon me word."
"Pon your soul?"
"Pon me soul."
"Hope you may die if you have?"
"Hope I may die if I have?"
"You ain't got my knife?"
"I ain't got your knife."

The querist seemed to be incredulous, but was on the point of giving it up in despair when a bright idea occurred to him, and he returned to attack with:

"Pon your honor?"
"Oh," said the other, "now you touch me honor, take your darned old knife," and he brandished the article over.

"Well done, Bill," said his rhyme, "I allus knowed you was a honorable chap."

A burglar who had been arrested while in the act of breaking into a bank pleaded guilty to the charge when arrested in Court, but claimed extenuating circumstances.

"What possible excuse can you present to mitigate this offense?" asked the Court.

"My lord, had I succeeded in getting my hands on the cash it would have removed temptation from the path of the cashier."

"I've said the Judge, after your reflection. I see the point, which is well taken. I'll let you off on about three years."

Moral—If you can steal a man's horse it may save his hostility from going to State prison.

McCorkle—"And so you're engaged, McNibbel. Do tell us all about it?"

McNibbel—"Yes, it's a go this time. You see, Isabella and I were out on the bench."

McCorkle—"Yes."

McNibbel—"And the mosquitoes were very thick."

McCorkle—"Yes."

McNibbel—"And I wanted to get in."

McCorkle—"Yes."

McNibbel—"That's all. It was

What a Comfort!



No Dirt! No Fuss! No Back Ache!
LASTS LONGER,
LOOKS BRIGHTER,
and makes the shoes WEAR BETTER.
Don't let the w. men have all the best things, but use
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JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
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Huntersville, W. Va.

October 10, 1889.

Next year the modest, retiring North Pole is to be the object of another search, involving expense and possible loss of life. Dr. Nansen, a Norwegian, is going for it this time.

Mrs. Philip H. Sheridan and her children are living at the cottage in Nonquitt, Mass., in which the General died. Mrs. Sheridan has entirely recovered her health and strength.

John L. Blair, the New Jersey railroad magnate, who confesses to a fortune of \$40,000,000, earned his first dollar by walking to Easton and back, a distance of twenty five miles, to sell a lot of rabbit skins.

A process has been invented by means of which photographs can be printed almost as fast as newspapers, and without dependence on sun or light. They are said to be of the first quality. That of course would make photographs much cheaper.

There is a woman in Milwaukee who is the mother of nine children. Not one of them were named until it was twelve years old. They were simply called by their nicknames and their numbers, "One," "Two," etc. As each one became twelve years old he chose his own name and was baptized.

Johnstown, Pa., which was devastated by flood some months ago is forging ahead, and will soon have in operation a number of large industries, employing 5,000 or 6,000 workmen, and pay out between \$100,000 and \$200,000 each week in wages. The steel works of the Carnegie are being rebuilt and enlarged, costly residences are being rebuilt and business houses are being completed and plans matured for a much more extensive city than it was before the waters swept it away.

A Monument to Columbus, erected by a Frenchman, and the only one in America, has remained in security in Baltimore for more than a hundred years. It is now likely to come into prominent notice. New York will probably get up a magnificent Exposition in honor of the discoverer of America; but well as it, perhaps, that the considerate Frenchman did not leave the monument enterprise to that city.

Why is it.

The editor of the Catlettsburg Democrat, Captain Thomas D. Murcum, late of the Union Army, has asked the question, "Why is it?" and comments as follows:

"Why is it that most of the ex-Confederates are stout and well preserved men for their age, while most of the ex-Union soldiers are broken down from their service and are on the pension rolls or trying to get there. It is a fact that many will admit that the Confederates

most of the ex-Union soldiers claim to be suffering from injuries and disease from their service, while the Confederates are robust and look as though they would be able for several years' good service in the field were it required of them. However, there are many who believe that the ex-Union soldier would be stouter and more robust and prosperous in the various vocations of life if there were no pensions attached to alleged disability incurred while in the service. It seems to be more trying on a man's constitution to be loyal to the Government than it was to be a Rebel. Some how there is something about the matter that needs explanation."

WASHINGTON LETTER

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON Oct. 4.—The Cabinet meeting held to-day was a little strong Pension affairs raised a small cyclone, and before that had passed away the vacancy on the bench of the Supreme Court brought about a hurricane. At least two members are bitterly opposed to the appointment of Attorney General Miller, which President Harrison seems determined upon. It must have been a rather embarrassing position for Mr. Miller, who was present.

President Harrison is still wrestling with the problem of trying to find a man for Pension Commissioner who can satisfy the applicants for pensions without creating a financial deficiency. The thing is impossible, but of course its none of our business, if the administration wants to wear itself out in that way let it go ahead. The latest man named as likely to have an opportunity of declining to occupy Corporal Tanner's shoes is Ex-Gov. Harraroff, of Pennsylvania. Two men stand ready to occupy the position, Brown, of Ohio, and Campbell, of Kansas, but their readiness makes President Harrison shy of them.

Mr. Blaine is at last President, not of the United States, but of the Three America's Congress. He was elected to the position Wednesday when the Congress met and organized. Ex-Senator Henderson of Missouri was elected President pro tempore. Mr. Blaine's speech of welcome to the members of the Congress was a model of its kind, and is highly praised here by members of both parties. Immediately after adjourning to November 18, the Congress called on the President with whom the members took lunch. Thursday morning they left on a special train for a tour of the North East and West. They are certain to be impressed by what they will see and will return to Washington prepared to discuss more intelligently the matters brought before them. It is thought at the State department that the Congress will sit about three months.

Democrats here express considerable disappointment over the result of the elections in the new states. They had been led to expect something different. Secretary Tracy's difficulty in getting a Naval officer to command the Kearsarge, which started from New York Tuesday for Hayti with Fred Douglass, our minister to that country as a passenger, has been the subject of a great deal of joking around Washington this week. As soon as it was known that the commanders cable had to be given up to Fred, nobody who knows the personal habits of that individual blamed the Naval officers for getting out of the dilemma in any way possible. Secretary Tracy got very mad, but all the same I'll bet a big red apple Tracy would not entertain Douglass five or six days at his private residence.

most of the ex-Union soldiers claim to be suffering from injuries and disease from their service, while the Confederates are robust and look as though they would be able for several years' good service in the field were it required of them. However, there are many who believe that the ex-Union soldier would be stouter and more robust and prosperous in the various vocations of life if there were no pensions attached to alleged disability incurred while in the service. It seems to be more trying on a man's constitution to be loyal to the Government than it was to be a Rebel. Some how there is something about the matter that needs explanation."

Ex-Representative Harris, of Virginia, who has just made a trip through that state, says the democrats will have a walk over, and that Mahone will never again be heard from politically. I have it on good authority that several members of the administration have given up all hope of Mahone's election.

Senator's Hampton, of South Carolina, and Harris, of Tennessee are very wide apart in their ideas of a correct solution of the race problem. Senator Hampton has for a long time advocated the purchase of land in Mexico, or of an island, and the colonization there of the negroes of the Southern states. Senator Harris being asked what he thought of such a scheme replied: "I do not consider it practical at all. The negro doesn't want to be colonized, and if the devil only had those who are trying to make practical capital out of him there would be no trouble to speak about." Senator Harris is one of the large number who believe that the business of Congress has grown to such dimensions that continuous sessions ought to be held.

Representative Breckenridge, of Arkansas, thinks all the republican talk about the Rules of the House is intended to work the emargement of the weakened republicans up to the point of sending all eighteen of the republican contestants.

Charges have been filed at the department of State against Reed Lewis, of Pennsylvania, consul agent at Morocco. He is accused of having attempted to extort a large sum of money from a vice consul as the price of his retention in office. Mr. Reed is one of President Harrison's appointments.

The Knight Templars are beginning to arrive for the Conclave. They will remain here ten days.

HOW'S THIS.

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE

Lands in Pocahontas County.

In pursuance of two decrees of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term, 1889, in the chancery cause of

C. L. Austin & Co., vs. H. F. Arbogast & Co., I will on

MONDAY THE 21ST DAY OF OCTOBER,

next, offer for sale at public auction in front of the Court house of Pocahontas county, two tracts of land, one of 881 acres and the other of 1,328 acres. These tracts of land are situated on the Allegheny mountains, and are known as lots No. 9 and 10, in the big survey and are valuable for the timber thereon.

TERMS:

Cash in hand to pay the costs of the two suits and the costs of sale and the balance, the purchasers will be required to execute bonds with good security payable in six and twelve months, bearing interest from day of sale and the legal title to be retained as until the full amount is paid.

L. H. HARRISON, Commissioner.

J. John A. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, directly that L. H. Harrison, Com'r has given the bond as required by said decree.

J. J. Beard, Clerk.

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We respectfully solicit a fair share of patronage of the public, and guarantee satisfaction in every particular.



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GEO. W. WAGNER.

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at

at Staunton, Va.

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE
NO. 65, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this Lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'y.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—H. Nathan, of Hillsboro, was up on business this week.

—Jacob Boner, Esq., went to Staunton and returned this week.

—We've been having some right cold weather the last week or two.

—E. I. Holt, of Hillsboro, made a flying trip to Huntersville Tuesday.

—Dr. Matt Wallace, of Mill Point was in our Burg to-day (Wednesday).

—Quian Marton, Esq., Cashier of the Ronceverte Bank, was in town Tuesday.

—Harry Campbell, of Academy, came up home Saturday and returned Sunday.

—The free school at this place began last Monday, with Harry Patterson as teacher.

—Editor John E. Campbell is still confined to his room though somewhat improved.

—Next Monday a week Circuit Court begins. Don't forget to call to see us while in town.

—H. P. McGlaughlin, Esq., has returned from Clarkburg, where he was invited to attend Judge Jackson's Court as witness.

—Misses Mamie Taylor, of Williams river and Elva Friel, of near this place made this office quite a pleasant call last Tuesday.

—An Ohio lady was so frightened by a snake that her glossy black hair turned white as snow. It was soon returned to its original color by Hall's Hair Renewer.

—D. A. Fisher and Son Olga are still at work on the house of John W. Warwick, Esq., on Stony Creek. Mr. Fisher was home a few days ago and says he expects to begin work on the new road near the Lockridge ford next week.

—Professor Gauthier, of Paris, states that certain vital processes of the body develop putrefying substances, in the tissues, which, if not speedily eliminated, produce disease. Ayer's Sarsaparilla effects the removal of these substances, and thereby preserves health.

—Mrs. Dr. Wm. P. Rucker, of Lewisburg, W. Va., Mrs. Bettie B. Ward and Mr. Samuel B. Scott of Lynchburg Va., have been the guests of their relatives Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Rucker of this place for the past week. Mrs. Rucker and Mrs. Ward left to-day (Wednesday), for their respective homes. Mr. Scott will remain with us, having begun the study of law in the office of H. S. Rucker.

—When you need a good, safe laxative, ask your druggist for a box of Ayer's Pills, and you will find that they give perfect satisfaction. For indigestion, torpid liver, and sick headache there is nothing superior. Leading physicians recommend them.

—A Tennessee editor gives this account of the troubles under which he labors: "How is it that our readers here, twelve miles from a railroad, twenty-five miles from a river, millions of miles from heaven and only two hundred yards from a whisky shop, expect us to get out a new, lively and interesting paper."

Green Bank Items.

Miss Eliza Baldwin of Green Hill, is spending some time visiting her uncle at this place.

The ladies of Green Bank and vicinity will hold an Ice Cream Supper Saturday, the 12th of Oct. They will endeavor to make it enjoyable and hope to have a liberal patronage. It will be for the benefit of the M. E. Church South at this place.

Married, Near Perry, Mo., Sep. 12th, Wm. T. Curry, formerly of Green Bank, to Miss Nora Richards, of Woodland, Cal. We extend to Willie hearty congratulations.

PAULINA.

Traveler's Repose Locals.

Dr. Snyder was recently called to the bed side of Mrs. Henry Fleuner. We are happy to say she is convalescent.

Miss Anette Ligon and her brother made us a short visit last week.

Mr. Fleuner has not found nor heard of the horse that was stolen a week ago.

Mrs. Martha Cleek left here the 3rd, accompanied by Mr. W. J. Yeager. She has been visiting her sister Mrs. Betsy Yeager, who has been ill for some time and left her not much improved.

Rev. Wm. H. Bullegee has closed a very successful protracted meeting. Twenty conversions, of which seventeen joined the M. E. Church South.

S. P. Ward and Miss Lucy Quick made a flying trip to this vicinity.

Miss Ella Pritchard is visiting Miss Gertrude Yeager.

Boys get your sleighs ready, we have had snow and still look for more.

Died, little Bertie Bliss, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Burnier, Sunday evening at 6 o'clock, aged 7 years and 5 months. The bereaved family have the sympathy of the entire neighborhood.

E. G. W.

To All Whom It May Concern.

I expect to be in Huntersville on the first day of October Circuit Court, and all who are indebted to me on subscription, job work, or advertising, as former owner of THE TIMES, are requested to pay the amounts to my former agents at their respective places, or to Attorney L. M. McClintic, on or before that date. All accounts not paid on or before that date will be put out for immediate collection. This is positively the last notice.

Respectfully,
JAS. B. CAMPBELL.

SHEEP SHEEP!

Public Sale of Personal Property.

I will offer at Public Sale to the highest bidder on Thursday the 31st, day of October 1889, at the Poor Farm the following property: Thirty head of fine ewes, 11 2 year old Steers, 10 yearlings, 5 Cows, 3 Calves, 8 stacks of Hay, 200 bushels of Wheat, 100 bushels of Corn, 100 bushels of Oats, 1 spring wagon, 1 Horse and other sundry articles. Terms of sale: All sales over \$5.00, a credit of 8 months will be given, the purchaser giving bond and good security.

J. W. HORTON.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at Mingo Flats, October 1st, and remain 3 days.

Edray, Oct. 8th, 4 days.

Mill Point, Oct. 15th 3 days.

Huntersville, Oct. 18th, 4 days.

Teeth extracted by the use of Cocaine with very little pain. Call early and make your engagements as his time is limited to the above dates.

See TIMES for other appointments.

I will sell at public auction at the store house of H. Nathan, at Academy, Pocahontas Co., W. Va. on

THURSDAY THE 24TH DAY OF OCTOBER 1889

Containing from day to day, the following property, levied upon by me, to satisfy, executions in my hands for collection, against said H. Nathan, in favor of Wells McCarty, N. Shilling, Hoxkin Carmichael & Co., Ocknold's Tobacco Co., Green & Luling, Simon Harris & Co., and Parsons & Edmunds, to-wit: The stock of goods of said H. Nathan consisting of Dry Goods, Hardware, Queensware, Glassware, Nails, Shoes, Hats and all other articles in said store Muchlike all, about 2,000 feet of lumber partly dressed, Tin Roofing &c.

Terms of Sale, Cash. Sale to begin at 10 o'clock a. m.

J. M. CUTLER.

Constable Pocahontas Co.

A Horrible Double Murder.

On the 4th inst., Felix Kumpf, living near Charleston, went to his house, and having missed some articles he went to a cabin about a quarter of a mile away, where his daughter Mary aged 20 and his son aged 18 lived and accused the girl of having stolen some "hot irons" from his house. The old man became violently angry and when the daughter denied taking the irons he drew a two edged derk from his belt and assaulted her. He stabbed the girl several times, once in the stomach and once in the abdomen. The boy who was eating his supper with his sister jumped and grabbed his father in order to prevent the murder of his sister, when the enraged father plunged the knife into his son's abdomen, letting out his bowels and cutting them in several places. They both died the next morning. The father is in jail.

The Edray District Institute will meet at Edray School house Oct. 19. Teachers and patrons from all parts of the County are cordially invited.

PROGRAMME.

Address to teachers—Rev. Geo. P. Moore; Primary teaching—Miss E. N. Warwick; Select Reading—Miss Lillie Friel; Penmanship—J. B. White; Arithmetic the decimal—J. M. Sydenstricker; Orthography—L. J. Dysard; Grammar the verb—Taylor McNeel; Select reading—Miss Muggle Bagley; History Federal constitution—D. N. McNeel; Manners in school—Miss E. J. Backley; Grammar analysis—Miss Carrie Thomas; Physiology—J. A. McGlaughlin; School government—Miss Rella Clark.

Closing remarks by Rev. Mr. Morgan.

M. G. MATTHEWS, Pres.

W. W. M., Instead.

Kansas City Times.]

The Republican party has upset the faithful business system of Mr. Cleveland's administration. It has swung into its old habit of robbing the Treasury for class robbery. It has committed the financial crime of making a deficit in the Treasury accounts, something which the present generation regarded as impossible with our enormous revenue. Exposed these blunders and crimes before 10,000 people and the widening wave of malignancy will sweep the rabble party out of any semblance of ascendancy in any time in that region.

Old Judge Jero Black was once asked to join the Republican party and said he: "You Republicans are a lot of fellows for all the purposes of this world—for power and plunder and good fellowship in the best party that could be cranked. If I was quite sure that there was no future state of rewards and

Of Valuable Lands.

Pursuant to, and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, W. Va., rendered at its June term, 1889, in the cause of

J. H. Arbogast, Adm'r,

vs.

J. H. Arbogast's Heirs &c.,

I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on the premises, near Traveler's Repose, on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5TH, 1889,

all the lands yet belonging to the Heirs of Jacob H. Arbogast, dec'd, composed of part of a tract of 45 acres; part of a tract of 120 acres and part of a tract of 500 acres, all adjoining each other, and containing in the aggregate about 577 acres, lying in the forks of Greenbrier River on the S. & P. Turnpike. About 45 acres of these lands are in cultivation, with a good dwelling and other buildings and orchard &c. The balance affords a good outlet for young stock, especially sheep, and has some good Hemlock, Spruce and Oak timber upon it.

TERMS:

10 per cent. of the purchase money cash in hand, the balance in equal payments, falling due in 9, 18 and 27 months, from day of sale, with interest from that day. The purchaser to execute bonds with good security for the deferred payments, a lien will be retained until a future order of the Court.

D. M. YEAHON, Spec'l Com'r.
Sept. 12-44. Printer's fee \$10.50.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Wenzow's Sooty Baby Balm should always be used when children are crying with. It soothes the little sufferer at once; it cures colic, quiet sleep, and the little cherub awakes "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Neuralgic Persons

And those troubled with nervousness resulting from care or overwork will be relieved by taking

Brown's Iron Bitters. Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

List of Fiduciaries

before the undersigned for settlement: Amos S. Gillespie, adm'r of Jas. Cassell, dec'd.
Wm. H. Cackley, late Sheriff and as such adm'r of Julia Cange dec'd.
Jas. J. McCollum, Adm'r of Rebecca McCollum dec'd.
Jas. A. McCollum adm'r of Lawrence D. McCollum, dec'd.
JAMES W. WARWICK, JR.,
Com'r of Acc'ts for Pocahontas county, Sept 12-24.

NOTICE.

At a County Court held for the County of Pocahontas at the Court house thereof

ON THE 14th DAY OF JULY 1889
It is ordered that in Medical attention to the poor, that no rhubarb, hereafter be allowed, unless the physician living nearest said pauper, shall be employed and it is further ordered that this Court will allow physicians for the first visit to a pauper, without an order from the overseer of the poor; but will not allow for further visits unless the overseer of the District will certify that such other visits were necessary.
(At the rates established by this court)
A Copy Teste
JOHN J. BRADY, CLK.

Indigestion

Is not only a distressing complaint, at first, but, by causing the blood to become depraved and the system enfeebled, is the parent of innumerable maladies. That Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best cure for indigestion, even when complicated with Liver Complaint, is proved by the following testimony from Mrs. Joseph Lake, of Brockway Centre, Me.:—

"Liver complaint and indigestion made my life a burden and cubic near ending my existence. For more than four years I suffered untold agony, was reduced almost to a skeleton, and hardly had strength to drag myself about. All kinds of food distressed me, and only the most delicate could be digested at all. Within the time mentioned several physicians treated me without giving relief. Nothing that I took seemed to do my permanent good until I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which has produced wonderful results. Soon after commencing to take the Sarsaparilla I could see an improvement in my condition. My appetite began to return and with it came the ability to digest all the food taken, my strength improved each day, and after a few months of faithful attention to your medicine, I found myself a well woman, able to attend to all household duties. The medicine has given me a new lease of life."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

FEMALE ACADEMY.

D. S. HANKLA, A. M. Principal.

The next annual session of this school will begin

SEPTEMBER 23rd 1889,

and will continue NINE months.

TUITION from \$1.50 to \$3.00 per month.

BOARD \$5.00 to \$10.00

Contingent fee to provide fuel etc. 15 cents per month.

Thorough instruction guaranteed, and the principal will exercise especial care over all pupils. Parents should consider the advantages of this school before sending their sons and daughters elsewhere.

Respt.,

D. S. HANKLA.

FOR BOARD.

During the next term of School at Hillsboro Male and Female Academy apply to

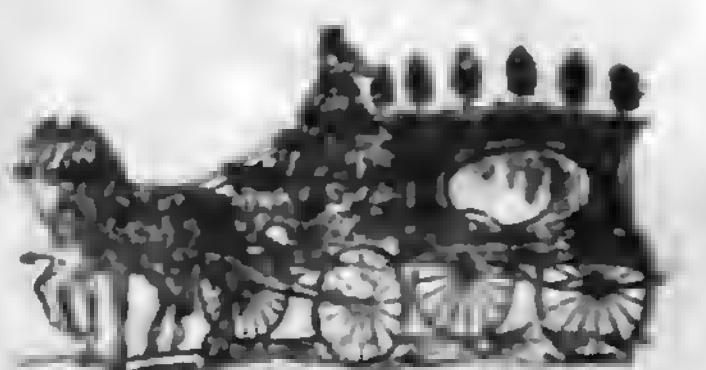
E. H. MOORE.

Staunton Marble Works.

If you want head stones, Marble and granite Monuments etc., etc., you can do no better than to buy from

G. C. COOPER, agent,
Green Bank, Pocahontas Co., W. Va.

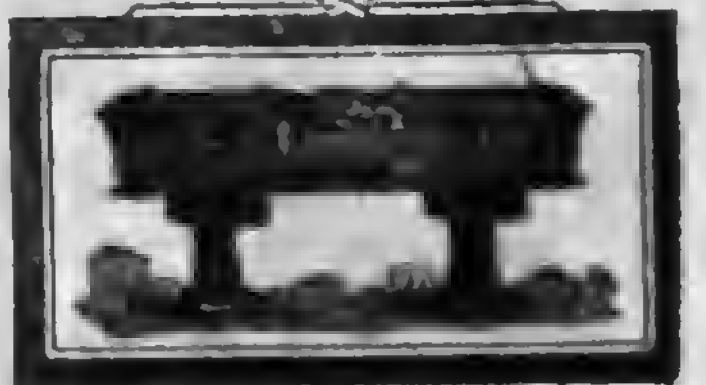
A. R. SMITH,
Academy, W. Va.



UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at reasonable prices.

FOR THE BEST FURNITURE CHAIRS AND FINEST TRIMED



In the county, go to
O. B. SWICKER,
AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND
CABINET MAKER.

Dumore, W. Va.

PATENTS.

Copyrights, and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees.

Our office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A Pamphlet, "How to Obtain Patents," with names of actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address

C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Order of publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, W. Va., on the first Monday in September, 1889.

George A. Riverscomb, Special receiver in the Chancery cause of Bonner vs. Bonner &c.,

vs.

A. H. Bonner.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to subject to judicial sale a tract of one hundred acres of land, belonging to the defendant A. G. Bonner situated in the County of Pocahontas on the South West side of Middle Mountain, to satisfy a judgment confessed by the defendant A. G. Bonner in the Circuit Court for \$2,846.88 with interest thereon from 1st day of May, 1888 until paid and cost.

And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant A. G. Bonner is a non resident of the State of West Va., it is ordered that he appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what he

al Directory of Pocahontas County.

of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
nting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
M. J. McNeel.
y Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
ir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
or, C. O. Arbogast.
(C. E. Beard, Pres't.
Co. Cl. S. B. Hannah.
(G. P. Moore.
rveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

ft Court convenes on the first
y in April, 3rd Monday in June
Monday in October.
ty Court convenes on the 1st
y in January, March, October
ond Tuesday in July July in
rm.

MOORE.

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in
preme court of Appeals.

McCLINTIC.

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in
preme court of Appeals.

STOFER.

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

BUCKER.

at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
practice in the courts of Pocahontas and in the Supreme court
ain.

ARRUCKLE.

Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.
practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
pt attention given to claims for
on in Pocahontas county.

KEE.

Atty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.
Practice in the Circuit Court
ahontas county.

SNYDER.

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
H. WEYMOUTH.

RESIDENT DENTIST.

Beverly, W. Va.
visit Pocahontas County ev-
ring and Fall. The exact
each visit will appear in
MFA.

P. PATTERSON.

ysician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.

SHOE BRUSH GONE



don't miss it, for I have long
adopted an easier and
lier way. A bottle of

DOWN IN THE DELL.

"I will bring you a lovely cluster
of wild roses, papa."

"Very well, Fannie; don't hurry
back, for I think you linger too con-
stantly beside my chair, and I want
you to take a long ramble. I will
read, dear."

And Andrew Mahr drew one of
the papers that lay on a table near
him on his knee, and unfolded it.
Fannie bent and kissed his worn,
tender face; and then, with the
soft refrain of an old song on her
lips, ran lightly down the path, and
left him there in the shadow of the
great tree before his door, with that
ever-growing wistfulness in his
eyes as they followed her, and that
terrible, gnawing pain in his heart
of which she was the centre.

"My only one—my one and
only!" he murmured; "and have
guided and guarded her for sixteen
years, kept her life free of shadow
or trial. And now—now when I
know that my days are numbered,
I can find in this whole wide world
no single heart on which she can
lean in that dreadful hour when
she knows that I am no longer with
her. If I might leave her wealth—
gold will buy kindness; but she
will be alone, poor, helpless—my
tenderly cherished child!"

The cough that came so often
and shook him so terribly stopped
his murmured words, and when he
drew down the handkerchief which
he had lifted to his lips, it was
stained with blood.

"My child!" he moaned—"my
child! and she does not know my
danger. How can I tell her?"

For she did not know that a
shadow dark and dismal was upon
him. He was weak; but that was
all she knew. When the summer
was over and autumn came, he had
told her that he would be well and
strong once more, and she believed
him.

When two are all to all to each
other, and there are none to whis-
per the warning, one of them never
dreams of an hour when he or she
will live in a world which shall
know the other no more forever.

And so it was with the mother-
less girl who thrilled her soft song
as she went through the midnight.
She had but her father in all the
vacancies of the earth, and she did
not dream that he was dying, as
dies a tree, to the root of which
some parasite has fastened itself
to drain the stately life, unseen.

She went through the small gar-
den of the Mahrs—for they were
poor and their acres scanty—and
out at a little gate and along the
quiet country roadway. It was
such a still, secluded spot to which
Albert Mahr had taken his moth-
erless child in that fierce tempest
of grief which had swept over his
soul as the clouds fell on his dead
wife's coffin.

There was no need for her to
keep the broad hat over her sunny
hair—no envious eyes would see—
so she hung it on her arm and
tripped lightly onward, stopping
now and then to gather a wayside
rose, as fair, and fresh and sweet
as any of the soft hued flowers that
presently filled her hands.

She left the road at last and pen-
etrated into a green dell beside it,
where ferns grow thick and green.

But as the moon reached her
again, this time sounding very
clearly, the warm young heart in
her bosom answered her question
and sent her forward toward the
sound.

Down in the deep, green heart
of the dell she saw a man's form
lying prostrate among a few loose
stones and broken branches; and
fearing nothing but losing all her
soft, sweet bloom in sudden pity,
she hastened to the side of the fall-
en man.

"What is it?" she asked, filter-
ingly. "You are in pain, are you
not?"

But there was no answer; the
moans had ceased. She bent low-
er, lower, then knelt and turned
the face, until now hidden from her
sight.

It was clear, handsome young
—a face which she had seen many
a time and oft lit by her simple
home in the early morning or the
twilight hours—the face of one who
was looked up to for his wealth and
position, his pride and his nobility.
But as she looked on it now she
saw only a blue line of pain about
the well cut lips, and a white, sense-
less rigidity upon the whole hand-
some face.

"What shall I do?" she cried out,
trembling so that the head slid
from her hold and lay once more on
the earth.

She looked about her. Yes,
there was a small stream near. She
ran to it, dipped in her handker-
chief, and hastening back, bathed
the white, set face.

Then a fear stole over her that
he was dead—dead! and actual ter-
ror made her gray eyes fill with
tears and sobs burst from her.

"Oh, please speak to me!" she
cried imploringly—"try to speak!
I am so—so frightened."

And suddenly the color rushed
into the face below her, the lips
flew up, and a pair of bonnie brown
eyes met hers.

Would she ever forget the sense
of relief, of joy, of gladness, that
came as she knelt there and saw
life flash back into Glyn Herno's
face! Would he ever forget the
strange sweetness he found in those
tearful, gray eyes, in those tremu-
lous, red lips, in the soft, shy, troun-
tled face that colored as he looked
upon it!

"Have I alarmed you?" he ask-
ed, lifting himself on his elbow, as
she drew away. "I had a fall here,
and my ankle is sprained. That is
all, I think, but the pain was terri-
ble. I felt myself growing faint
with it, and called."

"Yes," she said, trying to check
her sobs; "I heard you, and when
I reached here I thought you
dead."

She shivered as she said the last
word, and he smiled a little.

"Poor child!" he said, gently;
"you are terribly shaken, and I am
so sorry to have been the cause of
it. Now, what is to be done with
me? I cannot walk, for it was the
attempt to stand that gave me such
agony."

He sat up, and made a wry face
as he moved the injured foot.

He had removed the boot before
Fannie's arrival, and she could see
that the foot was swelling rapidly.

too greatly; but if I might loan a
little on your shambler—my foot is
perfectly useless, and the ankle
burns like fire."

So, after a few moments of heri-
tation and many a keen pang to
Glyn Herno, which he bore in
silence, but with whitening lips, the
two reached Fannie's home, and
considerably startled Mr. Mahr,
who saw them advance haltingly
toward him.

In half an hour the young man—
until then a stranger to them, but
to be a stranger no more forever to
Albert Mahr and his fair daughter
—was lying comfortably on a sofa
in the tiny parlor, his foot swathed
in his dages, which Fannie kept
moist and cool, awaiting the car-
riage which had been sent for but
half wishing that he might remain
where he was, ministered to by
those small, white hands—looked
on so sympathetically by those ten-
der eyes—and spoken to so kindly
by that gentle old man, whose face
was so warm and shadowy in the
fading day that it made his heart
ache to look upon it.

Perhaps it was the shadow that
touched her unconscious brow—the
terrible pain and loss which he so
clearly foresaw for her, and which
he saw she neither dreamed of nor
feared—that first awakened a ten-
derness for her in Glyn Herno's
breast.

Be it as it may, when he was
borne toward his home, the memo-
ry of a girl's sweet face went with
him and made him half-unconscious
of his pain.

And during the week that follow-
ed, while he was unable to use his
foot in any way, that sweet face
seemed to hover near him always,
and the longing to see it again grew
with every passing hour.

When at last he could wear a
slipper, he allowed his longing to
send him to her pretty, simple
home; and he found such a charm
there that he went again and again
day after day, even after his ankle
had grown strong and well.

And Mr. Mahr, praying daily for
a friend for his child in the time
when she would so sorely need one,
did not perceive the the fact that
God, in sending Glyn Herno, had
sent her all for which his tender
lips supplicated, until the evening
in the gloaming, when the two men
sat alone in the little parlor, and
Glyn told him of the love which
had grown in his heart for Fannie
and asked him for permission to
woo her for his wife.

The old man bowed his white
head, and a thanksgiving to heaven
lay softly on his lips; then he put
out his hand and clasped Glyn's
weakly but warmly.

"Good bless you!" he said with
a falter in his voice. "I am good-
ing from her, and it was so hard to
leave her all alone! Now—now I
shall not fear for her future, for
you are all a man should be, and
she unren for you, I know. Win
her whole heart, make her love you
as her mother loved me in my
youth, and I shall close my eyes
knowing that she will sorrow for
me indeed, but he firmly snatched
with her hand in yours, your love
about her."

And so it was. She was a hap-
py wife when the shaft of sorrow

His Life for His Brothers.

The following story is preserved
in the Bodleian Library at Oxford:

The tower door of St. Leonard's
Church, Bridgenorth, England, was
left open, and two young boys wan-
dering in, were tempted to mount
up into the upper part and scram-
ble from beam to beam.

All at once a joist gave way. The
beam on which they were standing
became displaced. The elder had
just time to grasp it when falling,
while the younger, slipping over his
body, caught hold of his comrade's
legs.

In this fearful position the poor
lads hung, crying vainly for help
for no one was near. At length
the boy clinging to the beam be-
came exhausted. He could no long-
er support the double weight. He
called out to the lad below that
they were both done for.

"Could you save yourself if I
were to loose you?" replied the lit-
tle lad.

"I think I could," returned the
older.

"Then good-bye, and God bless
you!" cried the little fellow, losing
his hold.

Another second and he was dash-
ed to pieces on the stone floor be-
low, his companion clambering to a
place of safety.

He Got a Loan.

The other evening a citizen who
stood at the corner of Woodward
and Jefferson avenues was asked by
a stranger for a nickel to pay car
fare up Michigan avenue.

"You look able to walk," was the
reply.

"So I am; but I'm in a great
hurry."

"It strikes me as pretty cheeky
for a tramp to beg money to ride on
when his legs are all right."

"My dear man this is an excep-
tional case. I was up that avenue
to day and met a citizen who pitied
my forlorn condition. He didn't
have any loodle with him just then
but promised to give me fifty cents
if I would meet him at the corner of
Fifteenth street at 9 o'clock."

It is now 8:30. I can't make it on
foot. If I don't get a nickel I am
gone up for that loaf. Please look
at the case with a business eye and
favor me with the loan."

He was favored and he got on
the front end of the car, so as to
get there seventeen feet ahead of
the rear platform.

Mrs. Chitbat (caller)—"Why, my
dear Mrs. Starveo what is the
matter? You look distressed."
Mrs. Starveo (boarding-house land-
lady)—"Oh, the noblest thing has
happened! You remember Mr.
Griggs, who used to board here at
\$9 a week, and was such a comfort
to me?"

Mrs. C.—"Yes. You said he had
nearly any teeth left, and could
hardly eat a thing. Didn't cost any
more to keep than a kitten."

Mrs. S.—"That's the one. Oh,
he's a villain! He came back yes-
terday, and I let him have board
at only \$3 a week, and now I
he's got a new set of false teeth,
and eats like a horse!"

Superintendent of an Electric
Railway, in applicant for a position.
—What is your name?
Applicant—Wool, sir?

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE
NO. 3, A. F. & A. M.—The
time of regular meeting of this
Lodge is on the Friday evening pre-
ceding each Full Moon, unless the
Moon falls on Friday, then on that
evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'y.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—“The melancholy days, have
come”.

And now we change our ways,
We've got to put our flannel on
And scratch for forty days.

—THE TIMES is one day late
this week on account of the illness
of our pressman, and being unable
to get out in time.

—Mrs J. J. Beard, is quite ill.

—A little snow the first of the
week.

—See change in Dr. J. H. Wey
mouth's notice.

—We understand Mrs. M. Wil-
lace, of Mill Point is very ill.

—Everybody come to court next
week and come in to see us, and the
rest you know.

—Wm. H. Cackley, of Dunmore
passed through town last Saturday,
on his way to Ronceverte.

—Mr. McElwee, of the firm of
Smith & McElwee, of Dunmore was
in Huntersville last Saturday.

—C. J. Stalling and family, of
Hillsboro, were at the Huntersville
Hotel one night this week.

The thief who stole H. Fleener's
horse near Traveler's Rest, was
lodged in jail at this place last
week.

—The Huntersville Hotels have
been making extensive preparations
for the entertainment of their guests
next week during Court.

—We acknowledge a pleasant
call from Bernard McElwee Esq.,
at Dunmore, of the firm of McEl-
wee & Nottingham.

—Ans. E. Campbell is still unable
to attend to the publication of the
TIMES; his brother Harry came
home a few days ago to help him.

—The next session of the Pocahontas County Musical Association
will be held on Elk, Oct. 21, 25 and
26. All lovers of music expected to
attend.

—The funeral sermon of James
Pyles, will be preached Oct. 27 in
the New River School house, by
Rev. Josiah Miller, of Augusta Co.,
Va.

—Thanks be to the Good, there
is one more Democrat in our old
State, in the person of a fine boy,
born to Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Snyder,
on the 12th.

—Rev. G. P. Hannah, of Frost,
held a quarterly meeting on Top of
Alleghany, from last Saturday in
Sept. to first Friday in Oct., result-
ing in the conversion of 23 souls.

—Judge J. A. Guthrie, of Char-
leston, is expected to hold the ap-
proaching term of the Circuit Court
for Pocahontas County. Judge
Campbell not being able to attend.

—Baldness is catching says a se-
cientist. It's catching flies in summer
time. Use Hall's Hair Renewer
and cover the bald place with heal-
thy hair and flies won't trouble.

—Rev. James H. McCown, for-
merly in charge of the Presbyte-
rian Churches in this section of the
County, has been in the neighbor-
hood for some days visiting his
friends.

—Mr. Fontz, who carries the
mail from Mountain Grove to Hun-
tersville, is past 75 years old but is
still more active and vigorous than
half the young men. One evening
last week he climbed to the top of
a large tree by the roadside and

pulling a curl at once in use Ayer's
Hair Vigor. This preparation
strengthens the scalp, promotes the
growth of new hair, restores the
natural color to gray and faded
hair, and renders it soft, pliant, and
glossy.

—Catarrh is in the blood. No
cure for this loathsome and danger-
ous disease is possible until the poison
is thoroughly eradicated from the
system. For this purpose, Ayer's
Sarsaparilla is the best and most
economical medicine. Price \$1.
Six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

Green Bank Items.

Mr. John Hevener and sister
Miss Mattie, started to Monticello,
Saturday, to meet their sister Miss
Lou, who has been on an extended
visit to relatives in Va.

The Ladies succeeded with their
festival on the 12th, beyond their
expectations, notwithstanding the
storm which no doubt prevented
several persons from attending. A
handsome sum was realized. The
liberality manifested was highly ap-
preciated. Fine music was render-
ed by Miss Jones, of Doe Hill, which
added very much to the interest of
the occasion, which, all things con-
sidered was a very enjoyable one.

Married, on the 9th inst. by Rev.
W. H. Ballougee, Mr. Joe Sheets, of
Angusta Co., to Miss Annie R. Sut-
ton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sam'l
G. Sutton.

PAULINA.

Traveler's Rest Locals.

The horse which was stolen from
H. Fleener has been recovered and
also the thief.

Miss Ella Pritchard has returned
to her home at Dunmore, after a
short visit in this vicinity.

Miss Lena Barner has left for
Dr. Ligon's, where she expects to
spend a few weeks.

Miss Jennie Clark, of Academy
will commence school at this place
Nov. 4.

J. Fleener, of Dunmore, is visiting
his brother Henry.

We have a very successful pray-
ernetting both Wednesday and
Thursday nights.

C. M. Keller is quite ill, supposed
to have diphtheria.

E. G. W. W.

Thomas' Run Items.

Dr. Ligon, was recently called
to the bedside of Jas. Bird, but we
are glad to say he is convalescent.

Mr. Zinn and family, of Huttons-
ville were visiting relatives in this
vicinity, but has returned home.

Robt. McHughlin and family
are visiting in Va.

Rev. Ballengee will commence a
protracted meeting at Buxter
church Tuesday night Oct. 15th.

Rev. Jas. McCown, is visiting Mr.
Jno. McCutcheon.

Floyd R. Stalmer, has returned
from a trip to the top of Alleghany.

Prof. Swecker, the wellknown
architect, of Dunmore has complet-
ed Robt. McHughlin's house.

Success to THE TIMES, as it
comes out in fine style and good
print, and we believe it receives a
warm reception wherever it goes.

OBSERVER.

Dunmore Doings.

A little snow.

Jas. Bird is on the sick list.

C. B. Swecker, has been "laid
up" for a week or more with a
couple of large earbuckles on the
back of his head.

Mrs. Newton Moore is some bet-
ter.

Dr. O. J. Campbell was here last
week operating on the mouth or-
gans.

Mr. Pritchard and wife are off on
a visit to Washington, Va.

Mr. Zinn and wife, of Huttons-

ville, are visiting
their brother Jacob K. Taylor.

Mr. Krendall lost a fine horse
at Dunmore, Monday.

Shingling at Buxter church Sun-
day night.

Jessie Patterson has returned
from the Webster Springs, much
improved in health, but brought
a pair of mumps back with him.

This is about the time for the
grand jury to look up the Jam-
neger business and also the bail
roads, and persons who act the
fool right &c.

Dunmore is to have a new organ
for her church soon.

Miss Mary Beard has com-
menced her school at Cross road.

B. McElwee is off for Ronceverte

C. H. Heighron, the jewelerman
of Elgin, Ct. is here.

Jas. A. Kerr is off on a visit to
Weston, to see his betsy.

If nothing happens, Swecker will
be in Huntersville next week.

Zano B. Grimes, of this place re-
ceived his pension last week, and
back pay amounting to \$1,284.

TOM SAWYER.

To All Whom It May Concern.

I expect to be in Huntersville on
the first day of October Circuit
Court, and all who are indebted to
me on subscription, job work, or
advertising, as former owner of
THE TIMES, are requested to pay
the amounts to my former agents
at their respective places, or to At-
torney L. M. McClintic, on or before
that date. All accounts not paid
on or before that date will be put
out for immediate collection. This
is positively the last notice.

Respectfully,

JAS. B. CAMPFIELD.

SHEEP SHEEP!

Public Sale of Personal Prop- erty.

I will offer at Public Sale to the
highest Bidder on Thursday the
31st day of October 1889, at the
Poor Farm the following property:

Thirty head of fine ewes, 11
year old Steers, 10 yearlings, 5
Cows, 3 calves, 8 stacks of Hay,
200 bushels of Wheat, 100 bushels
of Corn, 100 bushels of Oats, 1
spring wagon, 1 Horse and other
sundry articles. Terms of sale: All
sales over \$5.00, a credit of 8
months will be given, the purchas-
er giving bond and good security.

J. W. BOLTON.

An Editor's Adventure.

From the New York Star.

"I once had another experi-
ence," the old editor continued,
"not far from this same locality, be-
tween 2 and 3 o'clock of the morn-
ing, after I had got out from my
night's work at the editorial desk.
In a solitary and dimly lighted part
of Frankfort street, through which
I was trudging, I became aware,
unexpectedly, that some one stood
in the shadow of an old building. I
was suddenly confronted by three
rough-looking characters, one of
whom brought his face close up to
mine, and said in a low voice: 'Got
any money, mister? Money? I re-
quired, while standing as cool as a
cucumber, 'Money! Yes, I've got a
pocketful!' and I plucked some silver
in the pocket of my trousers. How
much do you want?' I asked. 'That
a quarter, don't you?' he gruffly said,
as he stood beside his two pals.
'A quarter, you say?' I replied, 'a
quarter? Take a half, do you, and go
away from me.' 'And you, I said to
each of the two others, 'here is a half
for you and go away from me!' The
men were astounded, took the
money, cried, 'Havah for you!' 'Thank
you,' and decamped along a
side street. I suppose that, if I
had not done as I did, I would have
been knocked down and robbed;
but, as it happened, I saved myself
from that fate and am enabled to
write this article for you.'"

Mr. W. H. Murray, of Boston,
once a preacher, and now a Phila-
delphian, has been called many rough
names, but nobody has ever called
him a fool.

The other day Mr. Murray lectur-
ed in Boston on "The Problem of
Education," and some of his views
deserve to be considered by every
thoughtful citizen.

Our present system of education,
the lecturer thinks, falls short of
what it should be. It is a great
mistake to suppose that wisdom is
to be found between the covers of a
book and absorbed by the reader.
It is not true education to stuff a
child's mind with the contents of
text books. Too much of what is
taught in our schools educates the
pupil away from a useful life. The
child is led to believe that useful
lines of employment are beneath
him, and that it is more genteel to
be idle than to be a toiler. Such a
system of education is a mistaken
system. It is not peculiar to the
public schools alone; it runs
through our entire educational sys-
tem. What is needed is an educa-
tion that will send every pupil into
the world prepared and determined
to do something useful.

Undoubtedly Mr. Murray is on
the right line, and the popularity
of our industrial schools shows that
the people are with him. In this
practical age education is judged
by its results. The system yield-
ing a product of well equipped, in-
dustrious and successful men is the
best.

What makes success? The
Scientific American answers this
question. It says: "Ninety-nine
per cent of ambition to try, and
one per cent of talent, will insure
success in whatever we undertake."

NOTICE.

At a County Court held for the Coun-
ty of Pocahontas at the Court house
thereof

ON THE 13th DAY OF JULY 1889

It is ordered that in Medical attention
to the poor, that no claims, hereafter
be allowed, unless the physician living
nearest said pauper, shall be employed
and it is further ordered that this Court
will allow physicians for the first visit
to a pauper, without an order from the
overseer of the poor but will not al-
low for further visits unless the over-
seer of the District will certify that
such other visits were necessary.
(At the rates established by this court)

J. Copy Teste

JAMES J. BEARD, CLK.

PUBLIC SALE.

I will sell at public auction at
the Store House of H. Nathan, at
Academy, Pocahontas Co., W. Va., on

THURSDAY THE 24TH DAY
OF OCTOBER 1889

Continuing from day to day, the
following property, levied upon by
me, to satisfy, executions in my
hands for collection, against said
H. Nathan, in favor of Ellis McCar-
ty, N. Stalling, Boykin Carmin &
Co., Dickinson Tobacco Co., Green
& Tatum, Shuman Harris & Co., and
Parsons & Remond, to wit, the
stock of goods of said H. Nathan
consisting of Dry Goods, Hardware
Queensware, Glassware, Nails,
Shoes, Hats and all other articles
in said store Machine oil, about
2,000 feet of lumber partly dressed,
Tin Roofing &c.

Terms of Sale, Cash. Sale to
begin at 10 o'clock a. m.

J. M. CURTIS.

Constable Pocahontas Co.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at
Mingo Flats, October 1st, and re-
main 3 days.

Edray, Oct. 8th, 4 days.

Mill Point, Oct. 15th 3 days.

Huntersville, Oct. 18th, 4 days.

Frost Oct. 25th 4 days.

Dunmore Oct. 30th 3 days.

Green Bank Nov. 2 4 days.

Teeth extracted by the use of
Chlorine with very little pain. I'd
early and make some engagements

FEMALE ACADEMY,

D. S. HANKLA, A. M. Principal.

—O—O—O—

The next annual session of this
school will begin

SEPTEMBER 23rd 1889,

and will continue NINE months.

—TUITION from \$1.50 to \$3.00 per month.

BOARD \$3.00 to \$10.00

Contingent fee to provide fuel etc.
15 cents per month.

Thorough instruction guaranteed,
and the principal will exercise ex-
traordinary care over all pupils. Par-
ents should consider the advantag-
es of this school before sending
their sons and daughters elsewhere.

Respectfully,

D. S. HANKLA.

FOR BOARD.

During the next term of School at
Hillsboro Male and Female Acad-
emy apply to

E. H. MOORE.

Staunton Marble Works.

If you want head stones, Marble
and granite Monuments etc., etc.,
you can do no better than to buy
from

G. C. COOPER, agent.
Green Bank, Pocahontas Co.,
W. Va.

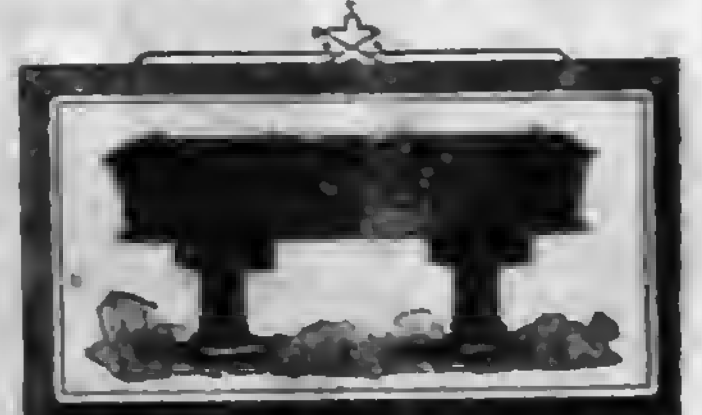
A. R. SMITH,
Academy, W. Va.



UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver
Coffins upon very short notice and at
reasonable prices.

FOR THE BEST FURNITURE
(CHAIRS AND FINEST TRIMMED



in the county, go to

C. B. SWECKER,
AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND
CABINET MAKER.

Dunmore, W. Va.

PATENTS.

Patents, and Trade-Marks obtained,
and all Patent business conducted for
Moderate Fees.

Our office is Opposite U. S. Patent
Office and we can secure patent in less
time than those coming from Washing-
ton.

Send model, drawing or photo., with
description. We advise of patentable
or not, free of charge. Our fee not due
till patent is secured.

A Pamphlet, "How to Obtain Pat-
ents," with names of actual clients in
your State, county, or town, sent free.
Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.

Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

WOMEN

Needing renewed strength, or who suffer from
debility, or who are overworked, should try



THE
REST TONIC

This medicine contains Iron with pure vegetable
acids, and is perfectly adapted for the female
system, and all who are suffering from
debility, or who are overworked, or who are
suffering from the effects of the menstrual
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Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Clk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'r of Ct. (C. E. Beard, Pres't.
S. R. Hannab.
G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

F. MOORE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER,
Attorney-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,
Atty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will Practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

F. J. SNYDER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

D. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

D. S. P. PATTERSON,
Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.

MARCHHARE'S WILL.

If there hadn't been a touch of—well, to put it mildly—a touch of eccentricity about old John Marchhare, he would have hardly made such a will.

Several years before the vessel in which he was returning from the West Indies went down at sea with near all on board John Marchhare was picked up by one of the boats, clinging to a little girl—a mere child—whose life he had saved, while her relatives and all who knew her were among the lost.

From the little stranger thus thrown upon his care he did not turn away. She was too young to give any account of her parents or family; and all subsequent efforts to discover her kindred or whence she came proved fruitless. John Marchhare adopted her and took her to his home and heart.

Having neither wife nor child, he felt free to do as he would with his handsome fortune; and it pleased him that it should go to his adopted daughter—"provided," so ran his will "that if my said adopted daughter should marry during the lifetime of brother, Edward Marchhare, whom I hereby constitute her guardian, without the approval of my said brother, then the foregoing bequests and devises shall become void, and my whole estate shall go to my said brother."

This was an eccentric will; but, we have already said John Marchhare was an eccentric man. It is easy to see that it was left to Alice Marchhare, as she was called, the threefold choice of accepting a husband of her guardian's selection, of remaining single during his lifetime, or of forfeiting her fortune. That it was thus made the interest of Edward Marchhare to oppose any match that might be offered to Alice was a point that probably did not occur to the testator, or, more likely still, he knew his brother better than to suspect that sort of motives would ever sway him in fulfilling a trust committed to his conscience.

Alice had barely reached womanhood when her benefactor died; but when it was known how John Marchhare's will read and the power it gave his brother, suitors swarmed around about the young lady and her guardian, and it is hard to tell to which they were the most obsequious.

George Preston had not waited for the publication of John Marchhare's will as the signal for falling in love with Alice, as several others had done, in spite of her beauty. The truth is, he had been in that state as far back as he could remember. And Alice, we may as well let the reader know, had always liked George.

But when George Preston asked Mr. Edward Marchhare's permission to tender his hand to Alice, the old gentleman shook his head.

"Have you a home to offer her?" he asked, "or means to support her?" he added, before George, in his confusion, could find an answer.

"Perhaps," he continued, giving the young man no time to recover himself—"perhaps you think Alice's fortune sufficient for both. Now, whether she shall have one or not?"

"Is a question I have never stopped to ask," broke in George, indignantly.

"Whether she shall have a fortune or not," said Mr. Marchhare,

certainly never wish to see her wedded to a man willing to be dependent for a living on the bounty of his wife."

"You much mistake me," cried George, with flushed face, "if you rank me in that class. I have strength and energy."

"But as yet they are untried," said Alice's guardian, without waiting for him to finish. "I am willing to put you to the test, however. Return in three years the possessor of \$5,000 saved from your own earnings, and if Alice then consents to hear your offer I shall not oppose it."

George's face brightened. A much severer ordeal would not have daunted him. And when he took leave of Alice though there was no formal plighting of troth between them, he had no misgiving lest the end of three years should not find her faithfully waiting his return.

The allotted time had nearly gone by before George, after many struggles and hardships, had succeeded in laying up the sum which entitled him to appear and claim of Marchhare the fulfillment of his promise.

At a railway station, the last stopping-place on his journey home he went into the refreshment room for supper. He had not half finished the scanty repast when the bell, and the summons of the porters, caused a general commotion and rush for the train. George caught up his overcoat, and followed the rest.

On reaching his destination he was about to draw on his overcoat preparatory to leaving the carriage, when for the first time he discovered that the garment he had brought from the supper-room was not his own. It was similar in color and material, but the attempt to put it on at once revealed the difference. He was thunderstruck at the discovery. In a secret pocket of his own coat was the banknote which had cost him three years of anxious toil, and which represented so many precious hopes.

He wildly ran among the departing passengers, looking sharply at every man he met, as though expecting to find upon him the object of his search. But all in vain; it was nowhere to be seen.

With a vague purpose of advertising everywhere, and telegraphing in all directions, he was hurrying rapidly along, when whom should he meet but Mr. Marchhare!

George's first greeting was to blurt out his loss.

"I am very sorry," said the old gentleman, gravely; "but you know my condition; and with respect to their fulfillment, it seems you are just where you started."

"Give me but another chance," cried George. "I can earn double as much in the same time. I will work night and day to do it."

"Your time is up to-day," said Mr. Marchhare; "and I have promised my old friend, Wells, in the event of your failure, that his son Lawrence may pay his addresses to Alice to-morrow. The young man, though well enough in something of a lisp, and I doubt it, Alice will listen to his suit. Ah, here he comes! Shall I introduce you?"

"Stop! stop! stop! stop!" shouted a flashy back youth, rushing forward and seizing George by the collar.

"What's the matter, Lawrence?" asked Mr. Marchhare, astonished at the proceeding.

"Mistake! mistake! enough, I should say! Why, that the fellow stole my coat! There it is now on his arm."

"Come, come!" interpose Mr. Marchhare; "mistakes will happen sometimes."

"Mistake!" sneered Lawrence Wells. "A very likely mistake, seeing mine's twice the best swont, and his is more than a year behind fashion. I'm almost ashamed to be seen in it; I am, upon my swont. But I'll have satisfaction. I'll call the police!"

After a quick glance at the young man's apparel, George flung aside the coat on his arm, and, placing a hand on each of the sturdy's shoulders, got him out of the one he had on, in a manner more expeditious than gentle. Hastily examining the secret pocket, George found his money safe; and Lawrence Wells was convinced, under all the circumstances, that there had, indeed, been a mistake. Mr. Marchhare took him aside, and explained that his call on Alice must be postponed for the present. We need scarcely add that it never took place.

Franklin's Words of Wisdom.

If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.

What maintains one vice would bring up two children.

If you would know the value of money, try to borrow some.

Not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open.

Want of care does more harm than want of knowledge.

The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands.

By diligence perseverance the mouse eats the eagle's liver.

Now I have a sleep and a row, everybody bids me good-morrow.

Experience keeps a good school, but fools will learn in no other.

Industry need not wish, and in that lives upon hope will die fasting.

For age and want save while you may no morn'ing bread all the day.

Lying rules upon debt's back; it is hard for any empty bag to stand upright.

Work to-day, for you know not how you may be hindered to-morrow.

Long—I wonder if Brown has had any trouble since he moved out West, short. He was continually getting in a tight box when he lived here.

Short—Yes, he has had some trouble. He's in a tight box now, so I am told.

Long—Indeed!

Short—Yes; he's dead and buried.

Discharged Emphyn—Have you any doubts of my honesty?

Employer—Not the least.

Employer—Then why do you discharge me?

Employer—For that very reason.

"Darling, when we are married will you play at home every night?"

"Yes, indeed."

"And I can have a box at the opera?"

"Yes, sweetheart."

"And I can go to all the fashionable balls?"

"Yes, beloved."

"I shall be as happy!"

CANDIDATE BOWSER.

"Well what do you think?" queried Mr. Bowser, as he looked up at me across the supper table one evening.

"You—you haven't been and bought another horse, Mr. Bowser?"

"Horse! Can't you think of anything but horse? I suppose you'll throw that horse up to me to your dying day?"

"I'm so glad you have decided not to buy another! Is it some more chickens, or a new fire escape, or another dog to eat us up?"

He turned pale and refused to say another word for two hours. Then he could hold himself no longer, and he suddenly observed:

"I suppose you will feel proud of the title Mrs. Ald. Bowser."

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. You are soon to be known as Mrs. Ald. Bowser."

"Are you going to run for office?"

"I am. It was all settled this afternoon. I am going to be nominated for alderman of this ward."

"Mr. Bowser, is it possible that you are going to let them lead you into any such foolishness? I thought you had a more level head than that, in spite of your mistakes."

"My mistakes!" he shouted. "I never made one in my life, except when I married you! Level head! I'd like to see someone who carries a more level head than I do!"

"And so you are going to be alderman?"

"If I live."

"But what for?"

"Because it is the wish of the people. My country calls. The committee have canvassed the ward and concluded that I was not only the best man for the office, but the only one who stood any show against the vicious opposition. It is a sacrifice on my part, but the true patriot must sacrifice."

"I'm so sorry!"

"So sorry! For what? Because I have been selected above all others? Because honors have been thrust upon me? Mrs. Bowser, you have never appreciated the man you married, and you probably never will."

"Well, I shan't say any more. I think it is a put-up job to get money out of you, and I know what a gang will be running here after you. It's your own affair, however. Don't blame me if you get left."

"There you go! Always opposed to me! I can plainly see why some men never get along. If I had a wife like some I know of I'd have been Governor of the State long ago. I'm going to run, however, and after the election you'll probably be just mean enough to say you brought it about."

"I didn't say any more. As soon as he left the house next morning I prepared for visitors, and I was not disappointed. He was hardly out of sight before the bell rang, and I opened the door to find a dirty-looking fellow with his hat on his ear who asked:

"Is Bowser at home?"

"No, sir."

"Glad to hear that, don't you? I'd leave my money for me!"

"No, sir."

"I didn't, oh! Party speechman of a candidate he is! Expects me to do all the figuring for nothing, does he?"

"Who are you, sir?"

"Who are I?" he repeated as he



Remember—It is not the 15th that I have built on these days!
Remember—You! Since I have used WOLF'S ACME BLACKING my boots are brighter and longer than before and are always bright and clean.

Wolf's ACME Blacking

Is the Blacking for Men, Women and Children.

The RICHEST BLACK POLISH. Making Leather Waterproof and Durable. No Brush. A Shine Lasts a Week.

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JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
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Huntersville, W. Va.
November 14, 1889.

DEMOCRATIC VICTORY EVERYTHING DEMOCRATIC.

AND WALKOVER FOR THE DEMOCRATS.

South is Faithful to the Democracy of
Jefferson and Jackson.

VIRGINIA.

Virginia gives McKinney a majority of over 42,000. The House
gives 79 Democrats, 14 Republicans;
doubtful, one. The Senate
gives 29 Democrats, 29 Republicans;
doubtful, one. This is the
smallest representation the
Republicans have had in the Legislature
in the history of the State.

OHIO.

Campbell's plurality in Ohio is
over 10,000 and the Legislature will
be Democratic by nine on joint ballot.

IOWA.

Boies, Democrat, elected Governor
of Iowa by 7,000 votes. The
Legislature has eight Republican
majority.

NEW YORK.

New York is Democratic by over
100,000.

NEW JERSEY.

New Jersey elected her Democratic
Governor by over 10,000.

The Democrats make large gains
over the country.

Thanksgiving Proclamation.

The President has issued a proclamation
appointing Thursday, November 28th, as a day of national
Thanksgiving. He says: "A high-
flavored people, mindful of their
dependence on the bounty of Divine
Providence, should seek fitting
occasion to testify gratitude and
scribe praise to Him who is author
of their many blessings. It behooves
us, then, to look back with
thankful hearts over the past year,
and bless God for His infinite mercy
in vouchsafing to our land enduring
peace, to our people freedom
from pestilence and famine, to our
husbandmen abundant harvests
and to them that labor a recompense
of their toil."

He recommends that the day "be
set apart as a day of national
Thanksgiving and prayer, and that
the people of our country, ceasing
from the cares and labors of their
working day, shall assemble in
their respective places of worship
and give thanks to God, who has
prospered us on our way and made
us paths the paths of peace; be-
teaching thus to less the day to
our present and future good making
it truly one of Thanksgiving for
each reunited home as for the na-
tion at large."

SALE OF REAL ESTATE FOR TAXES.

Notice is hereby given that the following described tracts or lots of
land, in the county of Pocahontas, which are delinquent for the non-pay-
ment of taxes for the years 1887 and 1888, will be offered for sale by the
undersigned sheriff, at public auction at the front door of the Court
House of said county, between the hours of ten in the morning and four
in the afternoon on the 10 day of December, 1889, that being the second
Tuesday in the month. Each tract or lot, or so much thereof as shall be
necessary, will be sold for so much cash, as is sufficient to satisfy the
amount due thereon, as set forth in the following table:

NAME OF PERSON CHARGED WITH TAXES	QUANTITY OF LAND.	LOCAL DESCRIPTION.	Total amt of taxes int. cost of pubcom being can't need to red m before sale.	Total amt of taxes int. cost of pubcom being can't need to red m before sale.
EDRAY DISTRICT.				
Armstrong, H. F.	514	Swago.	\$1.07	\$1.32
Arbogast, Benj. (Va.)	358	W. R. & W. E. T. Cr	4.93	5.18
Same	293	W. R.	3.60	3.85
Same	63	Tea Cr. & Elk.	1.11	1.36
Buzzard, L. E.	94	W. Clover Cr.	1.47	1.72
Brown, Dan'l Sr. (col.)	100	Brushy Lick.	1.73	1.98
Burgess, David M.	112	W. Swago.	6.41	6.66
Same	150	Same	1.27	1.52
Camern, Geo. H.	279	Dry Branch	4.39	4.64
Chavons, Jarrett.	100	Brushy Lick.	1.10	1.35
Carter, Lloyd L.	104	Lanrel Cr	2.49	2.74
Clayton R. J.	140	Swagn Knob	1.05	1.30
Dorr, C. P.	4,533	Gauley River.	21.12	21.37
Friel, Israel	210	Gr. River	2.14	2.39
Friel, John	100	W. G. River.	2.80	3.05
Gay, Martha J.	11	Solphur Spr.	1.65	1.90
Hovey, Wm. H.	1,320	W. & C. River.	6.16	6.41
Same	28,500	Lanrel Cr. Wm. R.	123.44	123.69
Same	2,760	Wm. River.	12.34	12.59
Same	2,460	Same	10.61	10.86
Same	1,656	Same	7.52	7.77
Hepler, Sam'l M.	11	Dry Branch	1.57	1.82
Hogsett, Josia T.	60	Old Field Fork	2.55	2.81
Hovey, W. H.	2,050	Gauley River	9.28	9.53
Same	2,450	Same	23.97	24.22
Same	2,450	Same	11.02	11.27
Same	2,216	Same	10.61	10.86
Same	575	Same	2.95	3.20
Same	450	W. Elk	2.29	2.54
Jackson, Wm	100	S. Fork	5.15	5.40
McDonald, Geo. W.	304	Thorny Flat.	16.81	17.08
Same	1,633	Big Spring	88.36	88.61
Same	167	Same	2.28	2.53
Moore, J. B.	14	N. Elk Rv.	.58	.83
Scott, Mary A. (Va.)	683	Wm. River.	9.10	9.35
Smiley, Wm.	1,000	W. Elk	10.00	10.25
Skiles, Janey B.	1	Madlins Bottom	7.22	7.47
Ware, Letitia	80	Pouge Place	1.60	1.85
Williams, Sarah E.	913	Brushy Lick.	1.01	1.26
Whitmore, John H's	339	Big Spring & C.	27.42	27.67
Warwick, J. W. & Hall's H's	361	Clover Creek	4.31	4.56
Same	20	W. Greenbrier.	.66	.91
Same	266	Same	3.76	4.01
LITTLE LEVELS DIST.				
Brasley, Mary J.	80	Brasley's Cr.	2.05	2.30
Cackley, Valentine Est.	206	S. & W. G. Run.	2.58	2.83
Dean, J. P.	87	Mill Run.	1.02	1.27
Gardner, J. A.	38	G. River	1.93	2.18
Hubbard, H. B.	820	L. & L. Run	14.79	15.04
Hubbard, Thos. & Jas. Bidwell	6,877	Pt. of 12,000.	91.23	91.48
Layton, Absolm	205	Droop Mtn.	15.81	16.08
McNeal, Rachel C. & Jas. Beard	38	Droop Mtn.	.98	1.23
McClure, Rachel	50	W. S. Creek.	1.01	1.26
Piles, John	420	Mill Run.	1.01	1.26
Same	230	Steven Ridge	1.62	1.87
Smith, Thos. Est.	550	P. Flats.	8.01	8.26
GREEN BANK DISTRICT.				
Bowers, Geo. W.	460	Lot No. 20 S. Land	1.83	2.08
Same	20	" " 27. " "	.55	.80
Same	400	" " 31. " "	1.62	1.87
Bird, Peter H.	120	All Mtn.	1.28	1.53
Bright, John	40	Station Ridge	1.28	1.53
Chestnut, Wm. & John's Heirs	30	All Mtn.	2.50	2.81
Chestnut, Wm. & Jas. & Jas.	50	Same	3.00	3.25
Campbell, J. B's H's	60	W. G. River.	1.24	1.49
Crouch, H's & G. D. Camden	1,300	Hd. G. Run	10.50	10.75
Devers, John Est.	245	All Mtn.	1.07	1.32
Erwin, Edward Est.	50	Same	1.10	1.35
Kimble, Susan & Ault	140	Hd. G. River	1.70	1.95
McLaughlin, Dan'l Est.	45	Deer Creek	1.48	1.73
Sharp, Jno. Sr. Est.	2,308	All Mtn.	15.53	15.78
Slator, Mary A.	301	Brush Run	5.08	5.33
Smith, Henry E.	2,000	Forks G. River	51.88	52.13
Wilfong, Michael.	317	W. Allegheny	0.17	0.42
HUNTERSVILLE DIST.				
Beard, Joseph, R. C.				
McNeel & Wm. Skeen, }	2,400	Buckley Mtn.	8.31	8.56
Buzzard, J. M., Sampson }				
& Joe Moore }	1,700	All. Mtn	4.70	4.95
Craig, Geo. Est.	24	Adj. Huntersville.	0.33	0.58
Courtney, Geo. W.	111	Buckley Mtn	1.13	1.38
Grimes, David's Est.	277	Thorny Cr.	1.62	1.87
Same	100	Same	.85	1.10
Gammous, Thos. Est.		Ball Alley.	1.11	1.36
Gammou, Jas. Est.		B. Alley, Wm. Craville	.72	.97
Holcomb, Jas.	48	E. Cochran's Crk.	1.80	2.05
Judy, Samuel	554	Adj. P. Run	1.00	1.25
Killey, John Sr. Est.	219	W. Knapp's Cr.	0.97	1.22
McNeel, Rachel & Jos. Beard	2,400	Buckley Mtn	8.31	8.56
Matheny, Daniel	25	Allegheny Mtn	.03	.28
Sharp, Jno. Sr. Est.				
and R. Buzzard, Est. }	608	Allegheny Mtn	2.45	2.70
Shaffer, R. P. G.	15	Buckley Mtn	.50	.75
Townsend, W. T.	100	E. G. River	2.50	2.75
Young, Chas.	189	Madlins Mtn.	.05	.30

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known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
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Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation,
Epilepsy, gives sleep, and promotes dis-
position.
Without injurious medication.
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trol of **HOTEL POCAHONTAS**, it is our pur-
pose to spare no pains to keep just such a
house as the public demands.
Substantial and comfortable accommoda-
tions for all guests.
Horses well provided for.
Charges reasonable.
Try us and see for yourself.
Respectfully,
GEO. W. WAGNER.

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Use Brown's Iron Pills.
A GOOD FLAVOR.

When Baby was sick we gave her Castoria.

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Huntersville, W. Va.
November 14, 1889.

[Continued from first page.]

Party as carries this ward in his best pocket, I am, and if old Bowser don't cum down liberally he gets left. Tell him to come and see me."

Nine times that forenoon I answered the bell to find a ward healer or some other sort of political parasite on the door-step. One of them even went as far as to ask me to pledge Mr. Bowser to vote for him to run one of the City Hall elevators. There were three others waiting for him when he got home to dinner, and I saw him give them money. He came in excited and jubilant, and when I told him what had occurred he replied:

"Let the dear people come! They know that I am the man to do all I can for them if I am elected, and elected I shall be as sure as the sun rises on that day. What do you think? I was talking with a prominent man belonging to the opposition and he said it would be no use for his party to put up a man against me. Bowser stock is way up, hey?"

For a week I lived in a state of miserable agitation. Every hour in the day a ward healer rang the bell, and when he wasn't ringing, it was some man who wanted a sewer or other contract. Every evening the house was full of politicians laying plans and gazzling down my errand wive, and on three nights Mr. Bowser had to "go the rounds" of the ward and "see the boys." On the last night I had to help him up stairs, and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he whimpered:

"Shap, Mrs. Bowser, it just breaks my heart to see how er people love me. They cry fr me, and—I cry fr zhen'l."

This went on for a week, and then the caucus was held to nominate. Mr. Bowser said he would go through by acclamation, but as the boys would expect some sort of speech, not to say a keg of beer, afterwards, he would have to be on hand. As soon as nominated there would be on more healers running after him, and a nomination meant election by a large majority. I didn't say much, but I felt pretty sure how it would come out.

"Along about 9 o'clock he came home. He was running. He also breathed hard and looked white.

"What on earth is the matter now?" I asked as he booged into the hall.

"G—gone!" he gasped.

"How gone?"

"Gone up."

"Mr. Bowser tell me what has happened. You act as if you had met a ghost and lost your senses.

"I didn't get the nomination!" he whispered, his knees quaking so that he had to sit down on a chair.

"Why didn't you?"

"Because they concluded that Mr. Scott was the more popular and the

"Y—yes."

We looked at each other for a long time without speaking. Then I said:

"I thought the dear people loved you, Mr. Bowser."

"Yes."

"You were to be selected above all others and honors were thrust upon you."

"Yes."

"Your country called upon you to down the vicious opposition. You were the patriot who was ready to sacrifice himself."

"Yes."

"How much has this experience cost you?"

"Four hundred."

"Well, you have made a fool of yourself, and I hope it will be a lesson to you. You'd better go to bed."

"I—I guess I will."

At midnight he woke up, sat up in bed, and exclaimed:

"Look here, old lady, I hope you feel better, having accomplished your villainous object?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you defeated me in the caucus! Everybody knows you, and this opportunity for revenge could not be passover. Mrs. Bowser, you have gone a step too far! To-morrow I shall consult a lawyer about divorce proceedings."

"Go to sleep."

"Yes, I'll go to sleep, but don't imagine I shall forget or overlook your base duplicity. I have borne and borne, but this is the end!"

Next morning, however, he made no reference to the matter, and as some of his party made him believe that he had been withdrawn in the interests of harmony, he came home one day to observe:

"I hear that my name is being mentioned for Mayor, but I shan't take the nomination. I prefer to be a plain, humble citizen."

MISSION DOLORES:—"What is your mission here, sir?" asked the old man, with a frown.

"I am on three missions, sir," replied the poor young man, who was also a humorist.

"Well, what are they?" inquired the old man impatiently.

"Permission to marry your daughter, admission to your family circle, and submission to the regulations to your household."

"High!" granted the old man, who was something of a joker himself. "I have one little mission to offer before I conclude any arrangements with you."

"Name it," cried the poor young man eagerly. "I will only be too glad to perform it."

"Dis-mission!" shrieked the old man with a loud, discordant laugh, and the poor young man fell dead at his feet.

"There's Blank over there—let's go and speak to him," he said to his friend as they were waiting at the Third street depot for a train.

"I'd rather not."

"Anything between you?"

"Well, yes. In fact, we have been rather cold for the last six months."

"Indeed! But I didn't know that. Some business transactions, I suppose?"

"Partly. I got the start of him in buying some property at a bargain, and to spite me he went out to Denver, hunted up my divorced wife and married her and brought her back here."

"Is it possible?"

"And he even rented the house next door to me, and she walks past forty times a day with her pug dog. Blank is a pretty good fellow, but he doesn't know when to stop. He ought to have stopped out west after marrying her."

Guard—Now, miss, jump in, there's train going out.

"What induced a married woman of your standing," said the newspaper man, "to leave such a charming family and elope?"

"Because," sobbed the wretched creature, "I had never had a compliment in my life, and I knew if I did something atrocious all the papers would say that I was handsome and attractive."

CONSUMPTION,

IN its first stages, can be successfully checked by the prompt use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Even in the later periods of that disease, the cough is wonderfully relieved by this medicine.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral with the best effect in my practice. This wonderful preparation once saved my life. I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and given up by my physician. One bottle and a half of the Pectoral cured me."—A. J. Edson, M. D., Middleton, Tennessee.

"Several years ago I was severely ill. The doctors said I was in consumption, and that they could do nothing for me. But advised me, as a last resort, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking this medicine two or three months I was cured, and my health remains good to the present day."—James Birchard, Darien, Conn.

"Several years ago, on a passage home from California by water, I contracted so severe a cold that for some days I was confined to my stateroom, and a physician on board considered my life in danger. Happening to have a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I used it freely, and my lungs were soon restored to a healthy condition. Since then I have invariably recommended this preparation."—J. E. Chandler, Junction, Va.

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Piso's Cure for Consumption is also the best Cough Medicine.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE SICK HEAD

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Bitchiness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

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It has permanently cured thousands of cases pronounced by doctors hopeless. If you have preliminary symptoms, such as Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, &c., don't delay, but use PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION immediately. By Druggists, 25 cents.

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Warranted for Five Years.
LOW ARM ONLY \$20

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Huntersville, W. Va.

November 14, 1889.

(Continued from first page.)

party as carries this ward in his vest pocket, I am, and if old Bowser don't cum down liberally he gets left. Tell him to come and see me."

Nine times that forenoon I answered the bell to find a ward-healer or some other sort of political parasite on the door-step. One of them even went as far as to ask me to pledge Mr. Bowser to vote for him to run one of the City Hall elevators. There were three others waiting for him when he got home to dinner, and I saw him give them money. He came in excited and jubilant, and when I told him what had occurred he replied:

"Let the dear people come! They know that I am the man to do all I can for them if I am elected, and elected I shall be as sure as the sun rises on that day. What do you think? I was talking with a prominent man belonging to the opposition and he said it would be no use for his party to put up a man against me. Bowser stock is way up, hey?"

For a week I lived in a state of miserable agitation. Every hour in the day a ward-healer rang the bell, and when he wasn't ringing, it was some man who wanted a sewer or other contract. Every evening the house was full of politicians laying plans and guzzling down my cornet wine, and on three nights Mr. Bowser had to "go the rounds" of the ward and "see the boys." On the last night I had to help him up stairs, and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he whimpered:

"Shap, Mrs. Bowser, it just breaks my heart to see how 'er people love me. They cry 'r me, and—I cry 'r zhem!"

This went on for a week, and then the caucus was held to nominate. Mr. Bowser said he would go through by acclamation, but as the boys would expect some sort of speech, not to say a keg of beer, afterwards, he would have to be on hand. As soon as announced there would be on more heeled runners after him, and a nomination meant election by a large majority. I didn't say much, but I felt pretty sure how it would come out.

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"What on earth is the matter now?" I asked as he hauged into the hall.

"G—gone!" he gasped.

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"Gone up."

"Mr. Bowser told me what has happened. You act as if you had met a ghost and lost your senses.

"I—I didn't get the nomination!" he whispered, his knees quaking so that he had to sit down on a chair.

"Why didn't you?"

"Because they concluded that Mr. Scott was the more popular and the stronger man."

"Y—yes."

We looked at each other for a long time without speaking. Then I said:

"I thought the dear people loved you, Mr. Bowser."

"Yes."

"You were to be selected above all others and honors were thrust upon you."

"Yes."

"Your country called upon you to down the vicious opposition. You were the patriot who was ready to sacrifice himself."

"Yes."

"How much has this experience cost you?"

"Four hundred?"

"Well, you have made a fool of yourself, and I hope it will be a lesson to you. You'd better go to bed."

"I—I guess I will."

At midnight he woke up, sat up in bed, and exclaimed:

"Look here, old lady, I hope you feel better, having accomplished your villainous object?"

"What do you mean?"

I meant that you deflected me in the caucus! Everybody knows you, and this opportunity for revenge could not be passover. Mrs. Bowser, you have gone a step too far! To-morrow I shall consult a lawyer about divorce proceedings."

"Go to sleep."

"Yes, I'll go to sleep, but don't imagine I shall forget or overlook your base duplicity. I have borne and borne, but this is the end!"

Next morning, however, he made no reference to the matter, and as some of his party made him believe that he had been withdrawn in the interests of harmony, he came home one day to observe:

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"Per mission to marry your daughter, admission to your family circle, and submission to the regulations to your household."

"Hgh!" grunted the old man, who was something of a joker himself. "I have one little mission to offer before I conclude my arrangements with you."

"Name it," cried the poor young man eagerly. "I will only be too glad to perform it."

"Dismission!" shrieked the old man with a loud, discordant laugh, and the poor young man fell dead at his feet.

"There's blink over there—let's go and speak to him," he said to his friend as they were waiting at the Third Street depot for a train.

"I'd rather not."

"Anything between you?"

"Well, yes. In fact, we have been rather cold for the last six months."

"Indeed! But I didn't know that. Some business transactions, I suppose?"

"Partly. I got the start of him in buying some property at a bargain, and to spite me he went out to Denver, hunted up my divorced wife and married her and brought her back here."

"Is it possible?"

"And he even rented the house next door to me, and she walks past forty times a day with her pug dog. Blank is a pretty good fellow, but he doesn't know when to stop. He ought to have stopped out west after marrying her."

"Godd—Now, then, jump in, please, train coming on."

"What induced a married woman of your standing," said the newspaper man, "to leave such a charming family and elope?"

"Because," smiled the wretched creature, "I had never had a comfortable life, and I knew if I did something atrocious all the papers would say that I was honest and attractive."

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
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EMULSION
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CONSUMPTION
SCROFULA
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COUGHS
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Wasting Diseases

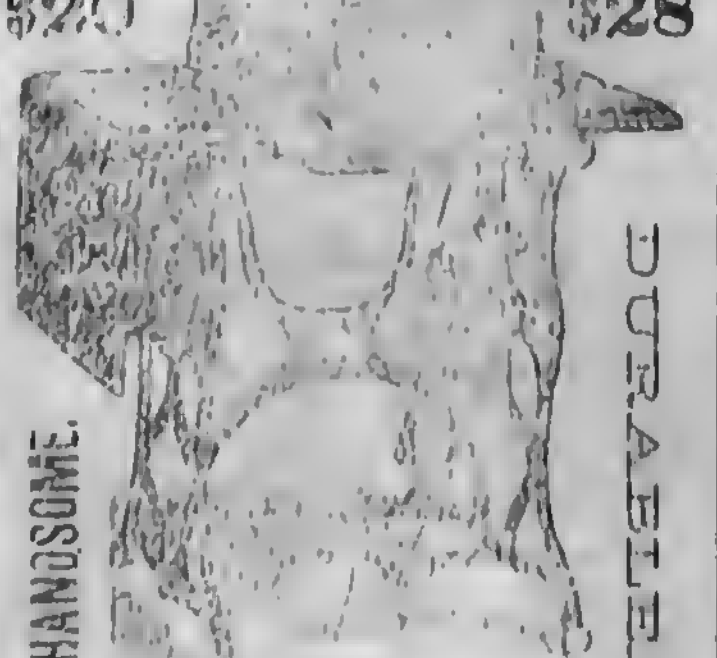
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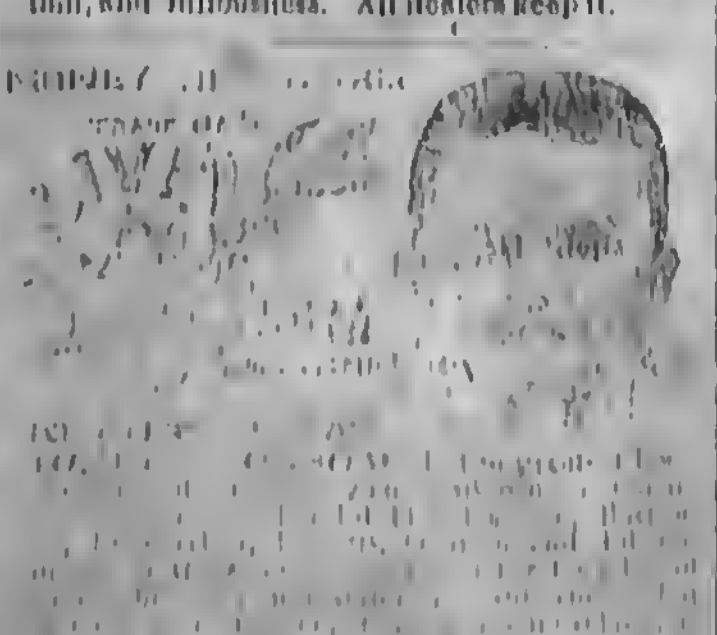
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April, 3rd Mouday in June
Monday in October.
Court convenes on the 1st
January, March, October
Tuesday in July July is

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Huntersville, W. Va.
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adjoining counties, and in
the court of Appeals.

McCLINTIC,

Attorney-at-Law,
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Visit Pocahontas County every
Spring and Fall. The exact
visit will appear in
this paper.

PATTERSON,

Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Foolish Men.



OUR LOVE STORY.

"We had been so happy!" I kept saying to myself—"We had been so happy!" And now it was all over—everything was over for me. He would take what he had chosen instead; but I—

I burst into tears as I sat on the rock by the spring where we had met so often—where I was waiting for him now—but I never faltered in saying to myself: "We must part. He is neither true to me nor to heaven—we must part."

And what was he? Only the village doctor—Benjamin Rue. And what was I? Only a little school teacher. Our united incomes were far less than anything that the wise-actors of society papers declare it "possible to marry on." But we had no fear. He was winning his way, and we loved each other; and, as I began by saying, we had been very happy.

But there had come to Johnstown where we lived, a lady of wealth, who gathered about her a certain little clique of scornful stylish people. They were openly in-fidel in opinion; all that I had been brought up to believe right and good they mocked at. All this would have been nothing to me in my school-house or in my own little room. I might never had done more than notice the handsome dresses of the ladies when they walked out or rode with their attendant cavaliers, and never have asked what their opinions were, but that soon after their arrival Mrs. Norland was taken ill and sent for Dr. Rue. Ben was handsome, well read, full of bright fancies, and ready to enjoy himself at any time.

He relieved the lady of the pain she suffered, and became the family doctor at once. It was a step toward success. Naturally, he did not turn a cold shoulder to his patrons when they offered him social invitations.

From the first he was fascinated by the freedom from restraint in thought and action that prevailed in the house. No doubt I was straitlaced, but what he thought delightful I thought wrong. It seemed to me, from what he said, that Mrs. Norland was a very immoral woman. Certainly she had no religion whatever. When I saw Ben gradually forsaking all I so cling to, when he refused to go to church with me, and began to beg me not to go; when he said, openly, that when we were married I must give all that up; when, at last he began to deny the existence of a Deity, and say, as they did at the Norlands', that man had no soul that all ended here, and that to be happy while we lived should be our only object, my heart sank within me. I loved him so dearly that I was quite willing to marry him if he would let me go in my own way. I believed that my influence and perhaps my prayers might win him back to heaven.

A young man with good principles would surely do what was right at last. But when he began to talk of forbidding me to listen to the good words I heard in church, or even to kneel in prayer at home, I felt that I should do wrong to promise to obey him, and that there

fore—such is the weakness of woman's heart—but that tales reached me that made me feel that he was not true to me.

It was hard for a girl to speak of such a thing as the beginning of her lover's heart by a wicked married woman; but I had no one to speak for me, and with my first words we quarreled. He called me an old-fashioned little Pharisee, and said that my husband would be a slave if I had my way—a slave to superstitions of all sorts; that he was a man, and knew what was right and best; that I need not think that he should never look at a pretty face or take a glass of wine with a friend.

At the moment he was flushed with what he had been drinking at the Norlands'. He said more than he meant, no doubt, but it spurred me on to do what I had resolved to do and at last I said:

"Benjamin Rue, just here where we now sit I promised to marry you; here I take back that promise. We should only make each other wretched for life."

All he answered was:

"No doubt you are right."

And then I took my ring from my finger and gave it to him. He turned away, and I heard his feet amongst the rustling autumn leaves long after I could see him.

And it was all over—all over! And then indeed I wept and wished that I could die just there where I had been so happy.

Time passed, and I grew used to it. As for Ben, he got on well. Fashionable people "called him in." In fact, he was the fashionable doctor of the place, and had an office in the handsomest portion of the town. For my part, I kept my school, and boarded with the motherly old widow who had been kind to me when I first came to the place a stranger.

My happiest day was the Sabbath, which I spent in church, teaching my little ones and attending all the services; and then I tried to think only of heaven and its joys, and to do what good I could. But I cannot say I was ever more than quietly cheerful—the brightness had gone out of my life.

It is natural for young people to look forward to something and to enjoy their lives, and I think that God meant that every girl should have a lover and every woman a husband and children of her own, and that we should all be grateful for the good things he has given us and take our own share.

I might have had lovers—I might have married—but, with all his faults, I could not care for any one as I did for Benjamin Rue; and a wretched thing indeed would married life be without true tenderness. I was on my way to be a splendor.

As for Ben, one day there was a great scandal in the town. He had had a quarrel with Mr. Norland about his wife. More than a quarrel—blows had been struck, shots fired. The woman's character was now entirely gone; their home was broken up.

Mr. Norland sought a divorce and gained it. Respectable people dropped a doctor who had such evil notoriety, and one day I heard that he had left Johnstown.

coming into my life, and I expected to live and die in Johnstown a school-teacher's spinster—Johnstown, of which the rest of the world knew nothing to speak of.

You all know how sadly it became famous and wild day. I shall never forget that day for many reasons.

I had just given my scholars their summer holiday and had my time to myself, and I had been all through the rain to see a poor, sick woman who was quite destitute. The good widow with whom I lived was away, she had gone to another State to visit a married daughter, and the house was lonely. I had heard that Dr. Rue was in the place—that he had come down to see about some lots of ground, almost worthless when he bought them, but lately become valuable—and at every step I half feared, half hoped to meet him. The idleness of my holiday left me time to think of myself, and I was very sorrowful.

As I passed the church door it stood open, and an impulse led me enter.

An old woman was dusting the cushions, polishing the pew doors, and setting books in order in the racks, and I went forward to the front of the church and sat down before a painted window I loved to look at. Jesus, the Shepherd, with the lamb on his arms, smiled on me as though between earth and heaven.

I began to feel a strange peace steal over me—a promise of happiness. My heart went forth to my old love, and for all the pain he had given me I forgave him. I hoped that he was leading a better life and thinking better thoughts.

I remember saying to myself that so I should like to feel on the day of death—loving all men and having no fear whatever of the mysteries beyond this life, whatever they might prove to be.

I think that I had fallen asleep listening to the wind and the beat of the rain upon the roof, when suddenly I was aroused by screams and cries. People came rushing in to the church, crying out in terror. The water was already making a pond of the place, and those who sought safety had climbed to the pulpit or rushed up to the gallery.

As I stood there and trembling an arm seized me about the waist. "The dam is down!" shouted a voice in my ear. I was hurried away up beyond the gallery into the hall tower. The crowd followed us and now we saw the water coming down toward us like a great black wall. Such a sight was never seen before.

I turned to look into the face of the man who had helped me to the loft. I had no doubt as to who he was even before I looked, but when I saw Benjamin Rue I felt happy and had no fear. Death was before me; but he had sought nothing to save me, and in his arms I should die.

"God have mercy on our souls!" said I.

He answered:

"Amen!"

He helped me to a little wooden

that he believed it. He wanted to marry another woman. I have loved you all along; I came back to tell you so and win you again if I could. I am a better man."

All I could do was to answer him, with a kiss, for at that moment the black water struck the church.

Then I was floating, floating—heaven this way and then that; but his arms were always about me. Some broken plank gave us support: I never moved, but I prayed without ceasing; I prayed to be saved with him or to die with him, as was God's will.

And others prayed—prayed earnestly as I—better people—and yet were drowned. Let no vainglorious fancy that my prayer was better than theirs seem to dwell in my heart, for indeed it is not there; but I am humbly thankful that God saw fit to let me live a little longer and that at last, cast upon dry land, we knew that days were given us in which to live together.

It was sad and terrible indeed to stand hand in hand and look upon what seemed almost the destruction of the world. We shall never forget it or be as glad as if we had not seen it, but we were the world to each other after all.

I am Ben's wife to-day, and I believe him to be a good man. As for me, may I know my own faults too well to be severe on any of his I may discover.—Mary Kyle Dallas.

Society Rosebud—"Then you think that Jack cares for me?"

Oh! Stager—"I'm sure of it. His eyes followed you every movement last night."

(Alarmed)—"Gracious! Do you really think he saw all I ate at the supper?"

Mrs. Youngwife (three months after marriage)—"Charlie, dear, let me shave you some time, will you?"

Mr. Youngwife—"No, my darling, I can't trust you with a razor, you might cut your little fingers."

Mrs. Youngwife (three years after marriage)—"Charlie, let me shave you will you?"

Mr. Youngwife—"No, old woman, you'd be sure to cut my throat, let alone spoiling the razor. Take the carving knife and go practice on the butter."

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Huntersville, W. Va.

November 27, 1889.

Jordan is a Hard Road to Travel.

In a word, Jordan is a hard road to travel, and what with the tariff tiger and the pension elephant, it will be simply a mercy of God if the administration gets out of the jungles alive. In six months there will be discord worse confounded. In 12, the surplus will be gone, and the Treasury will be shinningy around to raise the money necessary to defray the expenses of the Government. So, with the vote of Tuesday behind it, and hell itself before, the Republican outlook is about as reassuring as that which faced the gentlemen in the stable, who found himself betwixt the devil and the deep, blue sea.

All things augur well for the Democracy. In the first place, we are right: right on the great questions of the day. In the second place, we have had it out among ourselves, and are a unit in head and heart. And, finally, God has raised us at least three new leaders one in New Jersey, one in Ohio and one in Iowa, so that we are no longer limited to a single State, or individual, for a national standard-bearer in 1892, but may pick and choose from a good field, selecting him, who, as events shall disclose, is fittest to lead and sorest to win.

Let the dead past bury its dead. Turn to the glorious future. The Democratic sun is in the ascendant. Be that sun at once our guide and oriflame as it rises in the Heavens, a sure harbinger of Democratic triumph in 1892.—Henry Waterson in the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Lincoln on Corporations.

"Yes, we may congratulate ourselves that this cruel war is nearly to a close. It has cost a vast amount of treasure blood. The best blood of the flower of the American youth has been freely offered upon our country's altar that the nation might live. It has been indeed, a trying hour for the Republic, but I see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of our country. As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned, and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working up the prejudices of the people until all wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the Republic is destroyed. I feel at this moment more anxiety for the safety of my country than ever before, even in the midst of war. God grant that my suspicions may prove groundless."

The largest family in Wetzel County, W. Va., consists of eighteen persons—father, mother, eight sons and eight daughters.

Miss Mary Glymer, recently wedded to Ex-Secretary Bayard, is thirty-nine years old. Her distin-

SALE OF REAL ESTATE FOR TAXES.

—O—O—O—

Notice is hereby given that the following described tracts or lots of land, in the county of Pocahontas, which are delinquent for the non-payment of taxes for the years 1887 and 1888, will be offered for sale by the undersigned sheriff, at public auction at the front door of the Court House of said county, between the hours of ten in the morning and four in the afternoon on the 10 day of December, 1889, that being the second Tuesday in the month. Each tract or lot, or so much thereof as shall be necessary, will be sold for so much cash, as is sufficient to satisfy the amount due thereon, as set forth in the following table:

NAME OF PERSON CHARGED WITH TAXES	QUANTITY OF LAND.	LOCAL DESCRIPTION.	Total amt of taxes incl. cost of publication being paid by the owner before sale.	Total amt of taxes incl. cost of pub. commission and fee for receipt.
EDRAY DISTRICT.				
Armstrong, B. F.	51 1/2	Swago.	\$1.07	\$1.12
Arbogast, Benj. (Va.)	358	W. R. & W. E. T. Cr.	4.91	5.18
Same	293	W. R.	3.60	3.85
Same	63	Tea Cr. & Elk.	1.11	1.30
Bazkard, L. E.	94	W. Clover Cr.	1.47	1.72
Brown, Dan'l Sr. (col)	100	Brushy Lick.	1.71	1.98
Burgess, David M.	112 1/2	W. Swago.	6.11	6.60
Same	150	Same	1.27	1.52
Camern, Geo. H.	279	Dry Branch	4.39	4.61
Chavons, Jarrett	100	Brushy Lick.	1.10	1.35
Carter, Lloyd L.	104	Lanrel Cr.	2.49	2.74
Clayter R. J.	140	Swago Knob	1.05	1.30
Dorr, C. P.	4,533 1/2	Gauhy River.	21.12	21.37
Friel, Israel	210	Gr. River	2.14	2.39
Friel, John	100	W. G. River.	2.80	3.05
Gay, Martha J.	11	Sulphur Spr.	1.65	1.90
Hovey, Wm. H.	1,320	W. & C. River.	6.16	6.41
Same	28,500	Lanrel Cr. Wm. R.	123.44	123.69
Same	2,760	Wm. River	12.31	12.56
Same	2,469	Same	10.61	10.86
Same	1,656	Same	7.52	7.78
Hepler, Sam'l M.	11	Dry Branch	1.57	1.82
Hogsett, Josia T.	69	Old Field Fork	2.55	2.81
Hovey, W. H.	2,050	Gauhy River.	9.28	9.53
Same	2,450	Same	21.97	24.22
Same	2,450	Same	11.02	11.27
Same	2,216	Same	10.04	10.29
Same	575	Same	2.95	3.20
Same	450	S. Elk	2.20	2.54
Jackson, Wm	100	S. Fork	5.15	5.40
McDonah, Geo. W.	304	Thorax Flat.	16.83	17.08
Same	1,633	Big Spring	88.36	88.61
Same	167	Same	2.28	2.51
Moore, I. B.	12	N. Elk Rv.	.58	.83
Scott, Mary A. (Va.)	683	Wm. River.	9.10	9.35
Smiley, Wm	1,000	W. Elk	10.09	10.34
Skiles, Janey B.	1	Marlin Bottom	7.22	7.47
Ware, Letetia	89	Ponge Place	1.60	1.85
Williams, Sarah E.	91 1/2	Brushy Lick.	1.09	1.29
Whitemore, John Hrs	339	Big Spring &c.	27.42	27.67
Warwick, J. W. & Hilda Hrs	30	Clover Creek	4.31	4.56
Same	20	W. Greenbrier.	.66	.91
Same	206	Same	3.76	4.01
LITTLE LEVELS DIST.				
Brufley, Mary J.	89	Brufley's Cr.	2.05	2.30
Cackley, Valentine Est.	266	S. & W. G. Run.	2.58	2.83
Dean, J. P.	87	Mill Run.	1.02	1.27
Gardner, J. A.	38	G. River.	1.93	2.18
Hubbard, H. B.	820	L. & L. Run	14.79	15.04
Hubbard, Thos. & Jas. Bulwell	6,877	Pt. of 32,000.	91.23	91.48
Layton, Absalom	295	Drop Mt.	15.83	16.08
McNeal, Rachel C. & Jas. Beard	38	Drop Mt.	.98	1.23
McClure, Rachel	50	W. S. Creek.	3.10	3.40
Piles, John	420	Mill Run.	1.91	2.19
Same	230	Steven Ridge.	3.02	3.27
Smith, Thos. Est.	550	P. Flats.	8.01	8.26
GREEN BANK DISTRICT.				
Bowers, Geo. W.	460	Lot No. 26 S. Land	1.83	2.08
Same	20	" " 27 " " "	.55	.80
Same	400	" " 31 " " "	1.02	1.27
Earl, Peter H.	120	All Mtn.	1.28	1.53
Bright, John	40	Station Ridge	1.38	1.63
Chestnut, Wm. & John's Heirs	30	All Mtn.	2.50	2.81
Chestnut, Wm. Jnr. & Jas.	597	Same	3.96	4.21
Campbell, J. B's Hrs	60	W. G. River.	1.24	1.49
Crouch, Hrs & G. D. Camden	1,390	Hd. G. Run	10.50	10.75
Devels, John Est.	245	All Mtn.	1.97	2.22
Erwin, Edward Est.	50	Same	1.10	1.35
Kimble, Susan & Ant	140	Hd. G. River.	1.70	1.96
McLaughlin, Dan'l Est.	45	Deer Creek	1.08	1.33
Sharp, Jno. Sr. Est.	2,308	All Mtn.	15.55	15.78
Shator, Mary A.	301	Brush Run	5.08	5.33
Smith, Henry B.	2,000	Forke G. River	51.88	52.13
Willough, Michael	337	W. Alleghany.	10.17	10.42
HUNTERSVILLE DIST.				
Beard, Joseph, R. G.	1	Buckley Mtn.	8.31	8.50
McNeal & Wm. Skeen, J	2,400	Ally. Mtn	4.70	5.14
Buzzard, J. M., Sampson J	1,700	Adj. Huntersville.	0.33	0.68
Craig, Geo. Est.	24	Buckley Mtn	1.13	1.38
Courtney, Geo. W.	111	Thorny Cr.	1.62	1.77
Grimes, David's Est.	277	Same	.85	1.10
Same	100	Ball Alley.	1.11	1.30
Gammous, Thos. Est.	1	B. Alley, Huntersville	.72	.97
Gannon, Jas. Est.	4	B. Cochran's Crk.	1.80	2.11
Holcomb, Jas.	48	Adj. P. Hrs	1.00	1.15
Jolly, Samuel	554	W. Knapp's Cr.	0.67	0.92
Killey, John Sr. Est.	219	Huckley Mtn	8.31	8.50
McNeal, Rachel & Jas. Beard	2,400	Alleghany Mtn	.68	.93
Matheny, Daniel	25	Alleghany Mtn	2.45	2.70
Sharp, Jno. Sr. Est.	408	Buckley Mtn	.50	.75
and R. Buzzard, Est. J.	15	E. G. River	2.50	2.75
Shuler, R. P. G.	160	Murkin Mtn.	.05	1.30
Townsend, W. T.	180			
Young, Chas.	180			

Recapitulation—State tax, \$278.32; County tax, 301.14; Hdt. Plat. tax, \$204.20. Total, \$784.02.

Any of the above land tracts or lots may be redeemed by the payment to the undersigned Sheriff, before sale, of the amount due thereon. Given

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Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard
S. B. Hannah.
G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE.
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. MCCLINTIC.
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER.
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER.
Att'y.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE.
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Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE.
Atty.-at-Law,
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Will Practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

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Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

D. R. S. P. PATTERSON.
Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL.
"Come on dear," said Amy, putting up her parasol.
"Don't" came, a chubby five-year-old.
"We'll take a stroll up the road, Malcolm," said his young aunt.
"All right," said Malcolm.
They had come, Malcolm and his parents and his father's pretty sister, to pass the summer in Gloster. Gloster was only a hamlet, but it was cool and green and delightful.

"We'll go along by this stone wall, dear," said Amy.
They passed a maple grove; a little, old church, some farm houses, and then came suddenly upon a square, white building, with two doors in front and yellow blinded windows. Out of the doors bare footed children, with dinner pails, were coming.

"A district school" said Amy. "And it looks so much like—But of course you don't remember. Malcolm. You were only two years old."

Smiling in a pleasantly retrospective way, Amy strolled up to the door.

She would have a congenial little chat with the teacher. Probably it was a spinster with a pointed nose, and a shoulder shawl, but—

She and Malcolm went in, and the teacher rose from the desk.

He was hardly a spinster! He was a tall, bright-eyed, dark mustached, indisputably good-looking young man.

"Oh!" Amy uttered.
"Come in!" said the schoolmaster, though they were in.

Amy mastered her courage. It was embarrassing, but after all it didn't alter the case. She would have her congenial talk just the same.

"We thought we'd come in," she said, sweetly smiling. "You see, I taught a term in a district school once myself, and—"

"Certainly," said the master. "I am always glad to have visitors. I'm sorry my school is out."

He hastened forward to meet her, and walked back down the aisle with her.

"I'd have been glad to see it," said Amy—not very regretfully, however. "See, Malcolm, dear, that rat on the blackboard."

"Yes, I illustrate their lessons for my poorer children," said the teacher, laughing. "They like my pictorial efforts."

What a pleasant laugh he had, and what a clearness and quiet in his eyes!

Amy's heart beat a little faster. "It's such work, isn't it, teaching babies?" she said. "I had an infant of three in my school."

"Oh, I draw the line there! But I have them as small as this young man."

He pinched Malcolm's fat cheek. "Malcolm is five," said Amy. "Have you many pupils I had only sixteen."

"Oh, I can beat that! I have forty."

"And you, do it all?" said Amy, her admiring eyes raised to his. "I'm afraid I'm presumptuous to try to have a congenial talk," she laughed, ambiguously. "You see, I taught only one term. I was spending the summer at Hindon, and the teacher was taken sick the first of the term, and I taught it for her. But I'm afraid I did it for him."

matter. I don't know why we can't have a congenial talk."

"Perhaps we can," said Amy, with pretty laughter and a blush. They had it.

Malcolm, sitting close to his pretty aunt on the bench, listened round-eyed, interested if not comprehending.

Amy wondered afterward how ever they drifted from school methods and monthly examinations to the prettiness of Gloster's rambles and the pleasantness of the Clark's front porch, where Amy boarded, and the excellence of their croquet ground. But they did; and they were honestly amazed when the clock on the wall gave its "chick" for half-past five.

They looked at each other in flushed alarm.

Their acquaintance was an hour and a half old.

"I've hindered you?" Amy cried. "You've got lessons to make out, or something."

"I haven't," retorted the teacher, with a bright laugh. "I was going home. I live beyond the Clarks', and I hope you'll let me go with you."

"Come, Malcolm dear," said Amy turning aside her smiling face.

"I don't suppose you will care for my commencement," said the schoolmaster, at the Clarks' gate. "It's day after to-morrow evening. I call it commencement in some irony—it's the mere stepping off of my higher class. Only its something of a celebration, here, you know. Everybody comes, and the school-board and my graduates and I ornament the platform for the occasion, and it's a grand time—for Gloster, but, it wouldn't pay you."

"But I shall come, of course," said Amy, and then flushed for having said "of course."

But the schoolmaster looked happy.

She went up the path in a smiling daze. Indeed it had been a congenial talk—amazingly congenial!

"Yes, Gloster's pretty quiet," said Mr. Clark at the supper table. "I suppose commencement, now, I'll have to host us rest of the summer. I'll be worth seeing, though. We've got a smart teacher as you'll find. Born and brought up in Gloster, too. Phil Oakes was. Ain't but twenty-two. He's puttin' himself through college with his own hands—or his own head. Keeps up with his classes, somehow, right along with his teachin'. Goin' to have a first rate berth with his uncle in Marsden when he's bound to get educated first. He'll amount to something, Phil Oakes! Well, you better go to commence now. You'll enjoy it."

"I shall go," Amy muttered, but, tiring her rail.

Commencement was drawing to a close. The audience, which was large, had listened and applauded, and tossed flowers, and vigorously lauded itself for nearly two hours. The graduates had read their essays, and the chairman of the school board had presented their diplomas and made a short address.

Now it was the turn of the young master, and the audience gave him a little round of cheers as he rose to speak the parting words to the graduates. For Phil Oakes was certain to say something worth listening to.

His speech, was short, but good; terse, but bright and interesting and unassuming. Amy looked and listened. She was with her brother and sister-in-law, and she was rather doubtful as to the thing she intended doing; but she did not falter.

How new he looked! And his bright eyes were turned toward her more than once. And she determined to do it if it was eccentric. She grasped firmly the handsome nose-gay of flowers she had carefully arranged, red and white and yellow roses, with a border of delicate ferns, and as the young master bowed, and sincere applause, she threw it with vigor directly at him.

There was a general laugh at the novel feature, and then a spreading "Ah!" of consternation.

The big bunch had hit the rather rickety lamp on the organ and knocked it to the floor. There was the expected crash of breaking glass; but worse, there was a burst of flame. The oil had caught fire.

Of course there was a panic. Even men, in their first fright, pushed toward the door. Women screamed and children cried.

Everybody was certain that the building would burn, and there was a general rush and hubbub.

But Amy stood still. Her sister-in-law had grown almost hysterical and her brother had borne her out and called to Amy to follow.

But she did not. She stood motionless and watched one figure on the platform.

Phil Oakes had snatched up the carpet from the temporary platform, and was valiantly smothering the flames.

Amy waited. She had done it. If he was really burned—if he was smothered—it would be her fault—hers! And how differently she had meant it! She had been foolish, but surely she did not deserve that her foolishness should be to his injury.

The time she stood miserably waiting—waiting till he should see and come to her, as she knew he would (for he must know from whom that bouquet had come)—the time seemed endless.

When he came, white faced but smiling, the tears rushed to her anxious eyes.

"I was such a goose!" she said. "What made me do it? You are burned—both your hands—and I did it!"

"No, no! A small burn or two—nothing!" said the schoolmaster, looking handsome as he bent to ward her. "Don't think it! I love your flowers, and they are worth it! Are you alone? Let me take you home."

She took his arm. He was not much hurt, and he held her flowers tightly in his hand, and they were going out into the cool night together, and she was almost glad.

For otherwise she would be going home with John and Margaret.

"My sister-in-law was hysterical with fright," said Amy, laughing and half-crying together, and almost hysterical herself. "And my brother took her home. He told me to come, but I—"

"Your brother?" said Mr. Oakes. "Yes."

"And your sister-in-law?"

"Why, yes."

"But I haven't seen them?" he expostulated.

"I can't have seen them," he said.

"I can't have seen them," he said.

ering.

The schoolmaster stopped short, and faced her.

"Is it possible?" he said, solemnly. "Is it possible that that child is your nephew?"

"Of course! What else could he be?" Amy cried.

There was a silence of some minutes.

"I thought he was your—son," said Phil Oakes, almost inaudibly.

"I thought you were a widow,"

"A widow?" she gasped.

She leaned against the fence and laughed until she was weak.

"I was sure you were a widow," he said. "You had on a black dress, you know."

"With yellow bows on it!" she replied in a soft scream.

"And the little boy was with you."

"Oh, yes! Malcolm loves me. And Margaret was away that day."

"And he looks like you."

"Yes, everybody says so."

"And you called him 'dear'?" And I thought he called you 'mummy'."

"Aunt Amy," she corrected, faint with laughter.

"I see," said the schoolmaster, slowly. "Do you know," he added, gazing down upon her, "that it has worried me ever so much? Somehow I didn't like to think of you being a widow. I liked you," said the schoolmaster, rather breathlessly. "I liked you right away. That was a congenial talk, wasn't it? and I—I admired you. But I was entirely persuaded that you were a widow with a young, hopeful, and somehow I didn't like the idea in the least. And my soul I don't know why," said the young man, laughing as he looked down upon her.

And he didn't know, though he blushed as he said it, and thought she of the rose-bouquet had her pretty face turned away.

But he knew later. The summer was long, and the Clarks' front porch and croquet ground were rich in opportunity. When the young schoolmaster went back to college in the fall he left a modest diamond ring behind him. And when, two years later, the bright graduate went to fill a remunerative position in Marsden, he took his young wife with him.—Saturday night.

ONE CENT

Will buy a postal card, on which send your address and get a sample copy of this

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Serial Stories by the best writers complete Market reports, interesting News and Reading Matter for every member of the family, both old and young. Only one dollar a year, or five copies for four dollars.

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To any one who will contract by proof our claim that
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WILL NOT
INJURE LEATHER.
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To make an intelligent test of this, try the following method. Hang a strip of leather in a bottle of Acme Blacking, and leave it there for a day or a month. Take it out and hang it up in dry air and examine its condition carefully. It will be found to be as good as new, and will not be injured in any way. This is the only blacking that will not injure leather. It is the only one that will not injure leather. It is the only one that will not injure leather.

Woolly's ACME Blacking
Makes any kind of leather
WATERPROOF, SOFT, AND DURABLE.

[illegible]

T. Price, was in our Monday.

Varner Esq., of Split to see us Tuesday.

Moore, Esq., of Knapp's in town the first of the

Overholt, Esq., of Acad- the night in our City day.

ey C. F. Moore, was academy last Thursday on business.

ey H. S. Racker, went the Levels this evening (y) on legal business.

Webb, Esq., has had a us case of mumps for passed, but we are glad ble to be out again.

Curry, Esq., and wife of , passed through town their way home from ak where they have been ends and relatives.

on as you discover any the hair or grayness ul- Hull's Hair Renewer to e secretions and prevent or grayness.

's become of the bridge app's creek at this place? 't heard of any one cross- ely. Has the approach i built since the water away last spring? Beck-

y is Thanksgiving, and consider the vast growing our southern states the us, our health, happiness erty and many other s ought to be a day of ss indeed.

. from any cause, the di- and secretory organs be dered, they may be stim- healthy action by the use Cathartic Pills. These prescribed by the best s, and are for sale at all stores.

FOR SALE.—Having red bushels of wheat to r it for the next 30 days 90 cts. per bu. at my Respectfully,
H. M. LOCKRIDGE.

use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla e blood, stimulates the , and im-arts new life to every function of the or nearly half a century, it ned unrivaled as the best icline ever discovered. Be ly a trial.

olings.

ain and mud. school is flourishing under gement of Miss Lulu M. of Green Bank.

mma McAlpin, who has ting in this neighborhood ast week has returned ompaired by Miss Susie

morel that a wedding is ke place in our neighbor-

no. McNeel closed his pro- meeting last Sunday.

Crish Hevener removed his cattle from the Huff- ing this week.

olings.

have seen nothing from ryer for some time we sup- as dead as Billy Mahone. s having all sorts of weath- and, and some of the roads t impassable. We must

at Dunmore when the school is out. Jacob Taylor has gone into the lumber business.

There will be singing at the Bax- ter church Saturday night and mus- ic on the new organ. Come and bring your books. Preaching Sun- day at 3 p. m.

C. B. Swecker, got a load of col- lins and chairs this week.

TRAVELER.

Traveler's Repose Locals.

Mr. Oliver Gum and wife of Mon- terey Va., were visiting Mr. O. W. S. Gum a few days ago.

Mrs. Maggie Hughes and son Charlie of Highland Co., were vis- iting her mother Mrs. Com- fort Houchin who has been quite ill, the past week.

Mr. H. Maleohn and wife of Crub- bottom Va. are visiting their daugh- ter Mrs. Bonnie Burner.

Mr. Lee Burner is off on a trip to Monterey, and Mr. Robt. Kerr to Staunton Va.

A couple of Mormons Preachers passed through this place last week and distributed a few tracts as they went, but did not succeed in getting a building to preach in.

Mrs. Eva Beard, of Green Bank who came to this place to visit relatives last week was taken quite ill at the residence of her brother Mr. Mack Yeager.

Mr. Walker Yeager had the mis- fortune to cut his foot badly, while chopping wood last Saturday morn- ing.

Mr. Charles Pritchard arrived at this place last Wednesday, from Red Creek, Tucker Co., and he and wife are now visiting his parents at Dunmore.

Mr. Kelley, who lives about nine miles from here killed eleven deer in a day and a half last week, also Mr. Willie Yeager of this place killed one last Thursday evening. Your correspondent has not ascer- tained whether the deer was tied, or whether some one held it while Mr. Y. shot it.

L. G. W.

Pocahontas Musical Association.

A very interesting and prosper- ous meeting of this association was held in the Mary Gibson Chapel Oct. 24th, 25th, 1889.

This institution has exerted a very fine influence in promoting a taste for sacred music and devel- oping social amenities in our grand and improving county, wherever its sessions have been held the past six or eight years.

The meeting on Elk was opened Thursday evening by the President Sam'l B. Moore at whose request Wm. T. Price read a scripture les- son, sang a hymn, beginning

"Sweet is the work my God and king To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,

and offered prayer.

There was an increasing attend- ance to the last and the interest taken by the people young and old was extensively gratifying.

Messrs. S. B. Moore, Jacob Smith, John Wangh, Kenney Gay, Wm. T. Price, led the singing, and gave the lectures. Mr. Luther Sharp, a young beginner of marked promise, was induced to lend to one piece, which he did to the satisfac- tion of all.

The presence of Prof. C. B. Swecker one of the founders of the association and one of its most ef- ficient supporters was much valued as well as that of others.

Mr. Ellis Hummah, performed the duties of secretary, with much abil-

and Clark Riders in moving up things with wives to correspond.

H. K. S.

Died.

(From (Ord. Neb.) Democrat of the 14 inst.)

Mr. William Butler Lockridge died at the family residence in Michigan township last Friday, af- ter a long and tedious illness, his bedside being surrounded by his aged father, two brothers, and a few kind friends and neighbors. Mr. Lockridge was born in West Virginia about 33 years ago and came to Valley county in 1884 in company with his brother Lee, and shortly afterward was followed by his father and younger brother Gus. The brothers secured a large tract of land and opened up an ex- tensive cattle and grain ranch, which they have operated since. About a year ago the subject of this sketch took cold from the re- sult of wading the river and was attacked with lung trouble which ran into consumption. He fought this dire monster manfully, but without avail. During the entire period of his sickness he seemed mindful of its fatality and demean- ed himself with great patience and forbearance, and never for a mo- ment appeared despondent. Some time before his death Mr. Lockridge united with the Ord Presbyterian church and went down to the val- ley and shadow of death professing full and complete faith in the sal- vation of mankind. His remains were interred in the Ord cemetery Sunday afternoon. Rev. Pearce conducted the religious exercises, making a short but pathetic ad- dress at the church upon the life and character of the deceased.

William Butler Lockridge was a quiet, unpretentious man, yet his kindly smile and cordial hand- shake gave token of his great large heart and liberal mind. In busi- ness he was the soul of honor, mak- ing practical application of the gol- den rule in every transaction with his brother man. He came west to lay up for himself riches. That he succeeded in doing this we all know. Let us hope that in the later days of his all too short life he at- tained those spiritual riches which the world cannot give nor take away.

Deafness Can't be Cured.

by local application; as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eus- tachian Tube. When this tube gets in- flamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is en- tirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal con- dition, hearing will be destroyed for- ever: nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an in- flamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by cat- arrh), that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

WASHINGTON LETTER

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 22.—Presi- dent Harrison now has an oppor- tunity to show how sincere he was when he intoned the civil service law. In his hands has been placed a report of the civil service com- mission showing the violation of the law, by republican officials by the collecting of money for the Ma- hone campaign fund. The Commis- sioners say that their report is un- compromised by evidence which leaves no doubt of the guilt of the parties

slous is up to snuff when it comes to getting around the Civil Service law. Here's a specimen case: the first or second day the commission- er was in office he promoted a watchman to be superintendent of the Pension office building, this week the same man was transferred to a high grade clerkship and a new man was made superintendent. Wasn't that a slick way of making the watchman a high priced clerk without submitting him to a civil service examination? Is it any wonder that people here who are necessarily familiar with such cases as this should consider the whole civil service business, as at present conducted a farce? Mr. Baum has also developed another trait pecu- liar to republican officials—that of looking out for their families has created a new division in his office and appointed his son to be its chief at a salary of \$2,000 a year.

Now that Secretary Proutier has resigned the presidency of his Ver- mont marble company, he will be able to devote his entire time to the War department and in the laying of wires to succeed Senator Morrill.

The Speakership contest, although very quiet, is developing a great deal of bad blood among the re- publicans. Representative Cannon and his friends are extremely bitter against Reel, and are striving hard to bring about a combination that will defeat him, in fact that is the only reason that Cannon ever be- came a candidate. He has never had the remotest chance of being nominated, and no one knows it better than himself, but he has not yet given up the hope of "downing" Reel. McKinley, who would be hooked on as the winner if Reel was out of the way, is leaving a light made on him from several quarters. Senator Quay says that McKinley shall never be Speaker if he can prevent it, and he thinks he can. Foraker too, it is said, is bringing the little influence he has to bear against McKinley. It grows worse as the time approaches for the holding of the caucus, all of which is very embarrassing to the democrats, for it makes it absolute- ly certain that no objectionable leg- islation will get through the House as long as this flickering among the majesty lasts.

President Harrison promised a committee of the National conven- tion of Commercial bodies, which called on him this week, that he would consider the question of rec- ommending to his annual message the adoption of a national bankrupt law.

The proposition of Mr. Arkell, Russell Harrison's partner, to pay \$1,000,000 for the privilege of put- ting an advertisement on the back of postage stamps will be rejected. Uncle Sam does not believe in run- ning opposition to the newspapers, which he considers the best, and the only legitimate advertising me- diums.

There seems to be a narrow house somewhere in the republican un- chine, or else United States Treas- urer Hamilton, who during the Pres- idential campaign was chairman of the Indian republican state com- mittee, would hardly have taken pains to use the language he did, when he appointed Miss Tanner, daughter of the deposed "Turp- iple" to be his private secretary, just after Mr. Baum, her father's suc- cessor had accepted her resignation of a similar position in his office.

House shut up in danger of being called ungrateful?

Between the candidates for speaker and the candidates for the smaller offices under the House, the republican Representatives are having a hard time, and it is not to be wondered at that they are slow in turning up.

Mr. Carlisle will receive the dem- ocratic nomination for speaker of the House. No other man has ev- er been thought of in this connec- tion.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Mrs. she clung to Castoria.
When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

Advice to Mothers.
Mrs. Winslow's *Worming* should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to take. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of J. B. Hannah dec'd.

At the request of C. F. Moore and L. M. McTintie, Administrators of J. B. Hannah, dec'd, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said J. B. Hannah dec'd, for ad- judication to me at my office in Hun- tersville on or before the 15th day of January 1890.

Witness: James J. Warwick Jr., Commissioner of accounts of Pocahon- tas county, this the 12th day of Novem- ber, 1889.

JAMES W. WARWICK, Jr.,
Com'r of acc'ts of P. C.
Nov. 14-89. Printer's fee \$0.75.

Staunton Marble Works.

If you want head stones Marble and granite Monuments etc., etc., you can do no better than to buy from

G. C. COOPER, agent,
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Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at reasonable prices.

A CARD.

To weak nervous and debilitated men suffering from the errors and indiscre- tions of youth, Early Decay, Lost Man- hood, Varicocele, etc., we will send a remedy guaranteed to effect a speedy cure. This great restorative was dis- covered by an eminent London phys- ician whose life work was devoted to suffering humanity in the hospitals of the world's metropolis, and will be cheerfully sent to the unfortunate. Send now. Address, The Arton Medi- cal Co., Washington, D. C. (Sole agents for America.) Del. R. A. yr.

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Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Clk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.

Com'r Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard
S. B. Hannah.
G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is term.

C. F. MOORE,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER,

Att.-at-Law & Notary Public,

Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

Attorney-at-Law,

Lewisburg, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.

Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,

Atty.-at-Law,

Beverly, W. Va.

Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

F. J. SNYDER,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.

D. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

D. S. P. PATTERSON,

Physician & Surgeon,

Huntersville, W. Va.

A BOON to Housewives.



The furthest and working man who have been out in the mud all day can wash their boots clean before entering the house. They will be soft, polished and dry, & dressed with

Wolf's ACME Blacking

Makes bootcleaning easier. Saves sweeping and scrubbing. The boots will wear a great deal longer, will not get cold and hard in severe water or rain, and will be

The Queen of the Gnomes.

Nobody would ever have imagined that Peggy Leamington had a will of her own, or that she was anything but a charming little thing of the feminine flotsam and jetsam cast by the relentless sea of circumstances upon the barren shores of existence. Her mouth was irresponsible, her eyes anything but determined looking, yet in Peggy's case appearances were decidedly deceptive. She had an undeniable will of her own; luckily for her and for the querulous old mother dependent upon her exertions.

Poor Peggy's life had been one tumultuous struggle ever since her father died. He had left his wife and daughter penniless; and even that was not the full extent of their discomfort. Mrs. Leamington felt that she had appearances—the bane of existence—to keep up; in fact, she was perfectly willing to live in threadbare meanness, if she could only succeed in convincing the world that she was basking in the comparative sun of luxury.

Peggy had sewed industriously night and day for a large wholesale shop that paid her but a miserable pittance, yet afforded her the means of keeping from the door the wolf—*that* terrible black master—the cruel extorter of so much blood-money. Mrs. Leamington saw her little flat ever bright and pretty, she ate many a luxury that Peggy pathetically pretended she herself didn't like, there not being enough to "go round." Her life was as free from care as an unselfish little daughter could make it.

Then there was Jack—Jack Radfington. Since he had come into Peggy's life things have been much more endurable. He had met the little lady at the house of her school friends, and Peggy's bluenose looks and azure eyes had charmed the susceptible young man. He didn't think he was susceptible, however. No man does. Peggy, with as much dignity as nineteen summers could command, had asked him to call and see mamma.

"I am sure you would like her," she said, after she had met Mr. Radfington several times at this accommodating friend's house. Then she added, wickedly: "You can come and see her often, you know—when I'm out."

Peggy did not have many opportunities to indulge in those little harmless coquetries so necessary to many women. Stern realities claimed her almost entirely. The butterfly caprices of life seemed to have flitted past her. Cold, solid facts remained. Try and be coquettish, young woman, in the presence of these facts, if you can. Jack Radfington called at Mrs. Leamington's modest apartments. He called once reluctantly; then again, with less timidity; finally he spent his almost every evening there, and seemed to enjoy it, too. There is no use beating about the bush and pretending that it was Mrs. Leamington's brilliant conversation that enchanted him. That would be assured for two reasons. First, because the poor old lady when she spoke at all talked of nothing but the better days she had once known, and, second, because she was generally impolite enough to sleep long before Mr. Radfington took his departure. Peggy was the attraction. She listened to all Jack's stories, sympathized with his plans for the future, and while she plied her needle

delightful evenings. The study little flat was a far-extending paradise; the dreary little clock a cruel, inconsiderate time-slayer.

Then the night came when Jack asked Peggy to be his wife, and she in her enthusiasm utterly ruined a dainty lace ruffle that she had been manipulating.

"You must wait for me, Peggy," he said, looking at her blushing, coy face. "The governor has promised to raise me as soon as ever I step into Smith's place, and then Peggy—we'll have a flat larger than this, and your mother shall live with us—and—and—oh, Peggy, shall we not be happy?"

Peggy actually shed tears of joy as she looked upon the glowing picture painted by the anticipative imagination of Mr. Radfington. Might he exact a lover's privilege and take a kiss? Peggy crimsoned at the question, but nevertheless held up her pretty face a very kissable distance and Mr. Jack made not the least ceremony. Two days later an unpretentious little engagement ring encircled Miss Leamington's pretty finger.

The girl sat thinking of all those pleasant moments one cold, dark afternoon when the days had slipped away from autumn and were speeding winterward as rapidly as possible. Since her engagement nothing but ill luck seemed to have fallen to her lot. The very next day she had received a letter from her employers at the large wholesale shop that had kept her, supplied her with work. Business was very bad, said the letter, and orders had been given to reduce expenses. Perhaps at some future time the services of Miss Leamington might be needed, but at present—

It was hard, very hard, Peggy felt completely flayed. What could she do? She could not remain more than a fortnight without work. If she did, the small hoard of savings that she kept as an emergency fund would be exhausted.

She trotted patiently downtown and visited each of the big stores, determined to obtain work by some means. But the polite answer she received on all sides rendered argument impossible. She had thought of making some sort of desperate appeal to those frigid advocates. But once in their presence and she found it impossible. Reasoning was out of the question.

"Leave your address" was the only blunt volunteer, and what blunt that is to the workseeker!

On her way home from this discouraging quest, her eyes were attracted by a glowing poster, lithely lighted by a neighboring lamp. In big fine letters the announcement was made that a glittering spectacle would shortly be presented at Kibler's Garden, with "hundreds of beautiful girls and hundreds of able workmen." A sudden inspiration came to Peggy. She had been to the theatre but twice in her life and knew very little about it, but she had seen girls much uglier than she was, jabbing in stage crowds and playing small, unimportant parts. If only she could get a chance in one of the "hundreds of beautiful girls!" It would pay her better than the sewing and it would be a pleasant change. Without giving herself time for reflection she went there and then to the stage door of the big theatre and asked to see the manager of the company that was to give the production.

alert and answered all questions with a self-assurance that evidently pleased the gentleman who put them.

He apparently liked her appearance, and he smiled with a sort of gratitude when she said she couldn't act, and wasn't at all accomplished, because managers very rarely meet that kind of person. Applicants for positions on the stage are nearly always the greatest people on earth—in their own estimation.

"I will give you a chance, young lady," he said at last, "and will cast you, for a small part called the Queen of the Gnomes. You have but a few lines to speak, and leave finished at the end of the second act, when you can go home to your mother."

For Peggy had told this kindly-looking manager everything. She was delighted at her luck and went home "on air." It was not till later, when her mother had fallen asleep over her knitting, that Peggy began to feel a little doubtful. She would not dare to tell Mrs. Leamington what she was going to do. The old lady had a perfect horror of theatres, and, after all, Peggy reflected, it would not be necessary to divulge her secret. She could look for work in the shops every day, and then when she found it she could resign from her queen-ship of the gnomes. It was absolutely necessary that she earn money. Starvation stared them in the face without it.

And Jack—no, she could not tell Jack. Mr. Radfington would certainly not care to imagine that his affianced wife was every evening a queen of the gnomes for the benefit of a critical public. Poor Peggy! She rebelled at the idea of deception. It is easy to be frank and straightforward when there is no reason why you should be otherwise. One thing she remembered with joy. Jack was obliged to work every night now. He would not miss her. They could spend their Sundays together just the same as ever. So Peggy went to rehearsal, and was pronounced entirely competent. The work was very distasteful to her; the people with whom she came in contact disgusted her. But she associated with them as little as possible, and was careful to avoid giving offense.

Peggy's trials began during the first week. The King of the Gnomes persisted in persisting her with attentions. He was a very objectionable creature, and she tried hard to let him see that she thought so. She refused to murmur in Jack's ears, old Jack—but there she was without a soul in this world to whom she could tell her troubles. In her principal scene with the King of the Gnomes she had to roar from his face a blank veil which he wore, and manifest astonishment at his features which she was supposed never to have seen before, having married him by some weird elf. The King always seized this opportunity to smile sweetly and to press her hand affectionately as possible.

One night as she reached her home, she was going to her room, tired and discouraged, when, standing in the parlor, with an angry pallor on his face, she saw Jack, in an agony of apprehension she tried to mentally formulate some excuse for her absence before she went to him, but he gave her no time.

this time of night! Where have you been?"

Peggy was silent. Her load of woe seemed really greater than she could bear.

"I asked your mother," Jack went on, looking into her tear-dimmed eyes, "and she told me that you were out every night now, working. Is that true?"

"Jack"—Peggy gulped down a big sob—"how do you think we should live if I didn't work? Do you suppose we have an income or—or—that it—it rains money."

"No, dear," he said, tenderly stroking the smooth little head, and the light of deepest compassion in his eyes—which she couldn't see. "I know you go to work, but I do not believe that you still do the sewing as your mother thinks. Am I right?"

Peggy moved away from him, indignantly.

"I refuse to answer," she declared. "You have no right to question me. I am old enough to do as I think best. When I am your wife you can command me, but until then—no."

"Won't you trust me, Peggy?"—very diffidently.

"I cannot—just yet."

Peggy cried bitterly when Jack had gone. Of course, he had the right to question her, but she resented his interference. Then she was afraid of his anger when he learned what she was doing. But men were so inconsiderate, she thought. They would sooner hear of a woman starving than working for her livelihood. If Peggy had applied to Jack he might have helped her, but the independent little lady would have cut out her tongue rather than apply to the young man.

The idea of work next night sickened her. She went to the theatre depressed and ill. Queen of the Gnomes! How utterly silly the term queen sounded applied to herself. She felt she was the most inferior gnome in the gathering. Then the thought of meeting the King face to face again! How horribly it was. Was life always to be as dark and unpleasant as it seemed just now? Peggy denied her black goblin attitude with the strongest inclination she had ever felt to tear it to pieces. She was thankful that she had not been called upon to be one of the smiling radiant fairies. She could not have suited upon this occasion.

The curtain rose upon the dark, auditorium mired, where the gnomes had their home. Peggy was thinking of Jack all the time. If only she had told him what she was doing! She would have told more at her ease, at any rate. This weight on the conscience was killing her. She would tell him tomorrow. Further concealment was utterly impossible.

She felt better after she had come to this determination and moved herself for her work in the second act when she had to meet the King of Gnomes. She had not seen him behind the scenes at all tonight. Usually he was a most determined manager, although he was not obliged to appear until the second act.

And there he was. As she saw him approaching she turned away in an irrepressible ecstasy of repulsion. He did not attempt to come near her, strange to say. He stood at one wing while she waited at the other. A feeling of grat-

A few drummers in the city lately.

Rice Moore, Esq., of Danmore, was in our town Sunday.

Everybody should attend the sale of real estate for taxes next Tuesday, Dec. 10th.

Attend the sale of real estate for taxes in front of the Court House at this place next Tuesday.

Our young friend N. C. McNeel, Esq., of Buckeye was in to see us last Saturday.

The mail is now coming in from Millboro at 12 m. instead of at night, a half a day later.

Thanksgiving is over, and the gobbler that was gobbled, will gobble no more.

Wm. H. McAlister, of Warm Springs Va., spent Tuesday night and part of Wednesday in town.

Gay Shaven, Esq., who has been in town for several days past has returned to his studies at the Hillsboro Academy.

Hunt up wash up and hang up your stockings for providence permitting, Santa Clause will be here about the 25 of this month.

Joe McNeel, Esq., and Freddie Beard, of Academy came up to our city Saturday and returned Monday.

Albert Sharp, Esq., will run a steam saw mill on Allegheny Mountain near Rider's this winter for Mr. H. M. Lockridge.

Mrs. S. L. Brown, and Mrs. J. R. Shaven, of this place are visiting friends and relatives at Green Bank.

We acknowledge a pleasant call from Mr. B. H. McCormick, of Grand, Pa., who has been in this county for sometime, surveying the St. Lawrence Lumber Co's lands.

Mrs. Susan Barr, living on Brown's mountain about two miles from this place was paralyzed entirely on one side, on the 26th. instant is now in a very precarious condition.

I use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral freely in my practice, and recommend it in cases of Whooping Cough among children, having found it more certain to cure that trouble than any other medicine I know of.—So says Dr. Bartlett, of Concord, Mass.

Auburn Friel, Esq., who has been working on a saw mill on William's river for a year past, will start with Mr. Jno. Peters to New York, shortly to resume the same occupation.

Miss Lillie Friel, of near this place, who has just finished a four months school on William's river, has gone to Traveler's Repose to teach another.

To strengthen the hair, chicken the growth stop its blanching and falling out, and where it is gray to restore the youthful color, use Hall's Hair renewer.

N. A. Williams & son, photographers, are closing up business in Huntersville with the intention of going home to Penna. to spend Christmas.

In this issue will be found Commissioners' sale of real estate of C. Antlman & Co., vs. Jacob B. Wamsley and others of several thousand acres of very valuable land in Randolph Co., and a part in this Co., and will be sold at public auction at the front door of the Court house in said Randolph Co., on the 3rd day of January 1890.

We learn from the Greenbrier Independent that Wm. E. Leonard, a most worthy and estimable young man of Lewisburg, died in that town on Nov. 23rd, aged 33 years 3 months and 11 days. He held the position of Teller in the Bank of Lewisburg for a long time.

Mr. C. F. Moore was up at Danmore the first of the week and returned Tuesday accompanied by his brother Harry.

The fountain of perpetual youth was one of the dreams of antiquity. It has been well-nigh realized in Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which purifies the blood, gives vitality to all the bodily functions, and thus restores to age much of the vigor and freshness of youth.

Lost.—A revolver, on Dec. 2nd between Marlinton bridge and Huntersville. A reward will be paid the finder by leaving it at THE TIMES office.

EDWARD RUTLEDGE,
Mail carrier.

Locals from Hillsboro.

Miss Rella Clark has returned from Split Rock, and is conducting a school near this place.

Mr. John Bolton is moving back to the village, so Hillsboro can boast of another family.

The M. P. S. Society, of H. T. School has again resumed its meetings: Miss Mary Beard, President; Miss Annie McNeel, Vice Pres; Miss Delia Edgar, Secretary and Miss Rose Shearer Treasurer.

Mitchell heard was through town Monday last. We suppose he found the magot that so much attracts him.

Hillsboro Division No. 14 has rec'd notice of a promised visit from Mt. Lebanon Division No. 19, next Saturday night, December 7th.

Thanksgiving has passed, and was quietly spent in Hillsboro.

The Quarterly examinations of H. T. School are just over.

JUSTITIA.

Danmore Doings.

On the sick list—Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Carpenter, Mrs. H. N. Moore, Miss M. M. Wakeman and Isaac Daugherty.

Mrs. David Snyder and daughter and Sam'l Grogg, Esq., and wife, of Crabbottom, were out last week on a visit.

Mrs. Chas. Prichard and wife, are home again; they spent the summer in Tucker Co.

John B. Wilson and Jas. Blag, of Doe Hill, Highland Co., were out on a visit last week.

Phil Edmiston has moved into his new house.

The Messrs. Rayburs are making big improvements in String town.

Prof. J. T. Little came very near cutting his thumb off.

The new organ of Baxter church is said to be a fine instrument. Singing Sat. night, come and bring your books.

TRAVELER.

Green Bank Items.

Mrs. M. P. Shaven and daughter Mrs. S. L. Brown, of Huntersville, are visiting relatives in this vicinity.

The hunters are making good use of the time the law allows them.

Wm. H. Hall and W. A. Glauwell shipped 20 whole deer last week.

We hope the sheep in this vicinity will be undisturbed for a while as Dr. C. L. Austin has dispatched nearly all the dogs.

Mr. B. M. Arbogast is building a dwelling on his farm near Haven's mill, and we learn, will move his blacksmith shop there also, where he will hereafter wield his hammer.

Misses Mary Brown and Hattie Patterson, of this place are off on a visit to Ohio hill.

The Organ for the Presbyterian church at this place arrived last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Arbogast of Cheat Bridge are visiting relatives in this neighborhood.

We had a splendid sermon, Thanksgiving day, by Rev. W. H.

home Sat. by the illness of his mother, who we are sorry to learn is no better.

PAULINA.

Buckeye News.

Any one would think from the dignity of Mr. Robert Whitlow, for the last few days, that he had suddenly become a millionaire—but it's only a boy.

Mr. D. H. Ken, who is teaching school at Willey's Mill, was home Thanksgiving day on a visit.

Mr. J. H. McNeill of this place is working for Whiting and Deming.

The two schools at this place are flourishing under the careful and able management of Messrs. N. C. McNeill and D. T. McNeill.

Whooping cough is raging in our neighborhood.

Mr. John Wellford has been quite ill for the past week or so but is better at this writing.

Rev. Anvil, Pastor of the M. P. Church, commenced his protracted meeting here last Sunday.

Rev. Morgan, Pastor of the M. E. Church, closed his meeting here last Friday night, and left for Elk where he holds his next meeting. The meeting here resulted in the conversion of three souls and several penitents were left at the altar.

The young people of this vicinity have organized a Society called "The Copernican Literary Society of W. Va." And we are gratified to note the interest manifested by the most sprightly of our young people, and the co-operation of some of the older and best citizens of the neighborhood. Long live the Copernican and success to the members.

Success to THE TIMES.

LUCIAN.

Obituary.

"Alas! how changed that lovely flower
Which bloomed and cheered my heart;
Fair fleeting comfort of an hour,
How soon we're called to part."

One of the most pathetic incidents that has recently come to the writer's notice was the sudden decease of little Minnie Lightner aged five years, youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Lightner near Green Bank, Nov. 5th.

This was a kind of rare promise and was idolized by her parents and greatly beloved by all friends and acquaintances of the family. Her mother had taught her to sing portions of the hymn.

"Little ones like me" and the little daughter was often heard repeating them with her sweet voice.

So incidents was her disease that no fears were entertained until a few hours before she closed her eyes in the last sleep, gently hoping away.

Her death having occurred in the absence of her fondly attached father, rendered the affliction still more mournful.

Nevertheless "It is well with the child." Her spirit is gone to be with Jesus, and her little form rests near her loved grandfather, waiting for the resurrection morn.

"Hope looks beyond the bonny of life
When what we now deplore;
Shall rise in full immortal prime
And bloom to fade no more.

Could then fond nature, deem thy tenure
The meyer dwells on high;
Thou overleaping spring appears,
Thou joy shall never die."

W. T. P.

Deafness Can't be Cured.

by head application; as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rattling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; unless covered and all are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

I will give you Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for cheap literature free.

E. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Terrible Conflagration

In Lynn and Boston, Mass. and Elsewhere.

Lynn, Mass., the shoe city, was visited Nov. 26th, by the third largest fire that has ever visited New England. It wiped up a square mile of the business part of the city. Consisting of bank buildings, newspaper offices, factories, churches, homes of workmen &c. The loss is estimated at \$10,000,000.

Boston

On Nov. 28, fire broke out in Boston and leaves six business blocks of that city in ashes. Loss about \$5,000,000.

Manington, W. Va.

The Manington woolen mills, one of the largest and most complete in the State was totally destroyed by fire on the 26th inst. Loss \$18,000.

Leesburg, Pa.

A fire broke out in that town about 6 o'clock on the 26th inst., destroying a large portion of the town. Loss about \$80,000.

WHEAT FOR SALE.—Having five hundred bushels of wheat to sell, I offer it for the next 30 days for cash at 90 cts. per bu. at my grumery. Respectfully,
H. M. LOCKRIDGE.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The cornerstone of Dr. Talmage's new Tabernacle in Brooklyn, N. Y., will be taken from Mars Hill in Athens, Greece, on which Paul, the Apostle, preached.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Wm. L. Brown's baby should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer from the pain, calms sleep, and the little cherub awakes as bright as a button. It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Coughing

Is Nature's effort to expel foreign substances from the bronchial passages. Frequently, this causes inflammation and the need of an expectorant. No other expectorant or medicine is equal to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It soothes Nature in rejecting the mucus, allays irritation, induces repose, and is the most popular of all cough cures.

"Of the many preparations before the public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred diseases, there is none so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For years I was afflicted with colds, followed by terrible coughs. About four years ago, when so afflicted, I was advised to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and to lay all other remedies aside. I did so, and within a week was well of my cold and cough. Since then I have always kept this preparation in the house, and feel comparatively secure."

—Mrs. L. L. Brown, Denmark, Niles.

"A few years ago I took a severe cold which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed all night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved my lungs, to induce sleep, and afforded the rest necessary to the recovery of my strength. By the judicious use of the Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected."—Thomas Fairbank, a Hockingham, Va.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of J. B. Hannah dead.

At the request of C. F. Moore and L. M. McNeill, Administrators of J. B. Hannah, dead, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said J. B. Hannah dead, for adjudication to me at my office in this town, on or before the 15th day of January 1890.

Witness my hand at Harwick, Va., December 1st, 1889.

JAMES W. WARWICK, Jr.,
Admin'r of estate of J. B. C.


Nov. 14-89. Printer's fee, D. T.

Staunton Marble Works.

If you want head stones, Marble and granite monuments, etc., etc., you can do no better than to buy from

G. T. COOPER, agent.

A. R. SMITH,
Academy, W. Va.



UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at reasonable prices.

A CARD.

To weak nervous and debilitated men suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, Early Decay, Lost Manhood, Varicocele, etc., we will send a remedy guaranteed to effect a speedy cure. This great restorative was discovered by an eminent London physician whose life work was devoted to suffering humanity in the hospitals of the world's metropolis, and will be cheerfully sent to the unfortunate. Send now. Address, The Acton Medical Co., Washington, D. C. (Sole agents for America.) Oct. 21-1 yr.

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A reliable paper that I can safely take into my family.

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A paper which represents a high ideal and sound principles.

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Reliable Market Reports, Reliable quotations of farm products, Live Stock Markets, Financial & Commercial.

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Positive and accessible information on Political, Social, and Moral Questions.

I WANT
The cream of the best literature in New York and elsewhere and weekly papers to let me know what they think of matters.

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Good reliable farm and garden articles written by practical men.

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To know something of the home life of the American people and their life, thoughts and experiences.

I WANT
Pleasant moral stories for the young people, that the children may look to a paper as they do for a friend.

I WANT
Stories of interest for the fathers, for we too, like our boys of leisure.

THIS IS WHAT I DON'T WANT

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Long, tedious news articles. This paper doesn't ask to be read.

I DON'T WANT
News of local interest. I want to know what is going on in the world.

I DON'T WANT
Stories of interest for the fathers, for we too, like our boys of leisure.

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WE ANSWER

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY WITNESS
EVERY TIME.
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Huntersville, W. Va.
December 5, 1889.

[Continued from first page.]

Five minutes later and she was upon the stage, and the time for the travelling of the King had arrived. Peggy trembled at the idea of again suffering this wretch's brutal smile, of feeling his hated arms around her waist. Well, she reflected, it could not be helped. She must be patient. After this week she would submit to such indignity no longer.

With an effort she tore from his head the veil, and then recoiled without looking into his face. The dreaded moment was at hand. His arm was around her waist. He was unnecessarily close. It was horrible. It was—

In a frenzy of wrath she looked up, words of burning indignation on her lips. They were never uttered. The color fled from her cheeks; her eyes were rounded with a vast surprise; her breath came and went most alarmingly; she would have fallen but that the King held her firmly and masterfully in his arms.

And in this King she recognized her own Jack Ruffington.

"How did you manage it, Jack?" asked Peggy, excitedly, as they were in the street, on their way home.

Jack laughed. "Dearest girl, he said, 'did you imagine that you could have done anything for any length of time without my knowing it? A week ago I called at your house and found you out. I made your mother promise not to tell you of my visit. Next night I discovered what you were doing—no matter how. Last night I gave you an opportunity to confide in me. No, you were too self-willed. So I puzzled the thing over, and finally decided upon this scheme. I know the stage manager of the company, and also the manager. It appears that the fellow who has played the King of the Gnomes left suddenly after last night's performance. They have engaged somebody for Monday. I persuaded them to let me go on to-night."

"Oh, Jack!" exclaimed Peggy. She could say nothing more.

"Well, Miss Leamington."

"Will you ever forgive me, Jack, for my deception. I am very awful I know; but, but—oh! I had to do it!"

Mr. Ruffington put his hand into his pocket, and pulled out an envelope. From this he extracted something that looked like a check, and presented it to Peggy.

"That," he said, "is a receipt for one month's rent in advance of a lovely little flat in Harlem, beginning from the first of next month. I've been 'raised,' Peggy, and—"

"What, Jack, dear?" asked Peggy, innocently.

"Can't you guess?"—bashfully. "You've been 'raised' you tell me."

Peggy, and Jack, "with you as my wife, if you will."

Then, although they were in the street, he gave her a tender, unmistakable kiss—a most disgraceful proceeding—she, a willing accomplice, raised not the least objection. Luckily it was very dark and the neighborhood was deserted.

"You haven't given me my answer," said Jack at last.

"Well," declared Miss Leamington, "as you have secured the flat and paid the rent in advance, I don't really see why you can't take my answer for granted. But for the sake of formality, Jack, I will say yes. I should not like your plans to be spoiled by such a trifle as—a wife."

A business man and financier of the first rank is so absent minded that he occasionally forgets to go to his lunch. His customary hour for this meal—when he remembers it—is 2 o'clock.

The other day, quite absorbed in business, he worked steadily on until 4 o'clock, and then began to have a quite natural sense of emptiness and yearning in his stomach.

"Dear me," he said, musingly, applying the flat of his hand to his waistcoat, "I wonder what I ate for lunch that disagrees with me."

Singly—"Got the dead wood on the shoe-black just now, Bogg."

Bogg—"How?"

Singly—"Rung in a lead quarter on him, and skipped while he went for the change."

Bogg—"Was it that red-headed boy with the big ears?"

Singly—"Yes."

Bogg—"Thought I saw him trying to put up a job with the boy who struck you for a Times. How much did you give him?"

Singly—"Why, he'd a dol—Grent Scott! I've got the same lead quarter back."

Mr. Blunder (visiting studio)—Aha that's awfully good, by Jove. What interesting subject to paint those old tramps are. Such rattling strong color, you know. This one seems to be a regular old soak—got an awful look on him—regular "terrible example" for a temperance lecturer. Where did you pick him up?

Mr. Brush (the artist)—Oh—a—that—oh—that's a portrait of myself I've been working on lately.

A friend of mine was visiting in the family of a well-known Maine man not long ago. A lovely flax-haired child of 6 years, the pet of the family, attempted to open a door, which stuck. She pulled and pulled, but could not move it.

"D—n it!" they were astonished to hear her say, as she gave a supreme tug and the door yielded.

"Why, what do you mean Ma?" exclaimed the horrified mamma.

"That's the way papa opens it," said Ma, innocently.

First Democrat—Talk about the morality of the Republican party! Look at their Vice-President! Running a bar in Washington! Second Democrat (better posted)—That turns out to be a mistake. There isn't going to be any bar in the Vice-President's building. First Democrat (Indignantly)—No bar? Is he going to run one of those dashed temperance hotels?

Three generations back, or more, two grand-pas had a fray; Their grandsons still are in it, just as actively to-day. First one on this side bites the dust, and then one falls on that, And year by year they cultivate the game of "tit for tat."

"I guess I guess I take advantage of Buwery Swell—Gansy again."

She—What under the sun makes broken-down widowers so anxious to marry again? He—Practically because they want to get repaired.

"Any fellow that comes along can get the pull on you," said the doorstep to the bell handle. "Not till he has walked over you," was the bell handle's retort.

"I don't feel at all well this morning," complained the Finny Man belonging to one of our daily contemporaries. "Take Bunsby's Blood Burner," replied the Managing Editor, "it's warranted to remove all bad humors."

When men are condemned to be executed, for some time previous to the fatal day they seem to be given to sportiveness. However there is one pastime in which they are not permitted to indulge, and that is skipping the rope.

Lady Visitor—"I'm going now, Tommy; wouldn't you like to walk home with me?"

Tommy—"No, I'm afraid I couldn't keep up."

"Could not keep up? Why child?"

"'Cause I hear folks say 'you're rather fast.'"

SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL
AND HYPOPHOSPHITES
Almost as Palatable as Milk.

So dissipated that it can be taken, digested, and assimilated by the most sensitive stomach, when the plain oil cannot be tolerated; and by the combination of the oil with the hypophosphites is much more efficacious.

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Cough Medicine.
If you have a Cough without disease of the Lungs, a few doses are all you need. But if you neglect this easy means of safety, the slight Cough may become a serious matter, and several bottles will be required.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh
Catarrh
Hold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE SICK
Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEADACHE
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE
is the base of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail. CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

PISO'S CURE
FOR CONSUMPTION.
It has permanently cured thousands of cases pronounced by doctors hopeless. If you have promontory symptoms, such as Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, etc., don't delay, but use PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION immediately. By Druggists, 25 cents.

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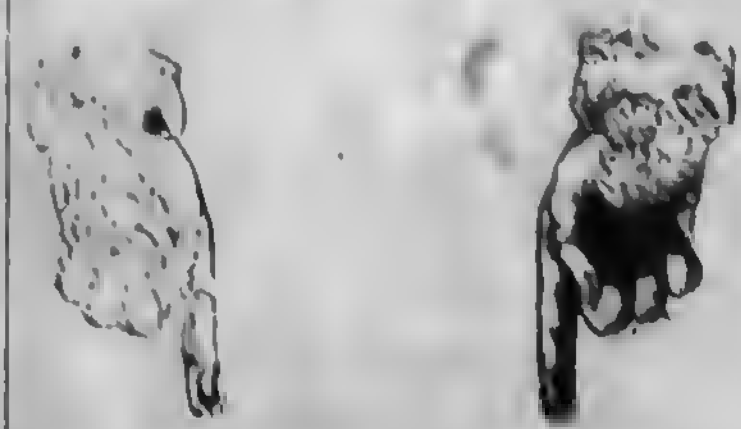
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POGAHONTAS
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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, December 12, 1889.

Terms of \$1.00 PER YEAR.

No. 21.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Clk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'r of Co. Ct., C. E. Beard.
S. B. Hannah.
G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,

Attorney-at-Law,
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Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER,

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Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

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Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,

Atty.-at-Law,
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Will Practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

F. J. SNYDER,

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Huntersville, W. Va.

D. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,
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Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

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THE OLD STOVE.

"Nancy!" said Mr. Moppet.
"Sir?" responded Nancy.
Mr. Moppet was coming in from the garden path. Nancy, with plump white arms bared to the elbow, was washing the breakfast dishes in a deep pan of hot soap-suds.

Mr. Moppet was a hard featured elderly man, with whitish blue eyes, a straggly fringe of white beard beneath his square chin, and a bald cranial. Nancy was fresh colored and bright eyed, with silky tendrils of auburn hair drooping over her freckled forehead, and a certain dimple perpetually playing at hide and seek on her left cheek. The two completely realized Shakspere's ideal of "Crabbed Age and Youth."

"I'm a goin' to town," said Mr. Moppet. "You won't need to bile no pot victuals for dinner. Wasto makes want. A cup o' tea and a biled egg and what's left o' yesterday's pork and greens—that'll be all you need."

"Yes, father, acquiesced Nancy. She was thinking of something else all the while.

"And, talkin' 'bout eggs," added Mr. Moppet, "you may take four dozen up to Peach Farm. Mrs. Wixon wants plenty on 'em to make cake for her niece's party. Better go early this morning."

Nancy colored scarlet under the alarm rings of hair.

"Can't I send 'em up by little Bill Becker, father?" said she. "Webster Wixon will be there, and—and I don't like Webster Wixon, with his red nose and his compliments."

Mr. Moppet frowned.

"Nancy," said he, "don't be a fool. I can see through ye, like ye was a pane o' glass. Webster Wixon's a well-to-do man, with money out at interest, and you'd oughter be tickled to death that he's took a notion to you."

"But, father—"

"Not another word," grumbled Mr. Moppet. "I know jest exactly what's comin'. It's that foolish nonsense about Absalom Parker, that I hoped you'd got over long ago. Absalom had'n't no property, and ain't like to have none, and no daughter o' mine ain't goin' to marry your Grandfather Atkins' hired man not if I know it."

He paused with this multiplicity of double negatives. Nancy sat her small, pearl-white teeth together; her eyes flashed with hazel fire. It was a clear case of true love versus money.

"Take them eggs straight up to Peach Farm," reiterated Mr. Moppet, shaking his forefinger at Nancy, "and don't argue the point no farther. I'm your father, and I know what's best for you!"

"But your going right past the Wixons' door."

"No, I ain't neither. I'm goin' the Horn Hill Road. I've been appointed by the Supply Committee to buy an alright wood stove for the church," he added with some complacency. "The old one's rusted clear out, so there's danger o' fire every time its used, and the brethren have subscribed twenty dollars for a new one—bestways, a second-hand one, if its just as good."

Webster Wixon, a full, middle-aged bachelor, was out helping to gather the October apples on the north side of the house when Nancy came up. He made haste to welcome her.

see."
"Here's your eggs," spoke Nancy, earnestly.

"Sit down a spell, won't ye?" stammered Mr. Wixon.

"I'm in a hurry," said Nancy.

"But, Nancy—"

"My name is Miss Moppet sir!"

"I've got something very particular to say to you, Nancy," urged the middle aged snail.

"I'll have to keep," said Nancy.

"I've got to go right home."

"Can't I walk with you a piece?"

"I'd rather go alone," she persisted.

"Nancy—Miss Moppet—I must speak!" blurted out the old bachelor. "I love you better'n all the world! I want to make you Mrs. Webster Wixon! There, that's what I had on my mind! And your good father, he says it would suit him exactly, and—"

Nancy wheeled around and faced her eager swain.

"Is it me, or father, you're a-courtin'?" said she.

"Why you, of course!"

"Then take my answer—No!"

And without waiting for the return of her basket, she hurried away, her cheeks blazing, her breath coming quick and fast.

"Father'll be awful mad," she thought, "hot I'd sooner die than marry that man!"

Webster Wixon stood a minute gazing after her in crestfallen silence; then he went back to apple harvesting with an ominous compression of his lips.

"The madder she gets the prettier she looks," thought he. "Well, time will show. Brother Moppet says she shall be my wife, and that ought to count for considerable."

Mr. Moppet drove leisurely on to Horn Hill, drove an excellent bargain for a highly ornamental wood-stove, after having successfully interviewed every hardware dealer in town, and set forth to return with it in his wagon just at dusk.

"It's a warm day for the time o' year," said he, "and it's easier travellin' for the horse neter dark. It ain't a bad day's work, come to think on't, I hunt Brother Piper down pretty well on the price, and it's worth a dollar'n half to cart the thing home over those bumpy roads. They owed twenty dollars for it, and I got it for fifteen. Takin' my time and wheel wear and horsefeed into consideration, I guess I won't say nothin' about the old five dollars. Business is business. It's a proper pretty pattern, too—thistle leaves and wavy. I'll like one the more fasten in my best room, and—why shouldn't I have it? There's that second-hand stove Granther Atkins took for a debt from Salom Drabb. It's just about as rusted away in his back wood shed. I'll fetch it home tomorrow and black it up, and let Elder Menahan suppose I got a bargain from somebody, and I'll have the new stove for myself, and nobody'll be none the wiser, now that Granther Atkins has confided in him and with crept'n paralytic and Absalom Parker's up in the wood shed, choppin' down trees for winter firewood. It's a good idea. I'm glad I happened to think of it!"

He drew rein up to the Atkins house. All was dark and quiet there save the one red light that burned in old Mr. Atkins' bedroom.

At that identical moment, and he had known it, Absalom Parker—the old man's general timidity—

of his own place, talking to pretty Nancy among the purple hollins and quilled asters.

And it was no difficult task for a man of John Moppet strength skillfully to lift the old stove out of its place in the outer shed into his wagon.

"Git up, Prince," he muttered to his horse, shaking the reins, and away they went.

Elder Menahan was not quite satisfied with the bargain. The church brethren, too, would have preferred a new stove, considering the money they had spent; but Brother Moppet was a man in authority, and they were compelled to acquiesce in his choice.

Nancy was delighted with the new acquisition for the best room.

"Oh, isn't it pretty?" said she.

"Yes," nodded Mr. Moppet, rubbing his hands, "it'll sort o' dress up the room for your weddin'."

"My wedding?"

"Jest so. I've arranged matters with Webster Wixon, and—"

Nancy burst into tears, and ran out of the room.

Mr. Moppet glared balefully after her.

"She shall marry him," muttered he, "or she shall be no daughter o' mine! I won't be set at defiance by— Why, helloa, Absalom Parker, what brings you here?"

"Mr. Atkins is took wuss this afternoon," said Absalom, standing at the doorway, like a rustic Apollo.

"Wants to see ye—right off!"

It was a Saturday afternoon. As Mr. Moppet drove by the church door, he saw the load of wood being delivered for the first fire of the season.

"Jest in time!" said he to himself. "There's a frosty feel in the air."

Grandfather Atkins lay among his pillows, like a wrinkled ghost.

"John," said he, "all I've got in the world is yones; but I think I'd ought to tell you where I've hid it, since the bank robbery gave me such a scare."

"Certainly, certainly!" said his son-in-law, with eager eyes, like those of a bird of prey.

"I've hid it away—"

John Moppet placed his ear close to the pallid lips.

"Six five-hundred-dollar bills—"

"Yes, yes—go on!"

"Folded up in an old number of the Horn Hill Gazette—"

"An old number of the Horn Hill Gazette—I understand!" repeated Moppet.

"In the old stove out in the shed!" gasped the old man. "I knowed nobody wouldn't be likely to look there. It's yones, John, Moppet—every cent of it. And mind you, don't spend it in no extravagance!"

So speaking, the old miser closed his shuttles and went where there is neither money nor counting of money.

John Moppet uttered an exclaiming blue-ey as he examined the lighted match he had put to the crumpled papers in the stove, to make sure of a draught when it was put up in the northwest corner of the church—the race of the breeze through the lengths of this slim pipe. In his excellent management he had contrived to over-

reach himself.

He went home and sat all the evening in a sort of stupor, with his hand to his forehead.

Nancy dashed about her house, huddled about her many-eyed eyes of surprise.

"I didn't know he thought so much of Granther Atkins," murmured she.

"Six times five is thirty—six times five is thirty," mused Mr. Moppet, rocking to and fro. "Six five-hundred-dollar bills! Three—thousand—dollars—and all gone up climbby in one breath o' wind and me as done it! I shall go crazy. I shall lose my mind. Three—thousand—dollars! It's a judgment on me. I've been a miserable sinner, and cheated the church. I've tampered with my own conscience. Six five-hundred-dollar bills! Oh, Lord, there ain't no calculation what a miserable sinner I've been!"

As the old kitchen clock struck nine, Absalom Parker came in, bringing with him a gust of fresh, frosty air.

"Evenin' Squire," said he. "I'm sort o' lookin' up the watchers. Spose you'd like to be one of 'em? But I'd like to speak a word to you first."

"If it's about Nancy, it ain't no use, said Mr. Moppet, roasting himself to the affairs of the world with some petulance.

"It ain't about Nancy," Absalom answered, with a smile. "It's about Mr. Atkins' money."

Mr. Moppet gave a start.

"Oh, you needn't jump so," reassured Absalom. "It's all safe."

He took a flat parcel out of his pocket.

"Count 'em," said he. "Six ain't there?"

Mr. Moppet stared at Absalom Parker as Aladdin might have stared at the Genii.

"How—where?" he stammered. Absalom gave a low chuckle.

"Flash!" said he. "Don't speak loud. I seen the old man hide 'em there, like a human magpie as he was. I knowed it wasn't safe, so I quietly took 'em out, arter he'd had that last stroke, and locked 'em in his black leather trunk up in the garret. And you may thank me that they wasn't all burned up in the first fire you lighted in that identical stove!"

Mr. Moppet turned a purplish red.

"You know about that stove?" said he, with a gasp.

"It wasn't likely no such conspiring could go on about Mr. Atkins place, and me not know it," said Parker, drily. "The stove wasn't of no great consequence, though, except for old iron. I guess the church folks'll get sick of it before a great while."

Mr. Moppet drew a long breath. "What they do," said he, "I'll make 'em a present of a brand-new one. And, Absalom—"

"Yes, Mr. Moppet?"

"You won't say nothin' to nobody?"

"No," said Absalom, "I shut one o' the talkin' sort."

"And, Absalom—"

"Yes, Mr. Moppet?"

"Since you and Nancy really are attached by each other—"

"Were just that, Mr. Moppet."

"I don't see no objection to your gettin' married this fall," said Moppet, with an effort. "You may tell Nancy that she has my consent."

Nancy shed a shower of happy tears when Absalom told her the good news.

But he never imparted to her the story of the money. As he himself had remarked, he was not one of the talkin' sort."

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JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

December 12, 1889.

A young brakeman was knocked off a train and killed while passing through a bridge near Moundsville the other day.

A man in Wheeling the other day deliberately crawled under a moving train.—It is scarcely necessary to say that he died.

The editor of a newspaper in Germany is on trial in that country for stating that Emperor William rode in a second-class car.

Chas. W. Tisdler a young man was arrested a few days ago in Taylor Co., charged with the brutal and mysterious murder of Jacob Morgan about 18 months ago on Bushy run that Co.

Judge Thomas C. Greene, of the West Virginia Supreme Court, died at his home in Charleston the 4th inst., at the age of 78. He had been on the bench since 1875, and was regarded as one of the ablest jurists of the country.

Cyrus Fillmore, brother of him once President, died at his home near Lagrange, Ind., Monday, of typhoid fever, at the age of 87. His wife, aged 85, is dangerously sick. A son of the ex President died a short time ago at Buffalo.

Some negroes in Wheeling a few days ago while in a barbor shop thought they would have some fun out of a sleeping negro by pouring a pint of Alcohol over him and lighting it, which resulted in burning him very seriously and may die. They have been arrested and their practical joke may land them in the penitentiary.

One of the keepers in the Raymond Street, New York, Jail made a census of the prisoners to ascertain how their opinions stood as to the guilt for innocence of John Greenwald, condemned to die for murder, and whom Governor Hill refused to reprieve. All but two of the 348 voted him innocent. The inquiry was not so absurd as it seems, as it shows how crime sympathies with crime and can always be expected to protect it when that is possible.

WASHINGTON LETTER

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, December, 9.—Senator Vance is in dead earnest in his fight on the lambing civil service law. He thinks it ought to go and he has the courage of his convictions; hence he has introduced a bill in the senate providing for its repeal and he says it is his purpose to force a vote upon it if possible during the session. If there is anything done in this matter it is more probable that it will be accomplished by failing to make the necessary appropriation for the support of the commission than by a direct repeal of the law, though the latter course would be much more costly.

No better or blinder leader could be found, and experience will soon show that it is far better to have one man in control than a committee of fifteen, as was at first proposed.

It argues well for future democratic success in the House that one of the republican caucus nominations—Rev. C. B. Ramsdell for Chaplain—was defeated at the organization of that body, and the old Chaplain, Dr. Milburn re-elected.

Speaker Reed is having a high old time trying to satisfy the wants of his republican colleagues in the matter of committee chairmanships. It is extremely doubtful whether the committees will be announced before the Christmas recess.

Mr. Harrison has gone to Chicago, and it is stated at the White House that he will go to Indianapolis before returning home.

David J. Brewer, of Kansas, has been nominated to be associate Justice of the Supreme Court. He has been United States Judge, of the eighth Kansas circuit since 1884. Little is known of him here further than the fact that he is a nephew of Justice Stephen J. Field. The republicans do not fancy the appointment much, but there is no open opposition, and Mr. Brewer will probably be confirmed by the Senate.

Eight columns of solid nonpareil without a single original idea. That's the feat accomplished by President Harrison in writing his annual message to Congress, and the manner of presentation is equally as hackneyed as the ideas presented. Never, during an experience in Washington covering the administrations of five Presidents, has your correspondent seen a Presidential message fall as flat as this one has. The message will make Mr. Harrison no friends, and with the exception of the absurd paragraph relating to politics in the South, will make him no enemies. Mr. Blaine's worst enemy will not accuse him of having had any hand in the preparation of this message, for whatever else Mr. Blaine may be, he is always original and brilliant. More republicans than ever, now refer to Mr. Harrison as Hayes.

The House adjourned from Tuesday to Thursday.

Three Federal election bills have already been introduced in the Senate, two by Mr. Spooner and one by Mr. Sherman. Mr. Chandler's bill applying only to some of the Southern States will also shortly be introduced in the House. All of which is a useless waste of time on the part of these gentlemen, for if there are any one thing upon which the democrats of the House are thoroughly agreed, it is that no Federal election Bill shall go through the House.

Mr. Randall has not yet been able to resume his seat in the House. He thinks he is well enough to do so but his physician positively forbids it.

The District bill, which caused the great dead lock in the last House, has been again introduced in the Senate. The bill is certain to pass Senate, but owing to the large number of new members in the House its fate there is not so certain, although the probabilities are all in favor of its passage.

The national wool growers association has been in session here this week. Its members feel somewhat alarmed at the outlook. They fear that the demand for free wool that is constantly being made by eastern manufacturers will at last have its effect upon Congress. They are afraid of Reed, who is believed to squint towards free wool, and will not feel relieved until the republican members of the House

OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Randolph county, West Virginia, rendered on the 28th day of September, 1880, in the suit in equity of C. Huffman & Co. vs. Jacob S. Wamsley and others, And three other causes, heard therewith, the undersigned, on the 3rd day of January, 1890 at the front door of the Court House of said county, will offer for sale at auction to the highest bidder the following described tracts of land:

50 acres, 50 acres, 500 acres, 110 acres, 125 acres, 508 acres, 180 acres, 71 acres, 2,000 acres, 182 acres and 30 acres owned by Jacob S. Wamsley; no much of the 125 and 110 acre tracts as was not embraced by the conveyance from said Wamsley to Jacob Cronch will be sold; and so much of the 180 acre tract as was not embraced by the deed from said Wamsley to Edgar D. Wamsley will be sold. The two tracts of 50 acres each and the parcels of the 180 acres, the 125 acres and the 110 acres, not conveyed as aforesaid, together with the 71 acres and the 41 acres compose what is known as the home farm of the said Jacob S. Wamsley and is situate on the Tygart's Valley River in said county. The 500 acres adjoins the said farm and is principally unimproved. The 508 acres is situate in said county on Elkwater. The 2000 acres, the 182 acres and the 30 acres, adjoining each other and are situate on the waters of Greenbrier River in Pocahontas Co. and known as the "Hamilton Place." And the 10 or 12 acres lying on mill creek, Randolph county between lands of L. C. Conrad and S. M. Wamsley and the 50 acres, Andrew Wamsley land, situate on said creek owned by Melvin Curran; And the 113 acres and 107 acres owned by Patrick Crickard, and being the same lands conveyed by him in trust to Leland Kittle; and the 94 acres, 34 acres and 2 acres owned by Phoebe A. Crickard and being the same lands conveyed to her by James Moyers. The five last named tracts compose what is known as the Patrick Crickard home place, situate in Randolph county on the Tygart's Valley River near Huttonsville. A plot of the lands to be sold composing the home farm of the said Jacob S. Wamsley, as well as the lands of the said Patrick and Phoebe A. Crickard will be made by the county Surveyor and exhibited at the sale. The home farm of the said Jacob S. Wamsley is largely improved, with barn, two dwelling houses, other but buildings and orchards thereon, partly composed of the finest river bottom, with good uplands and in a fine state of cultivation. Upon the said 500 acre tract there is valuable timber, accessible to the Tygart's Valley River. The 508 acres on Elkwater has on it about 300 acres of fine sod, the richest soil and a good quality of timber. Upon the said "Hamilton Place" there is about 300 acres henced, about 100 acres of which is in sod and produces the finest blue grass. The residue of the land is very rich soil with limestone and first class timber, such as cherry, ash, hickory, &c., the 10 or 12 acres, Curran land is improved and the 50 acres is partially improved and is of rich soil with a very fine orchard of young and well selected fruit trees thereon. The said "Patrick Crickard Home Place" except the 113 acres is principally improved land of the finest river bottom, upon which is a new dwelling house, other out buildings, a good orchard and is in a high state of cultivation. The 113 acres lies on the east side of the Tygart's Valley River, from the improved lands, is good soil, upon which there is the finest timber, such as white oak, poplar, &c. Such an opportunity for the purchase of valuable timber and improved lands at judicial sale is rarely offered in this section, and parties desiring to make investments in this beautiful valley with the prospects of further development by the extension of the railroad facilities, will do well to investigate the properties to be sold.

TERMS OF SALE.

Said lands will be sold for five per cent of the purchase money cash in hand and the residue in equal annuities upon a credit of 5, 12, 24 & 36 months with interest from the day of sale and purchased to give notes with good security for the deferred payments.

Cyrus H. Smith, Special L. D. Strahan, Complainers. I certify that bond and security has been given by the above named complainants as required by the decree of sale.

W. H. Wilson, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Randolph

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eruptions, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.



4 MILES NEARER 4

OUR LIQUOR IS FOUR MILES NEARER

C. D. LAM, formerly of Mt. Grove, Va. and M. O'FARRELL, have established a

LIQUOR AND GROCERY STORE

At the foot of the ALLEGANY MOUNTAIN on the Warm Springs and Huntersville Turnpike, and will handle a full line of first class

WHISKIES, WINES & C., at from \$2 to \$4 per gallon, also GROCERIES, CIGARS, TOBACCO & C.

We respectfully solicit a fair share of patronage of the public, and guarantee satisfaction in every particular.

A. M. McCLINTIC & Co.,

(Successors to Fudge & McClintic.)

Mt. Grove, - - Va.,

—DEALERS IN—

All brands of

LIQUORS,

At from \$2.00 to \$3.50 per gallon. Orders filled promptly.

Also a full line of general Mercandise.

Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods before you purchase elsewhere.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,

GEO. W. WAGNER, PROPRIETOR.
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Having lately purchased and assumed control of HOTEL POCAHONTAS, it is our purpose to spare no pains to keep just such a house as the public demands.

Substantial and comfortable accommodations for all guests

Horses well provided for.

Charges reasonable.

Try us and see for yourself.

Respectfully,

GEO. W. WAGNER.

W. H. TYREE,
Late of Staunton, Va.

JOS. E. ROLLINS,
Late Asst. Quarter M., Valley Bank, Staunton, Va.

TYREE & ROLLINS,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

DRUGS, TOBACCO CIGARS, TEAS, SPICES, PAINTS OILS, & C.

Sole Owners of the Famous Tyree Club Cigar and Staunton Belle Chewing Tobacco.

ALL ORDERS WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

NO. 234 FRONT STREET,

Charleston,

West Va

FOR SYMPHONY
The Hibernia Iron Works.

JOHN FLOWE

— FOR THE —



POCAHONTAS
TIMES,

Every man in the County should take it, and patronize home industry. It sustains your rights, and works for the advancement of your county, which no city paper will do. It gives you the news from all parts of the county, which you could not get otherwise. It furnishes matters of interest to the Merchant, Farmer and Mechanic. It keeps you posted and gives you information, on all general news, and its sections and Miscellaneous are fit for all ages.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year in advance	\$1.00
If not paid within 6 months	1.25
And at the end of the year	1.50

AND IF YOU NEED



Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Drag Envelopes, Tags, Business Cards, Official Blanks, Blank Bonds, Posters, Briefs for the Court of Appeals etc.

GET THEM AT "THE TIMES"

art. A. N. Campbell.
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arts, J. J. Beard.
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C. E. Beard
S. B. Hannah.
G. P. Moore.
Geo. Baxter.

URTS.

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Monday in June
October.
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March, October
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Surgeon,
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AN EARTHQUAKE CURE.

As she stood there in the wind-
ow, with her pretty hands clasped
behind her, the soft September sun
throwing a golden ray on her bright
hair, she was thinking and calling
herself all manner of epithets, of
which "insane" was, perhaps, the
mildest. And yet looking at So-
phy Schuyler's arch, lovely face,
you would have thought him a for-
tunate man who could call that
wistful troubled smile into the gray
eyes which filled their liquid depths
just then.

"It's all in a tangle," thought So-
phy; which, being translated, meant
that she was partly engaged to one
man, and awaking to the conscious-
ness that she was growing rather
to deeply interested in another.

Vaughan Hesketh, the unlucky
man to whom she fancied she owed
allegiance, was an artist, and poor,
while Owen Nugent was a wealthy
bachelor whom half the girls in
town were crazy about.

Sophy was an orphan, perilously
pretty, and destined to be the heir-
ess of a very rich old grandfather.
Aunt Cynthia, grandpa's sister,
abetted her wilful little niece in
half her naughtiness.

Aunt Cynthia and Sophy had
come up to Catskill quite early in
the season, and among the guests
at the boarding house where they
were located was this artist. Hes-
keth was very handsome; had fas-
cinating manners and great mourn-
ful eyes, with a poetical way of ex-
pressing himself that did him good
service; and finding this young,
fresh girl (with an aroma of grand-
pa Schuyler's fortune about her),
picturesque and pretty enough for
a study, he proceeded to study
her in another way, and played the
role of a man wearied, unappreci-
ated and lonely—wouldn't she just
try to comfort and console him a
little, poor fellow?

Nugent was not near as hand-
some a man as Hesketh; but there
was something better than mere
beauty in the broad, white forehead
and the frank, blue eyes that met
yours so clearly; and his physique
was certainly superb. He towered
half a head above most of the oth-
er gentlemen in the house and, like
most very large, powerful men, his
manner toward women was pecu-
liarly gentle and deferential.

Sophy would have gone on some
time longer, probably in a vague
state of discontent and uneasiness
scolding herself because Vaughan's
society did not give her unalloyed
pleasure, if Ida Cochran had not
come to Catskill, in all her radiant,
successful beauty, fresh from a score
of triumphs at Newport.

Miss Cochran was a belle of sev-
eral years' standing, and under-
stood herself, as the phrase goes,
thoroughly; that is, she had ac-
cidentally heard of Owen Nugent's
return from Europe and his pres-
ence at Catskill—and nothing but
madness or world content the
beauty after that intelligence. So
her obedient mamma gave a mild
assent to the plan; and Ida, con-
scious beauty as she was, had nev-
er looked handsomer than when
she walked out on the piazza the
evening of her arrival and re-

have been a difficult matter to avoid
her without undue rudeness), and
Sophy missed his little attentions
and wondered why it gave her an
old twinge of something she had
never felt before when she saw him
playing chess with the beauty ev-
ery evening. And to night, as she
sat in the window, she was specu-
lating whether Vaughan would en-
gross her all the time upon the trip
which they were expecting to take
up the mountain next day.

The mountain party assembled
early the next morning, but they
did not get off without several se-
cret heartburnings. Hesketh, very
much to his annoyance, found that
he was, as it were, obliged to go in
Aunt Cynthia's wagon; and that
much-enduring lady was separated
from Sophy and compelled to mar-
rionize Ida and Annot Osborne, a
very tall, sallow young woman,
whose rather too easy manners
were forgiven because of her papa's
millions down in Wall street. And
Sophy being, unhappily, wedged in
between Mrs. Cochran and a prig-
gish chap named Clay, became
more resigned to her situation when
Owen Nugent climbed up by the
driver, directly behind her.

Hesketh was a good deal piqued
with Sophy for her innocent gaiety
on the way up. Every time her
blithe, girlish laugh echoed down
the path, he chose to feel person-
ally aggrieved because she could be
merry when any one but himself
was beside her; and therefore, when
she lingered a little, and looked
rather wistfully up at him as they
started forth from the hotel, he pre-
tended not to see the glance, but
went on flirting with Annot Os-
borne.

Annot admired the handsome ar-
tist, and was privately exulting at
drawing him away from Sophy—so
the pair pursued their ramble very
contentedly. And, somehow, Sophy
dropped behind, and Mr. Clay was
more of a prig than ever, she
thought, when she saw Ida's little
feather disappear in the distance,
with Nugent in attendance.

The party got separated, of
course, and Sophy artfully contriv-
ed to send Mr. Clay back with a
message to Aunt Cynthia, and then
she strayed on alone, and very nar-
rowly escaped coming to serious
grief. She was going along the
edge of a lovely little cove, paus-
ing now and then to admire its
beauty, when suddenly somebody
said, just behind her:

"A penny for your thoughts, Miss
Sophy."

The voice startled her, she step-
ped on a round pebble, which turn-
ed treacherously under her foot;
she felt herself falling—gave a
gasping cry—and then oblivion!

A warm hand clasped hers as
she trembled back into conscious-
ness.

"My dear child!" Owen Nugent's
voice was a trifle unsteady. "Are
you hurt by my terrible careles-
ness?" Sophy essayed to stand
upright.

"I believe I felt a little faint,"
she, the color rushing back to the
pale face as she realized against
whose shoulder she leaned. "How
shall we ever get up, Mr. Nugent?"
He smiled. She had fortunately

she put her hand in his with a
child's simplicity. They were fairly
ten minutes climbing, however, for
Nugent would not let her go first
and watched her steps with such
solicitude that her varying color
came and went more fitfully than
ever. By and by they reached the
top.

"I don't know what I should
have done without you," Sophy
said, with a shy, happy glance ut-
terly upset his discretion. "I wish
I could thank you properly."

"Do not be so silly; then, quite
absolutely: "Will you solve a prob-
lem that I have been asking myself
all morning? Do you think in
time I could make you love me?"

Every particle of color died out
of the lovely face. "Mr. Nugent!"
and she burst into tears.

"My dear child! have I frighten-
ed you?" he asked, a pained look
crossing his face.

"No! yes!" she answered, vague-
ly, terrified because of a guilty
throb of joy in her heart, which she
instinctively felt ought not to be
there. "Oh! you don't understand!
What would Vaughan say?"

"Have you given him a right to
say anything?" Nugent's tone was
sterner.

"I—at least he would think he
had," she faltered out, feeling ut-
terly wretched.

"My dear!" he touched the little
cold hand with his lips. "Do not
look so troubled. I must not lose
your friendship"—He broke off
abruptly. There stood Hesketh
and Ida.

"Truants! We have had such a
hard for you!" cried the beauty,
with an angry sparkle of her eyes.
Hesketh slipped Sophy's hand with-
in his own.

"How dared that man kiss your
hand?" he said, in a wrathful un-
dertone, as they followed the oth-
ers.

"Vaughan?"

"Oh, my dear! do not, you de-
sert me! I have no one left in the wide
world to care for me if you do."

And Sophy felt unscrupulously
and descended into the valley of hum-
iliation, and Vaughan talked de-
perate stuff and persuaded her (and
himself very neatly) that she was
his sole hope of redemption, while
his thought, carrying on the dark
be-tram that they often did, were
busy speculating whether Sophy
Schuyler, with her pretty face and
prospective fortune, was as rich a
prize as sallow Annot Osborne, with
half a million already her own.
And for the rest of the day his
mind ran upon a certain old pray-
er, which demonstrates the super-
lucidity of a bird in the hand, with
envious pertinacity.

The weather for some days had
been propitious to the dice bowl,
derment of all weather prophets.
Such a thing had mornings for Oc-
tober and torrents of rain at night-
fall, with mists and dumps at all
hours of the day. Therefore, when
Sunday morning dawned without
an actual storm, people un-grated
themselves as declared their inten-
tion of going to church, and being
pious, regardless of the dull, heavy
air.

Sophy was late and when she

front of her, beshie Nugent's broad
shoulder, distracted her attention
for awhile; but when the choir join-
ed in a hymn, solemn and subdued
as the music was, Sophy's head
dropped forward between her hands
and she began to weep softly.

Sitting there, she realized with a
sudden flash of self-understanding
that she could not, must not, marry
this man, who had so bewitched
her girlish senses. Could she ever
stand in a holy place like this and
give him the most solemn vows that
can be spoken? Sophy shivered
and grew faint at the bare thought.
No, she would not bear it another
day; she would tell Hesketh to-
night, and then, if he wasn't gener-
ous enough to release her, she would
confess the whole matter to grand-
pa; his wrath was better than the
burden of a secret engagement to a
man whom she was beginning to
realize she did not love.

Suddenly the church seemed to
grow darker; the gaslights on the
altar quivered; the ground beneath
her shook violently, and the walls
seemed to totter at their very founda-
tion. The music ended in a pro-
longed shriek; people sprang to
their feet; women screamed and
fainted; and everybody rushed into
the aisles, crowding and crushing
each other in their panic.

And the end of the world came!
What was about to happen? So-
phy's soul rushed to her lips in one
agonized shriek.

"Owen! Owen! Where are you?
Oh, come!"

Hesketh, with the frantic terror
which seizes men in an unknown
danger, was far in advance of the
struggling crowd in the aisles; but
Sophy's light form was lifted from
the seat, and a voice said tenderly:

"My own darling! it is a slight
earthquake—trust me!"

Sophy closed her eyes; in all her
terror for one hot throb of joy
thrilled her as no joy had ever done
before. If they perished, they
would die together. The air blow-
ing on her face and a gust of rain
drops revived her; she opened her
sore eyes.

"Owen, before we die, just let me
tell you——"

"What, love?" for Sophy hardly
knew what she was saying.

"That I am—Oh! do you love
me so very much?"

He set her down out of his arms,
and right there in the village street
he kissed her till the lovely fren
was rosy.

Hesketh married Annot Osborne,
and had the supreme satisfaction of
sending his wedding cards to Sophy
and grandpa Schuyler. How angry
he would have been if he could
have seen the lovely, untroubled face
that bent over grandpa's shoulder
as he opened the envelope, and the
laughing, half-deprecating voice
that said to Nugent:

"What a little game I was last
summer! Oh, Owen! to think that
I had to be cured by an earth-
quake!"

But Sophy's husband closed her
lips with a kiss, that said he, at
least, was fully satisfied with an
earthquake's results.

"And what answer do you make

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Clk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.

Com'r of Ct., (C. E. Beard, S. B. Haimah, G. P. Moore).
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE.

Attorney-at-Law.

Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

L. M. MCCLINTIC.

Attorney-at-Law.

Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER.

Attorney-at-Law.

Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER.

Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public.

Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE.

Attorney-at-Law.

Lewisburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE.

Atty.-at-Law.

Beverly, W. Va.
Will Practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

J. SNYDER.

Attorney-at-Law.

Huntersville, W. Va.
RESIDENT DENTIST.

Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

J. R. S. P. PATTERSON.

Physician & Surgeon.

Huntersville, W. Va.



The secret of my happiness is, I have thrown away my old Black & White Boots.
WATERPROOF BOOTS
BEAUTIFULLY POLISHED WITHOUT LABOR.

Wolf's A.C.M. Blacking
Be sure you get the right kind of Blacking. It is the only one that will keep your boots in good condition.

AN EARTHQUAKE CURE.

As she stood there in the wind-ow, with her pretty hands clasped behind her, the soft September sun throwing a golden ray on her bright hair, she was thinking and calling herself all manner of epithets, of which "insane" was, perhaps, the mildest. And yet looking at Sophy Schuyler's arch, lovely face, you would have thought him a, for minute man who could call that wishful troubled smile into the gray eyes which filled their liquid depths just then.

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Aunt Cynthia and Sophy had come up to Catskill quite early in the season, and among the guests at the boarding house where they were located was this artist. Hesketh was very handsome; had fascinating manners and great, mournful eyes, with a poetical way of expressing himself that did him good service; and finding this young, fresh girl (with an aroma of grandpa Schuyler's fortune about her), picturesque and pretty enough for a study, he proceeded to study her in another way, and played the role of a man wearied, unappreciated and lonely—wouldn't she just try to comfort and console him a little, poor fellow?

Nugent was not near as handsome a man as Hesketh; but there was something better than mere beauty in the broad, white forehead and the frank, blue eyes that met yours so clearly; and his physique was certainly superb. He towered half a head above most of the other gentlemen in the house and, like most very large, powerful men, his manner toward women was peculiarly gentle and deferential.

Sophy would have gone on some time longer, probably in a vague state of discontent and uneasiness, scolding herself because Vaughan's society did not give her unalloyed pleasure, if Ida Cochran had not come to Catskill, in all her radiant, successful beauty, fresh from a score of triumphs at Newport.

Miss Cochran was a belle of several years' standing, and understood herself, in the prime of age, thoroughly; that is, she had accidentally heard of Owen Nugent's return from Europe and his persistence at Catskill—and nothing but magnetism could have caused the beauty after that intelligence. So her obedient maid gave a mild nudge to the piano; and Ida, conscious beauty as she was, had never looked handsomer than when she walked out on the piazza the evening of her arrival and to newed her acquaintance with Nugent, as he was walking up and down with Sophy's hand on his arm.

For two weeks past Ida had posed, smiled and angled for the golden prize, while Nugent, seemed prosaically unresponsive of the entire proceeding. To be sure, he

have been a difficult matter to avoid her without undue rudeness, and Sophy missed his little attentions and wondered why he gave her an odd twinge of something she had never felt before when she saw him playing chess with the handy every evening. And to night, as she sat in the window, she was speculating whether Vaughan would engross her all the time upon the trip which they were expecting to take up the mountain next day.

The mountain party assembled early the next morning, but they did not get off without several earnest warnings. Hesketh, very much to his annoyance, found that he was, as it were, obliged to go in Aunt Cynthia's wagon; and that much-enduring lady was separated from Sophy and compelled to mortify Ida and Aunt Osborne, a very tall, sallow young woman, whose rather too easy manners were forgiven because of her papa's millions down in Wall street. And Sophy being, unhappily, wedged in between Mrs. Cochran and a priggish clump named Clay, became more resigned to her situation when Owen Nugent climbed up by the driver, directly behind her.

Hesketh was a good deal piqued with Sophy for her innocent gaiety on the way up. Every time her little, girlish laugh echoed down the path, he chose to feel personally aggrieved because she could be merry when any one but himself was beside her; and therefore, when she lingered a little, and looked rather wistfully up at him as they started forth from the hotel, he pretended not to see the glance, but went on flirting with Aunt Osborne.

Aunt Osborne admired the handsome artist, and was privately exulting in drawing him away from Sophy—so the pair pushed their ramble very contentedly. And somehow, Sophy dropped behind, and Mr. Clay was more of a pig than ever, she thought, when she saw Ida's blue bonnet disappear in the distance, with Nugent in attendance.

The party got separated, of course, and Sophy artfully contrived to send Mr. Clay back with a message to Aunt Cynthia, and then she strayed on alone, and very narrowly escaped coming to serious grief. She was going along the edge of a lovely little cove, pausing now and then to admire its beauty, when suddenly somebody said, just behind her:

"A penny for your thoughts, Miss Sophy."

The voice startled her, she stepped on a round pebble, which turned treacherously under her foot, she felt herself falling—gave a gasping cry—and then oblivion!

A warm hand clasped hers and drew her back into consciousness.

"My dear child!" Owen Nugent's voice was a gentle reminder. "Are you hurt by my terrible carelessness?" Sophy essayed to stand upright.

"I believe I fall a little faint," she, the color rushing back to the pale face as she vaulted against his shoulder and heaved, "How shall we ever get up, Mr. Nugent?" He smiled. She had fortunately occupied the rocks and landed in a little green bog, which they were about midway, and the stream was not very great.

"I think I could carry you up," he said, quite gravely. "You are not a very great weight, you know." She laughed.

"No; but I think I will try to

she put her hand in his with a child's simplicity. They were fully ten minutes climbing, however, for Nugent would not let her go just and watched her steps with such solicitude that her varying color came and went more fitfully than ever. By and by they reached the top.

"I don't know what I should have done without you," Sophy said, with a shy, happy glance at her, "I wish I could thank you properly."

"Do not be so silly; then, quite abruptly: "Will you solve a problem that I have been asking myself all morning? Do you think in time I could make you love me?"

Every particle of color died out of the lovely face. "Mr. Nugent!" and she burst into tears.

"My dear child! have I frightened you?" he asked, a pained look crossing his face.

"No! yes!" she answered, vaguely, terrified because of a guilty throbbing of joy in her heart, which she instinctively felt ought not to be there. "Oh! you don't understand! What would Vaughan say?"

"Have you given him a right to say anything?" Nugent's tone was stern.

"I—at least he would think he had," she faltered out, feeling utterly wretched.

"My dear!" he touched the little end of her nose with his lips. "Do not look so troubled. I must not lose your friendship."—He broke off abruptly. There stood Hesketh and Ida.

"Vaughan! We have had such a hunt for you!" cried the beauty, with an angry sparkle in her eyes. Hesketh slipped Sophy's hand with in his own.

"How dared that man kiss your hand?" he said, in a wrathful undertone, as they followed the others.

"Vaughan!" "Oh, my love! do not you forget me! I have no one left in the world to care for me if you do."

And Sophy felt miserable, guilty, and descended into the valley of indignation, and Vaughan talked despatch and persuaded her (and himself very nearly) that she was his sole hope of redemption, while he thought, crying, on the deep bottom that they often did, were busy speculating whether Sophy Schuyler, with her pretty face and prospective fortune, was as rich a prize as sallow Aunt Osborne, with half a million already her own. And for the rest of the day his mind ran upon a certain old proverb, which demonstrates the superiority of a bird in the hand, with curious pertinacity.

The weather for some days had been opposite to the day lowly demand of all weather prophets. Such stifling hot mornings lay the fother and torments of earth at night, with mist and drizzle at all hours of the day. Therefore, when Sunday morning dawned without an actual storm, people congratulated themselves on their late escape from a deluge of rain, and being plump, regardless of the dull, heavy air.

Sophy was late and when she came down at last she hurried her bath off down the hill and got into church after service had begun. The little edifice was very full, and she walked hesitatingly up the aisle, feeling grateful when Nugent's hand quietly opened a pew door next his own for them, and she sank down into a corner further away from Hesketh

front of her, beside Nugent's broad shoulder, distracted her attention for awhile; but when the choir joined in a hymn, solemn and subdued as the music was, Sophy's head dropped forward between her hands and she began to weep sadly.

Sitting there, she realized with a sudden flash of self-understanding that she could not, must not, marry this man, who had so bewitched her girlish senses. Could she ever stand in a holy place like this and give him the most solemn vows that can be spoken? Sophy shivered and grew faint at the bare thought. No, she would not bear it another day; she would tell Hesketh tonight, and then, if he wasn't generous enough to release her, she would confess the whole matter to grandpa; his wrath was better than the burden of a secret engagement to a man whom she was beginning to realize she did not love.

Suddenly the church seemed to grow darker; the gaslights on the altar quivered; the ground beneath her shook violently, and the walls seemed to totter at their very foundation. The music ended in a prolonged shriek; people sprang to their feet; women screamed and fainted; and everybody rushed into the aisles, crowding and crushing each other in their panic.

Had the end of the world come? What was about to happen? Sophy's soul rushed to her lips in one agonized shriek.

"Owen! Owen! Where are you? Oh, come!"

Hesketh, with the frantic terror which seizes men in an unknown danger, was far in advance of the struggling crowd in the aisles; but Sophy's light form was lifted from the seat, and a voice said tenderly: "My own darling! it is a slight earthquake—trust me!"

Sophy closed her eyes; in all her terror for one hot throb of joy thrilled her as no joy had ever done before. If they perished, they would die together. The air blowing on her face and a gust of rain drops revived her; she opened her soft eyes.

"Owen, before we die, just let me tell you—"

"What, love?" for Sophy hardly knew what she was saying.

"That I am—Oh! do you love me so very much?"

He set her down out of his arms, and right there in the village street he kissed her till the lovely face was waxy.

Hesketh married Aunt Osborne, and found the supreme satisfaction of sending his wedding cards to Sophy and grandpa Schuyler. How angry he would have been if he could have seen the lovely, unclouded face that bent over grandpa's shoulder as he opened the envelop, and the laughing, half-deprecating voice that said to Nugent:

"What a little goose I was last summer! Oh, Owen! to think that I had to be cured by an earthquake!"

But Sophy's husband closed her lips with a kiss, that said he, at least, was fully satisfied with an earthquake's results.

"And what answer do you make to my appeal?" he asked, as he knelt at her feet.

"Never! I will be thank with you," she murmured.

"Oh, speak!" he implored, "and relieve me from this agony of suspense."

"Then let me say it calmly, too." "Why not? Oh! why not?"

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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One inch	\$ 1 00	\$ 2 00	\$ 3 00	\$ 5 00
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Huntersville, W. Va.

December 19, 1889.

One hundred thousand persons viewed the remains of Hon. Jefferson Davis as he lay in state in New Orleans.

Hitherto Goff has claimed that he would be Governor of West Virginia. Now he says that the Democrats will "coopt him out."

MR. HARRISON, in his message, insists on civil service reform. He has himself inaugurated it by appointing a negro as postmistress in Louisiana.

Robert Browning, the English poet died peacefully at Venice at 10 o'clock on the 12th. He was born in 1812, and in 1846 married Elizabeth Barrett, herself a poet, and to her genius almost as much as to his own, he owed his wide reputation.

Another heavy-weight colored pugilist has loomed up at Visalia, Cal. His name is Dan Hatch, and rejoices in the sobriquet of "Black Demon." He stands 5 feet 11 1/2 inches in height, weighs 196 pounds, and has issued a challenge to any colored pugilist in the world, burring Peter Jackson, for a purse of \$500 or \$1,000.

IS PRESIDENT HARRISON A FREE TRADER.—The Republican Press and speakers, almost without exception, have proclaimed every Democrat as a free-trader who advocated the reform or modification of the tariff. Now that Harrison, their own President, favors a change of the tariff and an extension of the free list, will they charge that he is a free-trader and, if not, why not? Will they so charge him, or will they admit that they did not believe what they said when they affirmed that the Democrats favored the policy of Free trade, and that they did so merely for party effect?

WASHINGTON LETTER

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, December 13.—

Mr. Harrison and Mr. Morton are no longer on friendly terms. As much has been suspected for some time, but it was not until the trip to Chicago from which both of them returned Wednesday morning, that the suspicion became a certainty. They would not go together, nor even on the same line of railroad. One had a special car on one line and one on the other, although one car would have furnished ample accommodations for both parties. In Chicago they had nothing to do with each other, and at the dedication of the memorial, which both attended, they entered, separated, although it was the intention of the managers of the affair that they should make their entrance arm-in-arm. It is not probable that any one thing brought about the present state of feeling between the two gentlemen—it has been steadily growing since March. Mr. Mor-

phy wheel sort of influence usually recorded the Vice-President. Mr. Harrison, it seems, thought differently, hence they now continue their negotiation to barely speaking as they pass by.

Senator Carl has created a mild sort of a sensation by introducing an open negotiation with Spain for the purchase of Cuba. Whether we want Cuba, or whether Spain wants to sell Cuba, have suddenly become interesting questions. To the first question there are many answers, mostly different. The last, every one, nearly, answers in the affirmative.

Poor Mrs. Harrison! Everybody is sorry for her. She has been worrying herself to death because she could not live in the White House as she did at Indianapolis, and now to add to the good little woman's trouble her sister Mrs. Scott Lott, has died. It will not be at all surprising if Mrs. Harrison's health should break down under the burden of sorrow. She has not been well for months.

No man ever spoke to an audience which more nearly represented the entire civilized world than was the one which gathered in the Hall of the House of Representatives, Wednesday afternoon, to hear Chief Justice Fuller deliver an address on the inauguration of Washington. The Chief Justice, though making no pretence of being an orator in the popular sense of the word, acquitted himself in a manner that was highly creditable to him, and enjoyable to his hearers. The ceremonies were held in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of Washington's inauguration. The real anniversary was the 30th of last April, but as Congress was not in session at that date it postponed its part in the centennial until December 11.

Speaker Reed has already proven that the republican managers knew what they were about when they slated him for Speaker. Never before has any Speaker announced any of the committees of the House until they were all completely made up, but so anxious are the republicans to oust some of the democratic members and give their seats to the republican contestants, that precedent was set aside and five committees announced last Monday. The committees named are Ways and Means; Appropriations; Manufactures; Elections; and Milage. The committee on Elections is the one they wanted to get to work, as no contested election case can be acted on by the House until it is reported from that committee.

The debilitation and discomfiting of B. O. Sillcott, Cashier of Sergeant at Arms Leedom office is still worrying the members of the House and the question of whether the Treasury shall lose the \$72,000 salary or the members for whose pay it was drawn, is not decided. It is probable that it will be paid, as it is the opinion of several lawyers that Mr. Leedom's bond of \$50,000 is so drawn that it cannot be touched to make good any part of the money stolen by Sillcott.

It was not intended by the administration that any official notice should be taken of the death or funeral of the late Jefferson Davis, but the closing of all the departments at noon on Wednesday, an account of the Congressional centennial, caused many people to think they were abused in honor of Mr. Davis, that being the day of his funeral.

The front of the bill so far introduced are bank numbers, that is, they were before Congress at the

with Court of Randolph county, West Virginia, rendered on the 28th day of September, 1890, in the suit in equity of C. Aultman & Co. vs. Jacob S. Wamsley and others. And three other causes, heard therewith, the undersigned, on the 3rd day of January, 1890 at the front door of the Court House of said county, will offer for sale at auction to the highest bidder the following described tracts of land:

50 acres, 50 acres, 500 acres, 110 acres, 125 acres, 308 acres, 180 acres, 71 acres, 2,000 acres, 182 acres and 84 acres owned by Jacob S. Wamsley; so much of the 125 and 110 acre tracts as was not embraced by the conveyance from said Wamsley to Jacob Crouch will be sold; and so much of the 180 acre tract as was not embraced by the deed from said Wamsley to Edgior D. Wamsley will be sold. The two tracts of 50 acres each and the parcels of the 180 acres, the 125 acres and the 110 acres, not conveyed as aforesaid, together with the 71 acres and the 41 acres compose what is known as the home farm of the said Jacob S. Wamsley and is situate on the Tygarts Valley River in said county. The 500 acres adjoins the said farm and is principally unimproved. The 308 acres is situate in said county on Elkwater. The 2000 acres, the 182 acres and the 80 acres, adjoining each other and are situate on the waters of Greenbrier River in Pocahontas Co. and known as the "Hamilton Place." And the 10 or 12 acres lying on mill creek, Randolph county between lands of L. C. Conrad and S. M. Wamsley and the 50 acres, Andrew Wamsley land, situate on said creek owned by Melvin Currence; and the 118 acres and 107 acres owned by Patrick Crickard, and being the same lands conveyed by him in trust to Leland Kittle; and the 94 acres, 84 acres and 2 acres owned by Phoebe A. Crickard and being the same lands conveyed to her by James Moyers. The five last named tracts compose what is known as the Patrick Crickard home place, situate in Randolph county on the Tygarts Valley River near Huttonsville. A plat of the lands to be sold composing the home farm of the said Jacob S. Wamsley, as well as the lands of the said Patrick and Phoebe A. Crickard will be made by the County Surveyor and exhibited at the sale. The home farm of the said Jacob S. Wamsley is largely improved, with barn, two dwelling houses, other but buildings and orchards thereon, partly composed of the finest river bottom, with good uplands and in a fine state of cultivation. Upon the said 500 acre tract there is valuable timber, accessible to the Tygarts Valley River. The 308 acres on Elkwater has on it about 300 acres of fine soil, the richest soil and a good quality of timber. Upon the said "Hamilton Place" there is about 300 acres hereof, about 100 acres of which is in soil and produces the finest blue grass. The residue of the land is very rich soil with limestone and first class timber, such as cherry, ash, hemlock, &c., the 10 or 12 acres, Currence land is improved and the 50 acres is partially improved and is of rich soil with a very fine orchard of young and well selected fruit trees thereon. The said "Patrick Crickard Home Place" except the 118 acres is principally improved land of the finest river bottom, upon which is a new dwelling house, other out buildings, a good orchard and is in a high state of cultivation. The 118 acres lies on the east side of the Tygarts Valley River, from the improved lands, is good soil, upon which there is the finest timber, such as white oak, poplar, &c. Such an opportunity for the purchase of valuable timber and improved lands at full retail price is rarely offered in this section, and parties desiring to make investments in this beautiful valley with the prospect of further development by the extension of its railroad facilities, will do well to investigate the properties to be sold.

TERMS OF SALE.

Said lands will be sold for five per cent of the purchase money cash in hand and the residue in equal amounts upon a credit of 4, 12, 24 & 36 months with interest from the day of sale and purchasers to give notes with good security for the deferred payments.

YVON H. ROBERT, Special L. D. Attorney,) Counsellors. I certify that bond and security have been given by the above named respondents as required by the decree of sale.

W. H. WILSON,

Clerk of the Circuit Court of Randolph Co. Dec. 5-11. Printer's fee \$97.05.

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JOS. E. ROLLINS,

Late Asst. Cashier Nat. Valley Bank, Staunton, Va.

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Soliciting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Deputy Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Recorder of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Treasurer, C. O. Arbogast.
County Clerk, C. E. Beard.
S. B. Hannah.
G. P. Moore.
Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June, 1st Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Monday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is a term.

F. MOORE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

M. MCCLINTIC,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

A. STOFER,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

S. RUCKER,

Attorney-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

W. ARBUCKLE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Lewistown, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for election in Pocahontas county.

V. L. KEE,

Atty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will Practice in the Circuit Court Pocahontas county.

J. SNYDER,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

R. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

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What else is to be expected of the old fashioned way of blacking the shoes? Try the new way by using WOLFF'S Acme Blacking and the dirty task becomes a cleanly pleasure.

ROMANCE OF A STORE.

A tiny room, behind a tiny shop. In one corner, near the fire-place, an elderly lady in a deep, cushioned chair—a lady whose face bore traces of pain conquered, suffering overcome, patient, delicate and refined. Her dress and attitude told the story of invalidism. Opposite to her, standing up and leaning upon the mantel-piece, a girl of twenty one or two; tall, straight and strong, with a face of some beauty, great resolution, and sweet, womanly grace.

Rhoda Lewis was the younger lady, and her mother the gentle invalid.

"Where are you going, dear? The shop-bell did not ring," Mrs. Lewis said as Rhoda moved toward the door.

"To put up the shutters. It is nine o'clock."

"They are so heavy," the invalid sighed.

"But I am so strong," the girl answered, lightly.

Yet, as she lifted the heavy shutter in her small, white hands, she was not sorry to have it taken from her into a strong, masculine grasp, that quickly adjusted the shutters, put up the iron bar, shot the padlock bolt into place, locked it, and gave the key to Rhoda. Not a word spoken all this time, but as her cousin, Frank Lewis, gave her the key, Rhoda said, demurely and formally:

"Thank you."

Quite as formally, yet with a ring of sarcasm in his voice, that had not been in hers, he replied:

"You are very welcome."

She stood twisting the key in her fingers, till he said:

"Well?" But if he intended the word for a question, there was no answer. Rhoda let her hands fall, and looked straight before her.

"Are you not going to ask me in?" Frank inquired.

"No."

"Father has been here to-day?"

"Yes."

"Got his rent?"

"Yes."

"And told you to shut your door on me?"

"Yes."

"Yes—yes. Can't you speak, Rhoda?"

"Not now. Some insults are very hard to bear; your father's was one of them."

She slipped in at the store door as she spoke, and fastened it quickly. She was in total darkness, having closed the door of the inner room as she left it. For a moment she stood leaning heavily upon the counter, trembling violently, with the quick breathing that tells of suppressed tears. Only for a moment; then she went in to her mother, her sweet face all love and cheerfulness. Whatever her heart-ache was, it was evidently not to be added to her mother's burdens.

Frank, left so unceremoniously, gave vent to his chagrin in a low whistle, thrust his hands deep in his overcoat pocket, and strode homeward. It was a cheerless windy evening, and chilled, angered and miserable, the young man tossed aside hat and coat in the hall of his father's pretentious house, and entered the parlor. A grand room,

"Father, what have you been saying to-day to Rhoda?"

"I gave her to understand that I did not want a penniless daughter-in-law."

"Father?"

"You may as well understand the same. I will not encourage such nonsense any longer. You are old enough now to drop flirtations, and think seriously of marriage."

"I won't stand it," cried Frank, hotly.

"Won't stand what?"

"Any interference between Rhoda and myself. I mean to win Rhoda for my wife; and I meant it when she wore long braids and short dresses; when she lived in a house as grand as this one."

"All very well then. Matters are different now."

"There is no difference in my love for Rhoda."

"A pauper! The daughter of a bankrupt who committed suicide?"

"Your brother?"

"Well, what of that! He never asked me to help him, or—"

was the harsh voice husky? Frank wondered—"I might have been idiot enough to do it!"

"It was a pity he could not know that. Father?" in a softened tone, "don't stand between Rhoda and me! I won't give her up, but you make her hard to win. She is as proud to-day as she was when her carriage drove up to our door, and she brought you fruit from her hot-house. No, I am wrong! She was not proud, then. Heaven bless her! but she is now!"

"Beggers have no right to be proud! I won't have it! Do you understand? If you persist in this folly, you may suit yourself to the situation, for your allowance stops; stops, understand, the day you propose to your cousin Rhoda. You can find a home and an income elsewhere."

"I don't mind that threat, but I should be very unhappy if I left you alone, father."

"Don't do it, then."

"But it will make my life utterly wretched to give up my cousin."

"Bah! Go to bed. You're a headstrong boy, and you have not tasted poverty yet. Keep your heels till you have."

Frank Lewis knew that there were some moments in which his father was utterly stubborn, and that to argue was to take time for no result. So he accepted his dismissal, and went to his own room. Thinking deeply, he came to the resolution to try his power to conquer fortune before seeing Rhoda again. She knew he loved her, and if his love was returned, would trust him; if she cared for him only in a cousinly way, then the separation might help him to bear a later disappointment. He would not desert his father, but perhaps when he had proved himself no braggart, his father might relent.

It was dreary enough in the weeks that followed in the tiny parlor, behind the little stationer's store where Rhoda Lewis strove to keep the wolf from the door. Brought up in utter ignorance of business, the young storekeeper had depended unconsciously upon her cousin Frank in all financial difficulties. Frank had taught her

on him as a lover, only as her very dear cousin, until her uncle kindly opened her eyes and heart by informing her of the pennywise attachment to his son's courtship. Then love awakened to sting her sharply when pride forbade her cherishing the sweet intruder.

Yet, while she suffered in heart, there was a gleam of prosperity about the tiny store. Customers flocked to her, and she found sale for a better class of goods than she had ventured upon at first. She had some skill in water-color painting, no wonderful talent, but sufficient capacity for much of the pretty decorating, just at that time coming into fashion. For what she had leisure to accomplish in that line, she found quick sale at large profit.

Her sorest grief was in her mother's wasting health, and the certainty that a long standing disease must terminate fatally, though the decline was very slow. Heart and brain were sorely taxed, the more that she had been so carefully guarded from all care and sorrow during her father's life. But she was brave and faithful in the discharge of duty, trusting in God's care for her future, as humbly as a child trusts its mother.

Two years had passed since Frank Lewis put up her shutters, when he wrote to her from another city telling her that he had a good position, was working faithfully to make himself independent, and asking her to be his wife if his income ever filled his pockets sufficiently to start a home.

"I tried to work in my old home, to bear my father," he wrote, "but it was better for me to be away for a time."

It was a strange, deep happiness that met this letter, for Rhoda knew she loved her cousin as the one love of her life. She wrote back at once, frankly and lovingly, and the correspondence became her ray of sunshine in her sorrow for her mother and her daily toll for bread. Still the months rolled in to years, Rhoda was left motherless, and the stern old man in the grand home Frank had left grew more lonely and desolate as age crept on, till four years had passed, and Frank came for his bride.

Before seeking her he went to his old home, and manhood entered the room where his father sat musing idly, his hands resting on his hip, his eyes fixed upon the fire. He did not look up as Frank entered, thinking it was a servant who came in, and his son's heart sunk as he saw how old and worn he looked. Surely, four years ago his hair was not so gray and thin, his face so deeply lined. Suddenly he raised himself, looked toward the door, and then, opening his arms, cried, with yearning tenderness:

"My boy! Frank, my son!"

It was long before he could do more than stroke his son's hand and hair, speaking kindest words of affection.

"You will not leave me again, Frank he pleaded."

"Not unless you forbid Rhoda to be here, too."

"So, but you have not wavered, then, in all these four years?"

"I have not my father told you on such?"

like yourself, the son of a rich father. My wife was a butterfly of fashion. I was an earnest man, striving to do life's duties faithfully. I was utterly miserable in my married life, and wherever I looked I see how money and its possession crushed out real love. When you first loved Rhoda you were mere children, but even then I hoped it was transient fancy. Then came my brother's misfortune, and Rhoda's opportunity to prove herself a strong, true, woman, or a feeble nursing of luxury. You, too, were drifting into the idle follies of a man without a purpose in life. I resolved to test you both, to prove your love and manhood, as I was proving Rhoda's courage.

"Well, well, my dear boy you were not quite so independent, after all, as you fancied. My letters procured you the favorable reception you met with at Morse & Co.'s, and half your salary came out of my pocket. I have watched your cousin's interests, too. She would be surprised if she knew how large a customer I have been, by proxy, and how carefully I have respected her honest pride while putting money in her still. It is all over. I am an old man, Rhoda is alone, so you must come to me. Shall we go now and see Rhoda?"

They had turned the corner of the street where the little store was located, when Frank, gently pushing his father back, whispered:

"Wait one moment."

Rhoda was standing in the doorway, and her errand boy was putting up the shutters, when they were taken from his hands.

"You can go," Frank said, deftly taking his work and gravely attending to it until he gave the key to Rhoda.

"Thanks," she said, having had time to gain composure after the first shock of surprise.

"May I come in?"

"And may I come, too?" said a third voice.

"Uncle William!"

"Yes my dear. Come Frank."

Then the store door closed behind the three, and customers were fastened out while the old story ends, and a new life opens for my hero and heroine.

"Well sir," said the railway superintendent to a foreign looking man who had gained admittance to his presence, "what do you want?"

"I would like a situation on your road."

"No place for you, I think."

"But there is. I want to be interpreter."

"Interpreter?"

"Yes, sir. To tell the passengers what the brakeman says when he is calling out the names of the stations."

The superintendent studied a few minutes and then told the man to call later.

"And how is your husband, Mrs. Molbury? Is he as hard a worker as ever?"

"No! John ain't worked a day for seventeen years."

"Is he unemployed?"

"No, ma'am! he's dead."

"He—Will you marry me?"

She—"No."

Pocahontas Times.
JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
 EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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One inch	\$ 1.00	\$ 2.00	\$ 3.00	\$ 5.00
Three in.	3.00	4.00	6.00	10.00
Or. column	3.00	6.00	10.00	17.00
Half col'd	6.00	12.00	20.00	30.00
One col'd	10.00	20.00	30.00	50.00

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., \$1.00 in advance; after 6 months, \$1.25; after 12 months, \$1.50. These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.
December 26, 1889.

CHRISTMAS.

A happy Christmas to one and all of our readers! Again the season is here when everybody is expected to rejoice and entertain nothing but good feeling. It is not, however, a time of gladness to all; but rather a time of extreme feelings. The happy are happier; the sad, on account of the contrast, are sadder; the good are better; and the wicked are more wicked.

There are many different ways of using the time; but to none does the approach of Christmas mean so much of genuine happiness as to those who make it a time of family reunion and home enjoyment. Parents and children long separated for a few days at least, lay aside their ordinary employment that they may gather round the old hearthstone that they may spend a while in quiet but deep enjoyment. Some measure enjoyment by the noise they make, some by the whiskey they drink, some by the turkey they eat, but none of these know true happiness. Let us pause and think that the day commemorates the advent of Him who when He came proclaimed "Peace upon earth and good will to men." In the spirit of that declaration, let us make it a time of peace and good will; forgetting all strife, casting out all malice and indulging nothing but good wishes and good deeds.

Gentlemen inclined to grumble about the expense of the merry Christmas should consider the unfortunate King and Siam. The majesty of Siam has just annexed twenty more wives. Consequently he has made, it is said, an offer to buy out John Wauamukor's store, and proposes to hang most of it in the hosiery department. Pity the King of Siam. His Christmas comes high, but then he must have it.

WASHINGTON LETTER
 (From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, December 20.—Senator Morgan thinks the State department is entirely too poky in the matter of recognizing the new government of Brazil, therefore he has offered a joint resolution congratulating the people of Brazil on their recent peaceful revolution and authorizing the President to issue a proclamation recognizing the republic as a sovereign power.

Speaker Reed is believed to favor having the House decide the contested election cases before any Rules are adopted. It would be a violation of all precedent, but precedent doesn't count for much with some people when it happens to clash with party advantage. The Speaker has almost absolute power over the House while it remains as it is now—only governed by ordinary parliamentary rules, and if the election cases were before the House the unseating of nearly every democrat whose seat is contested

take the responsibility of admitting such a radical programme. They will be apt to remember that in all probability the next House will have a majority of democrats, and this belief will make them careful.

Congress was to have begun its Christmas holidays on Thursday, but to accommodate Speaker Reed, who wishes to nominate the rest of the House committee before the recess, the resolution was amended to read from Saturday, the 21st inst. to January 6, and in that shape was passed. An unusually large number of Congressmen will cut their Christmas turkeys away from Washington.

Some over-liberal democrats in the House came very near doing a very serious, not to say silly, thing this week. It was to assume the responsibility for the money stolen by Silcott. The idea of raising a purse among the democrats to make good the losses of the republican Representative seemed to be so catching that a call for a democratic caucus to endorse the idea was issued, but upon reflection it was rescinded, and the matter allowed to remain just as it was—uncertain. The House, without a division, has passed a resolution authorizing a reward of \$5,000 for Silcott.

Deficiency bills are always common under republican administration, and they have already begun under the present. A bill appropriating \$150,000 to make up a deficiency in the first six months of the current fiscal year at the Government printing office, and another appropriating \$250,000 to pay for printing for the census bureau, have become laws this week.

A concurrent resolution has been passed by House and Senate tendering to Chief Justice Fuller the thanks of Congress for the address delivered by him on the occasion of the celebration of Washington's inauguration.

Senator Brown, of Georgia, is the only member of the Senate that has not occupied his seat this session, although several others, including Senator Hampton, have not been here before this week.

In spite of the determined opposition of Senators Call, Jones, of Arkansas, Berry, Colquhll, Reagan, Blair and Wilson, of Iowa, the nomination of Justice Brewer has been confirmed.

Senator Chandler charges that certain naval officers are banded together for the purpose of Congressional lobbying. He has offered in the Senate a resolution calling up on the Secretary of the Navy for information.

Mr. Harrison, thinking probably to give some people an unusually happy Christmas has made this week a large number of appointments—the most of them being postmasters.

Senator Quay and Representative Ditzell, of Pennsylvania, will not be very close friends for some time. They both had candidates for the Pittsburg postoffice. Of course Mr. Quay's man got the office.

It is probable that two new States will be admitted by this Congress. The Senate Committee on Territories has agreed to report favorably the bills providing for the admission of Idaho and Wyoming. The democrats will endeavor to have New Mexico included.

Last Wednesday the House passed a resolution ordering a call of states for the introduction of bills, and there was a perfect shower of them poured out, on almost every conceivable subject. It was the first general opportunity to introduce bills, of the present session. At least ninety per cent of the bills introduced will never again be heard from, and there is no good reason why they should be.

The Senate bill making \$72 a month the rate of pension to be

CONFESSIONS OF A SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Randolph County, West Virginia, rendered on the 28th day of September, 1889, in the suit in equity of C. Aylman & Co. vs. Jacob S. Wamsley and others, And three other causes, heard herewith, the undersigned, on the 8th day of January, 1890 at the front door of the Court House of said county, will offer for sale at auction to the highest bidder the following described tracts of land:

50 acres, 50 acres, 500 acres, 110 acres, 125 acres, 808 acres, 180 acres, 71 acres, 2,000 acres, 182 acres and 80 acres owned by Jacob S. Wamsley; so much of the 125 and 110 acre tracts as was not embraced by the conveyance from said Wamsley to Jacob Crouch will be sold; and so much of the 180 acre tract as was not embraced by the deed from said Wamsley to Edgior D. Wamsley will be sold. The two tracts of 50 acres each and the parcels of the 180 acres, the 125 acres and the 110 acres, not conveyed as aforesaid, together with the 71 acres and the 41 acres compose what is known as the home farm of the said Jacob S. Wamsley and is situate on the Tygart's Valley River in said county. The 500 acres adjoins the said farm and is principally unimproved. The 808 acres is situate in said county on Elk Water. The 2000 acres, the 182 acres and the 80 acres, adjoining each other and are situate on the waters of Greenbrier River in Pocahontas Co. and known as the "Hamilton Place." And the 10 or 12 acres lying on Mill creek, Randolph county between lands of L. C. Conrad and S. M. Wamsley and the 50 acres, Andrew Wamsley land, situate on said creek owned by Melvin Currence; And the 118 acres and 107 acres owned by Patrick Crickard, and being the same lands conveyed by him in trust to Leland Kittle; and the 94 acres, 34 acres and 2 acres owned by Phoebe A. Crickard and being the same lands conveyed to her by James Moyers. The five last named tracts compose what is known as the Patrick Crickard home place, situate in Randolph county on the Tygart's Valley River near Huntersville. A plot of the land to be sold composing the home farm of the said Jacob S. Wamsley, as well as the lands of the said Patrick and Phoebe A. Crickard will be made by the County Surveyor and exhibited at the sale. The home farm of the said Jacob S. Wamsley is largely improved, with barn, two dwelling houses, other out buildings and orchards thereon, partly composed of the finest river bottom, with good upland and in a fine state of cultivation. Upon the said 500 acre tract there is valuable timber, accessible to the Tygart's Valley River. The 808 acres on Elkwater has on it about 300 acres of fine sod, the richest soil and a good quality of timber. Upon the said "Hamilton Place" there is about 300 acres more or less, about 100 acres of which is in sod and produces the finest blue grass. The residue of the land is very rich soil with limestone and first class timber, such as cherry, ash, hemlock, &c., the 10 or 12 acres, Currence land is improved and the 50 acres is partially improved and is of rich soil with a very fine orchard of young and well selected fruit trees thereon. The said "Patrick Crickard Home Place" except the 118 acres is principally improved land of the finest river bottom, upon which is a new dwelling house, other out buildings, a good orchard and is in a high state of cultivation. The 118 acres lies on the east side of the Tygart's Valley River, from the improved lands, is good soil, upon which there is the finest timber, such as white oak, poplar, &c. Such an opportunity for the purchase of valuable timber and improved lands at judicial sale is rarely offered in this section, and parties desiring to make investments in this beautiful valley with the prospect of further development by the extension of its railroad facilities, will do well to investigate the properties to be sold.

TERMS OF SALE.

Said lands will be sold for five per cent of the purchase money cash in hand and the residue in equal amounts upon a credit of 4, 12, 24 & 36 months with interest from the day of sale and purchaser to give notes with good security for the deferred payments.

CYRUS H. SCOTT, Special L. D. STRAUER, Commissioners.

I certify that bond and security has been given by the above named Commissioners as required by the decree of sale.

W. H. WILSON,
 Clerk of the Circuit Court of Randolph County.
 Dec. 5-4t. Printer's fee \$27.00.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. HENRY, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and procures pleasant, without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 71 Murray Street, N. Y.

CHRISTMAS & LIQUOR.

LAM & O'FARRELL,

At the foot of the Allegheny Mountain 8 miles east of Huntersville, can furnish you your Christmas Liquors Cheaper than they can be purchased this side of Staunton. They handle all brands of first class KENTUCKY BURBON and AUGUSTA CO., Va., WHISKEYS. Give them a call and be convinced. All orders by mail receive prompt attention.

P. O. Address, Mountain Grove, Va.

A. M. McCLINTIC & Co.,
 (Successors to Fudge & McClintic.)
 Mt. Grove, - - Va.,
 —DEALERS IN—
 All brands of

LIQUORS,

At from \$2.00 to \$3.50 per gallon. Orders filled promptly.

Also a full line of general Mercandise.

Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods before you purchase elsewhere.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,

GEO. & W. & WAGNER, PROPRIETORS.
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Having lately purchased and assumed control of HOTEL POCAHONTAS, it is our purpose to spare no pains to keep just such a house as the public demands.

Substantial and comfortable accommodations for all guests

Horses well provided for.

Charges reasonable.

Try us and see for yourself.

Respectfully,
GEO. W. WAGNER.

W. R. TYREE. **JOS. E. ROLLINS.**
 Late of Staunton, Va. Late Asst. Cashier Nat. Valley Bank, Staunton, Va.

TYREE & ROLLINS,

—WHOLESALE DEALERS IN—

DRUGS, TOBACCO CIGARS, TEAS, SPICES, PAINTS OILS, &c.

Sole Owners of the Famous Tyree Club Cigar and Staunton Belle Chewing Tobacco.

ALL ORDERS WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

NO. 204 FRONT STREET.
Charleston, - - West Va

FOR DYSPEPSIA
 Use Brown's Iron Bitters. Physicians recommend it.

All dealers keep it \$1.00 per bottle. Genuine has trademark and cannot be filled on water.

GOOD FLOUR.
 50 lbs. per sack, meal 25 lbs. per sack.

—Not less than 40 gallons of liquor passed through town Monday.

—What kind of winter weather is this?

—Several wagons passed through town from Millboro last week.

—Nice paper and envelopes at THE TIMES office cheap.

A happy Christmas and a glad New Year to all.

—We issue on Tuesday evening this week—you know why.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Beard were down at Academy last week.

—Santa Clause is wearing a linen duster this winter.

—Present indications are that Pocahontas Co., will not be without a railroad long.

—Don't forget that THE TIMES office is headquarters for nice job printing.

—Wm. H. Grose, Esq., has been in Highland Co., for the past few days on business.

—Such weather as we are having has scarcely been witnessed by the oldest inhabitants.

—If you want nice envelopes, letter heads note heads &c., call at THE TIMES office.

—Attorney L. M. McClintin returned last week from a trip to Charleston.

I HEREBY NOTIFY ALL PERSONS to keep off my land or going through my enclosures.

JOSEPH KLINE.

—As is usual with most County papers to not issue on Christmas week, and thinking our patrons would not object to us having a week "off" there will be no paper issued from this office next week.

—R. S. Turk Esq., of Wichita, Kansas, with his wife, is on a visit to his father, Rodolph Turk, Esq., near Mt. Solon in this County, who has been quite ill for some time.—Staunton Spectator

—The special quality of Ayer's Hair Vigor is that it restores the natural growth, color, and texture of the hair. It vitalizes the roots and follicles, removes dandruff, and heals itching humors in the scalp. In this respect, it surpasses all similar preparations.

—The only Christmas tree that will be in town, that we know of, will be at the residence of Attorney H. S. Rucker, as is usual with Mr. Rucker to have one every year. He likes to see his little ones enjoy themselves, and we understand his tree this year is a very beautiful and expensive one.

—Many an otherwise handsome face is disfigured with pimples and blotches, caused by a humor in the blood, which may be thoroughly eradicated by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the safest blood medicine in the market, being entirely free from arsenic or any deleterious drug.

Thomas Creek Items.

Not seeing anything in your paper from this community I will endeavor to give you a few items.

Mrs. Carpenter who has been sick for some time, we are happy to say is convalescent.

Robert Griffin, of Traveler's Rest is attending school here.

Rev. Hannak has just closed a series of meetings at Mt. Zion. There were four conversions and about ten penitents when the meeting closed.

Prof. Sterling Ward, of Huttonsville, has been visiting friends and forming acquaintances in this place.

Our school which has been successfully taught by Floyd B. Stalnaker, will close the 31st and he will commence another near Traveler's

Rest. Our vicinity is blessed with peaceable, kind and industrious people, we are sorry to say we have one ignominious villain who goes to preaching and interrupts the preacher, cuts the peoples bridges and steals somebody's horse and rides it off. We hope he will get justice which will be in Mendocville.

Success to THE TIMES.

OBSERVER.

Programme for the next meeting of the Teachers' Association at Edray School house Saturday Jan. 11, 1890, at 1 o'clock p. m.

Select Reading—by Miss Verdie Clark; Improvement of the Free School system—by J. B. White; Select Reading—by Miss Muggio Engle; Art and Science of Teaching—by Charles Cook; Declaration—by John Sydenstricker; Select Reading—by Miss E. J. Buckley; Corporal punishment in the Free Schools—by John A. McGlaughlin; Physiology—by Andrew Geiger; Essay—by Miss E. N. Warwick; School Government—by N. C. McNeel; Analysis—by Miss Carrie Thams; Address—by Rev. Geo. P. Moore.

M. G. MATHEWS, Pres.

Clarksburg, W. Va., December 21.—This morning about four o'clock, Berry Coffman, a farmer of this county, shot and killed Charles Shrieves, another farmer, near Lumberport. It seems that Coffman had his land posted, and that Shrieves was trespassing when the shooting occurred. The particulars, however, cannot be ascertained, as the friends of Coffman say nothing. It is rumored that a feud has existed for some time between Coffman and Shrieves, of the nature of which your correspondent is not informed. It is a sad affair because of the prominence of the parties concerned. Coffman was lodged in jail at Clarksburg this morning, and it is doubtful whether he will be bailed. No preliminary examination was had, and it very likely from the facts that it will be waived.

Serious Result of a Practical Joke

At the government printing office a few days ago one of the young women employed there suddenly suspended a toy mouse before the face of another female employee. The latter was so badly frightened that she fainted. Her fainting was followed by spasms. Realizing the serious consequences of her playfulness, the joker in turn became frightened and becoming suddenly ill hastened to the toilet room, where she, too, fainted and afterwards had hemorrhages. For awhile it was feared that both women would die, but they were soon well enough to be removed to their homes.—Washington Star.

Verdict in the Cronin Case.

The verdict of the Jury in the trial of the murderers of Dr. Cronin in Chicago was rendered Monday afternoon as follows:—

"We, the jury, find the defendant, John F. Beggs, not guilty. We, the jury, find the defendant, John Kanze, guilty of man slaughter as charged in the indictment, and fix his punishment at imprisonment in the penitentiary for a term of three years. We, the jury, find the defendants Daniel Coughlin, Patrick O'Sullivan and Martin Burke, guilty of murder in the second degree and fix the penalty at imprisonment in the penitentiary for the term of their natural lives."

Two hours of allver fell from a truck in New York which was employed in hauling \$400,000 worth to a steamer for shipment to England. Although there was a shortage in

The Survey for the Ohio and West Virginia Road Completed.

MALLESBROUGH, W. VA., December 18.—The preliminary survey of the proposed Ohio and West Virginia Southern Railroad has been completed, and Chief Engineer Kennedy has filed his report of the route. Through the kindness of Mr. Tom G. Strickler the Register representative is enabled to give its readers the route, distances and probable cost. The route runs from Marietta up the Ohio side for ten miles where it is proposed to bridge the Ohio at the mouth of Cow creek in Wood county; this stream is followed to Douglass run in Ritchie county, a distance of ten miles, thence down Bear run four miles, to Cornwells, crossing the R. & O. railroad here and following Hughes river four and one-half miles to Harrisville. From Harrisville the route runs down Indian creek to Jimmet's mills following Knave run to the Middle Fork of Hughes river thence up Bone creek to Troy, Gilmer county, where the road penetrates the big coal fields of that section; thence down Sand Fork to intersect the Black Diamond route, crossing the Kanawha river several miles east and above Glenville, this point of intersection with the Black Diamond, and only 800 feet of tunnelling will be required. The route extends on through Gilmer, Braxton and Pocahontas counties, Clinton Forge, Va., being the terminus, but the Troy coal field is the objective point at present. Ohio capitalists are building the road and issuing bonds. They claim \$17,000 or \$18,000 per mile will build it. A right of way fund is now being raised, and Union district, this county, has voted \$25,000 to the enterprise. Indications are that the road will be built at once and will open up a heretofore undeveloped country rich in minerals and timber.—Register.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.: Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Traux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Wadding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. E. H. Van Hoesen, Cashier Toledo National Bank, Toledo Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

We have just received from the publishers a very full and comprehensive book under the title, Life and Death of Jefferson Davis, giving a full history of his eventful life and death, together with Funeral Services, also comments of the press from all parts of the country. It will be sent postpaid to any address on receipt of 25 cents, by J. S. Ogilvie, the publisher, 57 Rose St., New York, who also desires agents to sell it.

The special session of the Legislature is called to meet in Charleston Jan. 15th, for the purpose of determining the contested election between A. B. Fleming and Nathan Goff for the office of Governor of W. Va.

The suicide of Franklin H. Gowen, once President of the Reading Railroad, was led up to by his generally breaking the Fourth commandment in working on the Sabbath. Neither mind nor matter can long endure the strain of idleness without one-seventh of rest. An earthly lawyer, he has now gone to give an account in the One Law-giver of the way in which he kept his law.

two children in Charleston some time ago has been sentenced to be hanged on March 7.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

W. A. McCorkle, of Charleston, who slapped Federal Marshal White in the face for a remark about Jefferson Davis and who whipped an editor of that town, has been presented with a gold-headed cane.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Sore Throat should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep, and the little cherub awakes "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for all disorders, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

At Charlottesville, Va., Dec. 11, the jury in the case of F. O. Morgan, the young Englishman on trial for killing J. D. Coles, rendered a verdict of eighteen months in the penitentiary, and sentence was imposed.

Save Your Hair

By a timely use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation has no equal as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, and preserves the color, brilliancy, and beauty of the hair.

"I was rapidly becoming bald and gray; but after using two or three bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair grew thick and glossy and the original color was restored."—Melvin Aldrich, Canadian Centre, N. H.

"Some time ago I lost all my hair in consequence of measles. After due washing, no new growth appeared. I then used Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair grew

Thick and Strong.

It has apparently come to stay. The Vigor is evidently a great aid to nature."—J. B. Williams, Floresville, Texas.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past four or five years and find it a most satisfactory dressing for the hair. It is all I could desire, being harmless, causing the hair to retain its natural color, and requiring but a small quantity to render the hair easy to arrange."—Mrs. M. A. Bailey, 9 Charles street, Haverhill, Mass.

"I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for several years, and believe that it has caused my hair to retain its natural color."—Mrs. H. J. Kling, Dealer in Dry Goods, &c., Bishopville, Md.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

Fiduciary Notice

The following Fiduciary notice is before me for settlement:

J. C. Arbogast, late Sheriff, and as such Adm'r of Hester E. Page dec'd.

JAMES W. WARNICK, JR.

Com'r of Accts for Pocahontas County

AUCTION.

I will sell at auction at Edray, W. Va., on December 30th, and 31st, 1889, a lot of Dry Goods, Clothing, Overcoats, Ladies Jackets and Notions.

All persons wishing to buy cheap goods will do well to attend.

DANIEL COOPER, 12-2t.

White Pine Lumber.

I am now prepared to furnish White Pine Lumber, Shingles and Laths on short notice. Any one desiring bills sawed will please furnish me bill and it will be furnished on short notice.


My mill is situated

I have on hand about 200 bushels of wheat which I will grind and sell at \$2.50 per 100 lbs. for cash, and will warrant it as good as can be bought in the county.

JAB. BARLEY.

WHEAT FOR SALE.—Having five hundred bushels of wheat to sell, I offer it for the next 30 days for cash at 40 cts. per bu. at my granary. Respectfully, H. M. LOCKRIDGE, n.28-4t.

A. R. SMITH, Academy, W. Va.



UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at reasonable prices.

Staunton Marble Works.

If you want head stones, Marble and granite Monuments etc., etc., you can do no better than to buy from

G. C. COOPER, agent, Green Bank, Pocahontas Co., W. Va.

A CARD.

To weak nervous and debilitated men suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, Early Decay, Lost Manhood, Varicose, etc., we will send a remedy guaranteed to effect a speedy cure. This great restorative was discovered by an eminent London physician whose life work was devoted to suffering humanity in the hospitals of the world's metropolis, and will be cheerfully sent to the unfortunate. Send now. Address, The Action Medical Co., Washington, D. C. (Sole agents for America.) Oct. 31-1 yr.

PATENTS.

Patents, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees.

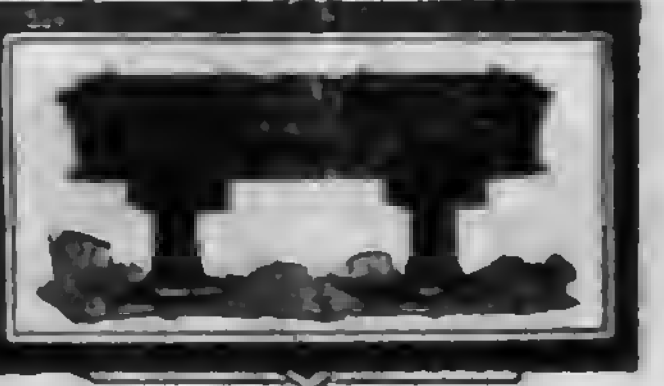
Our office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A Pamphlet, "How to Obtain Patents," with names of actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO., Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.


FOR THE BEST FURNITURE CHAIRS AND FINEST TRIMMED



in the county, go to

C. B. SWECKER, AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND CABINET MAKER, Dunmore, W. Va.

A SOLID STEEL FENCE!




MADE OF EXPANDED METAL

CUT FROM SHEET. SOMETHING NEW.

For Fences, Gates, Ornamental, Gravel, etc., Fences, Ornamental, Gates, Windows, Gravel, etc., Fences, Fire-proof PLASTERING, LATH, POOR, etc., etc. Write for Illustrated Catalogue, mailed free.

CENTRAL EXPANDED METAL CO 110 Water St., Philadelphia, Pa. Hardware Men keep it. Give name of this paper.

MONEY REFUND



NO CURE NO PAY

OLIVER H. OSBORN is the greatest boon to mankind. He gives you all forms of female weakness, such as Partial Menstruation, Barrenness, Leucorrhoea, Pains, Cramps and Fibroid Tumors in their early stages, and the long list of

[illegible]

CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA,
GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING
DISEASES, EMACIATION,
SCURVY, CHRONIC COUGHS

CALABRE

We have a remedy that will cure CATARRH OF THE NOSE, BRONCHITIS and ASTHMA. Our (M.D.) is so certain that we will send treatment on trial, free of charge, to all who apply. Address,
The H.B. Chemical Co., 9060 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.

GET THEM AT "THE TIMES"

*Asia Chapter of the Famous Grouse Club Cigar and Accessories
Bottle Cigarette Publisher*

—Quite a number of persons attended court Tuesday.

—County Court met Tuesday, with the usual commissioner's on the bench.

—We had to cut communications this week on account of our limited space.

—Mr. Jas. W. Warlock, Jr., has returned from a trip to Richmond Va., and other places.

—Attorneys C. F. Moore and L. M. McClintic attended justices court at Green Bank, Saturday week ago.

—Attorney C. F. Moore, started to-day (Wednesday) for Charleston, to attend the Court of Appeals.

—Christmas and New Year, passed off smoothly and quietly here, with the exception of a little drinking.

—We hope all of our readers had a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

—Its beginning to look as though ice would be a scarce article about here next summer.

—A number of persons called to see us Tuesday and pulled their pocket books on us. Thanks gentlemen, call again.

—We are requested to say that there will be a shooting match on Tuesday, Jan. 14th, at Davis Dilley's near Dilley's Mill.

—Attorneys H. S. Bucker, L. M. McClintic and F. J. Snyder, and Justice Grose were down at Academy last Friday and Saturday holding Justice's Court.

—Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Mary Curry, of this place to Mr. J. C. McNeel of Academy, on next Wednesday Jan. 15th at 6 o'clock p. m. at the residence of the bride's father.

—J. F. Hull, Esq., of the firm of W. C. Hull & Son, of Edray, and Mrs. W. H. Cleck, of Knapp's creek were visiting friends and relatives in Highland and Bath Co's, last week.

—The only Christmas tree in town was the one in the reception room of Attorney H. S. Bucker given for his family, which was beautifully decorated and laden with handsome and costly gifts.

—A few invited guests of which we were one of the lucky, partook of a beautiful and appetizing supper at the residence of Mr. Henry Sharp on Douthard's creek Friday after Christmas.

—A colored man from down about Academy went to Mt. Grove Tuesday evening before Christmas and bought 3 gallons of liquor, which was stolen from him while passing through Hammersville on his return.

—The Hamilton land situate at the upper end of this County which was advertised in THE TIMES to be sold at Beverly, Randolph Co., on the 3rd inst. was purchased by Col. John Driscoll for \$6,500.

—From all appearances and if Ramor is true Wm. A. Greaver, of Letcher, Bath Co., Va., will be married soon, to one of the fair ones of that vicinity. Any one that knows Will and see him riding by on a mule cannot mistake that he wants to get married, and that had.

—Dame Ramor says that Mr. G. A. Gwinn, of Bath Co., Va., is very much in love, which is the first time in his lifetime of about 38 years, with one of the fair ones of near Green Bank, and it will not be a surprise to his friends if cards are out announcing his marriage in the near future.

—The unusually quiet village of Edray, was quiet not long since, caused by the wild and unaccountable conduct of County Surveyor Baxter; but when it was ascertained

—More new subscribers this week.

—The Methodist Quarterly meeting will not commence here next Sunday as was expected.

—Dlek Knapp, very mysteriously disappeared from his home near Edray a few weeks ago, and a short time after, was reported as being found dead in the woods; when a coroners jury was summoned and repaired to the scene. It was found to be only a pudly with Dlek's clothes. Very conflicting reports have been circulated as to Dlek's whereabouts, and it is believed by some that he has really been killed, though no apparent motive can be assigned.

Dead Letter List.
The following is a list of letters remaining in the Post Office at Hammersville since the 31st day of December 1889. If not called for within 30 days they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office.

Dan Reiter	1 letter
Miss Maggie E. Wado	1 "
Miss Jane Logan	1 "
Warwick M. Jackson	2 "
Grant M. Jackson	2 "

Parties calling for above will please say they were advertised.
G. W. WAGNER, P. M.

Dunmore Doings.

Xmas is over and we had some jolly times one place and another. Capt. E. A. Smith and Col. Jno. A. Noel left for Washington D. C. last week.

Auctioneer Swecker made some good sales last week of clothing at Edray, also he was prevented from going to Randolph Co., last week to auction the large land sale there.

Misses Alice and Lena McLaughlin spent the holidays at home.

D. B. McElwee, was down on Knapp's creek last week making arrangements for his new store.

There will be singing at the Beverage church on Clover creek, Sunday, 12th.

Singing at the Baxter church every Saturday night.

Dr. John Ligon killed a bear last week which weighed 300 lbs.

Traveler's Report Locals.

Mr. Commodore Gam and bride from Missouri are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Gam.

Mr. Henry Yeager of Cheyenne Wyoming Ty., is visiting relatives in this neighborhood.

Mr. Jacob Arbogast who had the misfortune to cut his leg severely while out hunting, is now slowly recovering, but too late to go to see a best girl Christmas.

Mrs. Comfort Houchen who has been quite ill for some time, is some better at the time of this writing.

Mrs. Maggie Beverage and children who have been visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Lee. Barber left for their home at Green Bank last Sunday, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Barber.

Miss Lena Barber, who had a severe attack of diphtheria is now fully recovered.

Mr. Brown Yeager, is off on a business trip to Grafton.

Rev. Geo. Hannah of Front is holding a revival at the Brush Run School House three miles below here which is the most successful one ever held in that vicinity. Thirty persons have professed and still fifteen penitents. May the good work go on.

L. G. W.

Eleven persons burned to death in a dwelling at Harontown, Mich., on Dec. 29.

In 1889, floods and fire destroyed from sixty to seventy million dollars worth of property in the United States.

A race riot occurred in Auburn, Ga., on Christmas day in which blue persons were killed and several others injured.

The State of Georgia has "New

NOTICE.

The second term of Hillbourn Academy for the session of 1889-90 will begin January 22nd and will continue twenty weeks or eleven school months. Rates of tuition: \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, and \$3.00 per month according to grade. A contingent fee of 15 cts per month is charged to provide fuel, &c. Board can be had at from \$8 to \$10 per month.

Two and one half months consist into a quarter session and all tuition and fees must be paid quarterly. Pupils will be charged from time of entrance to the close of each quarter, and no deduction from tuition charges will be made except in cases of protracted illness, or unless special arrangements are made with the principal.

We invite the attention of parents who wish to educate their children to the advantages of our school and most respectfully solicit their patronage. Young teachers will find it to their advantage to attend during the spring months. We promise thorough instruction and careful training. It is best for students to enter at the beginning of the term, but they will be received at any time.

We desire to say that all pupils of this school are expected to study and to be governed by the rules of school. We do not want demerits, but all who wish to study and to educate themselves will find our school pleasant and profitable.

For further information address the principal, or come and see for yourself.

D. S. HANKLA, Principal.
Jan 8-4w Academy, W. Va.

SALE OF VALUABLE PROPERTY AT MILL POINT.

I offer for sale my property at Mill Point, which consists of a New Flouring Mill, in fine order and has a good custom; one old Mill House with a Carding Machine in it; Two Dwelling Houses, one nearly new; one Blacksmith shop and Wagon shop, Stable sheds &c., and twelve and a half acres of land.

Reason for selling health has failed in mill business.

Price and terms reasonable.

For further particulars Address, URIAH BIRD.

Mill Point, Pocahontas Co. W. Va.

White Pine Lumber.

I am now prepared to furnish White Pine Lumber, Shingles and Laths on short notice. Any one desiring bills sawed will please furnish me bill and it will be furnished on short notice.

My mill is situated near Alexander Rider's. Respectfully,
H. M. LOCKRIDGE.

Richard K. Fox has decided to have a salt made to represent the 115-pound championship of America.

Advice to Mothers.
Mrs. Winstow's Horchard Brand should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It soothes the little sufferer, and is a natural, quiet sleep, and the little cherub awakes as bright as a button. It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, and is the best remedy for all diseases, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Commissioner's Notice.

E. H. Moore & wife & nls, vs. Susan Burr & nls.
All parties interested, will hereby take notice, that pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above named cause on the 22nd day of October 1889, I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court at my office in the town of Hammersville, W. Va., on Saturday the 16th day of February, 1890 to take, state and report the following matters of account:

1st. Settle the accounts of J. C. Arbogast Adm'r of William Burr deceased.

2nd. An account showing all the debts of every description against the Estate of the said William Burr dead to including therein the Plaintiff's said debt and the charge aforesaid, with their respective legal dignities and priorities, showing on which tract each debt has priority, if any.

3rd. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner or required by any party in interest to be specially stated.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.
Printers fee \$7.50 Jan 9-4t

Commissioners Notice.

Augusta National Bank & Co. vs. S. C. Tardy & nls.

Notice is hereby given to all parties interested that in pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above named cause on the 22nd day of October, 1889, I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court at my office in the town of Hammersville, W. Va., on Friday the 8th day of January, 1890 to take, state and report the following matters of account:

1st. An account showing the liens of every description on the undivided two thirds interest of the defendants Samuel C. Tardy and Samuel C. Tardy Jr., in the tract of 2197 acres of land in the Bill and proceedings mentioned with their respective legal dignities and priorities including the plaintiffs lien by virtue of the attachment sued out and levied as aforesaid.

2nd. An account showing the annual rental and fee simple value respectively of the said undivided two thirds interest in said lands.

3rd. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner or required by any party in interest to be specially stated.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.
Printers fee \$7.98 Jan 9-4t

Fiduciary Notice.

The following Fiduciary notice is before me for settlement:
J. C. Arbogast, late Sheriff, and as such Adm'r of Hester E. Long deceased.

JAMES W. WARNICK, Jr.
Com'r of Accts for Pocahontas County

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Harding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. E. H. Van Hoesen, Cashier Toledo National Bank, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

FOR THE BLOOD.
Weakness, Malaria, Indigestion and Biliousness, take
BROWN'S IRON BITTER.
It cures quickly. For sale by all dealers in medicine. Get the genuine.

CONSUMPTION,

IN its first stages, can be successfully checked by the prompt use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Even in the later periods of that disease, the cough is wonderfully relieved by this medicine.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral with the best effect in my practice. This wonderful preparation once saved my life. I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and given up by my physician. One bottle and a half of the Pectoral cured me."—A. J. Eldson, M. D., Middleton, Tennessee.

"Several years ago I was severely ill. The doctors said I was in consumption, and that they could do nothing for me, but advised me, as a last resort, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking this medicine two or three months I was cured, and my health remains good to the present day."—James Rhelard, Darion, Conn.

"Several years ago, on a passage home from California, by water, I contracted an severe cold that for some days I was confined to my state-room, and a physician on board considered my life in danger. Happening to have a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I used it freely, and my lungs were soon restored to a healthy condition. Since then I have invariably recommended this preparation."—J. B. Chandler, Junction, Va.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

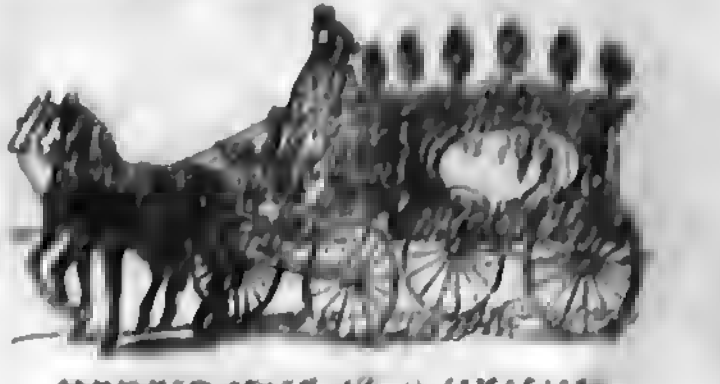
Sold by all Druggists. Price 25 cts. per bottle, 50 cts.

Flour.

I have on hand about 200 bushels of wheat which I will grind and sell at \$2.50 per 100 lbs. for cash, and will warrant it as good as can be bought in the county.
JAS. BARKLEY.

WHEAT FOR SALE.—Having over hundred bushels of wheat to sell, I offer it for the next 30 days for cash at 90 cts. per bu. at my grannery. Respectfully,
H. M. LOCKRIDGE.

A. R. SMITH,
Academy, W. Va.



UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared, to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at reasonable prices.

Staunton Marble Works.

If you want head stones Marble and granite Monuments etc., etc., you can do no better than to buy from

G. C. COOPER, agent,
Green Bank, Pocahontas Co., W. Va.

A CARD.

To weak nervous and debilitated men suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, Early Decay, Lost Manhood, Varicose, etc., we will send a remedy guaranteed to effect a speedy cure. This great restorative was discovered by an eminent London physician whose life work was devoted to suffering humanity in the hospitals of the world's metropolis, and will be cheerfully sent to the unfortunate. Send now. Address, The Arton Medical Co., Washington, D. C. (Sole agents for America.) Oct. 31-1 yr.

PATENTS.

Patents, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees.

Our office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A Pamphlet, "How to Obtain Patents," with names of actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.
Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

FOR THE BEST FURNITURE CHAIRS AND DINING ROOMS



In the county, go to

O. B. SWECKER,
AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND CABINET MAKER.
Dunmore, W. Va.

STEEL FENCE!



EXPANDED METAL

CUT FROM STEEL SOMETHING NEW.

For STRENGTH, DURABILITY, ECONOMY, FIRE-PROOF PLASTERING LATH, ROOF SINKS, &c. Write for Illustrated Catalogue, and see CENTRAL EXPANDED METAL CO. 110 Water St., Pittsburgh, Pa. Telephone No. 1000. Also name of this name.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the Creditors of William Burr, dead.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said William Burr to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said William Burr, adjudication to L. M. McClintic, Commissioner, at his office in the said County, on or before the 15th day of

Price and terms reasonable.
For further particulars Address:

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 in.	3 in.	6 in.	1 yr.
One inch	\$ 1.00	\$ 2.00	\$ 3.00	\$ 5.00
Three in.	2.00	4.00	6.00	10.00
Or. column	3.00	6.00	10.00	17.00
Half col'n	6.00	12.00	20.00	30.00
One col'n	10.00	20.00	30.00	50.00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., \$1.00 in advance; after 6 months, \$1.25; after 12 months, \$1.50. These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

January 16, 1890.

Congressman W. D. Kelley died in Washington City on the 9th inst.

The infant King of Spain, is lying at the point of death.

A storm in Brooklyn, N. Y. caused the wall of a church to fall, killing five persons.

Judge G. A. Edwards, editor of the Weston Democrat died on the 4th inst, aged 56 years.

The new dwelling house of Mr. G. L. Dunn near Peterstown Monroe Co., was entirely destroyed by fire on the 1st inst. Loss about \$2,000, no insurance.

Clanil Galaspai, aged 15 years was shot and killed by C. T. Lank a lad of 13 years, on Gladly Fork, Randolph Co. The lads were out hunting, and the shooting is supposed to be accidental.

—C. F. Moore, of Huntersville, is registered at the Ruffner.—Charleston Star.

Millions Stolen.

Embezzlement can be ranked among the industries specially active during 1889.

The grand total of money embezzled from corporations, private firms or the United States Government was \$8,562,763. This is more than half the amount required to run the United States navy for a year, and would keep the War Department going for three months.

The largest sum taken was \$1,000,000, which a Chicago man got away with, while there were 23 embezzlements where the loot ranged in amount from \$100,000 to \$700,000.

The summer dull season furnished the smallest month's operations in this line, those for June being only \$87,566, while March showed the heaviest business, \$1,181,689.

Of the 204 embezzlements involving \$1,000 or upwards, there were 19 committed by private bankers, bank officials and clerks, involving a total sum of \$950,000.

The crime was confined to no special class of men, as we find in the list one preacher, one deacon, one United States Consul, one treasurer of college, one printer and a fair sprinkling of salesmen, bookkeepers, clerks and others temporarily or regularly entrusted with other people's money.

The list is an ugly one, and shows some increase in this kind of dishonesty, but no greater than could be expected from the rapid growth of our population and in the opportunities afforded for the work.—Ex.

WASHINGTON LETTER

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, January, 10.—

The World's Fair question will probably soon be settled now. St. Louis and Washington have been heard by the Senate committee, and to-morrow will be devoted to hearing arguments in favor of Chicago

and New York. In the House the committee on Foreign Affairs which has charge of the matter, has decided to report a bill, leaving the site blank, to be filled by vote of the House. If no hitch occurs the whole thing should be settled before the first of February.

Tobacco and silk growers and manufacturers have been trying to impress their views upon the House committee on Ways and Means, and very diverse views they were too.

Representative Cannon, of Illinois, one of the republican members of the Committee on Rules, refuses to sanction the radical departure proposed by Speaker Reed, and no Rules have been as yet reported to the House, which remains completely in the Speaker's power, as long as he can get a bare majority to sustain his rulings no matter how outrageous they may be. This was fully demonstrated this week when the Speaker ruled in favor of taking up the District of Columbia appropriation bill. Mr. Brickmridge, of Kentucky, appealed from the ruling and there was an all day fight, the democrats being ably led by Ex-Speaker Carlisle, who made a strong speech in which he tried to shame the republicans into respecting the rights of the minority, but it was no use, they voted to sustain the Speaker's decision. As long as things remain as they are now the republicans have everything their own way in the House, and the only satisfaction the democrats have is that they are setting up a precedent that will be useful for all its worth when the democrats again get control in the House.

One of the new democratic Senators from Montana, Martin Maginnis would be certain of obtaining his seat if the Washington newspaper men had to decide the question.

Lawyers on the Senate Finance committee say that Senator Sherman's anti-trust bill is unconstitutional.

Senator Morgan delivered a speech in favor of his bill for sending the negroes to Africa. In his bill will not become a law.

CASTORIA

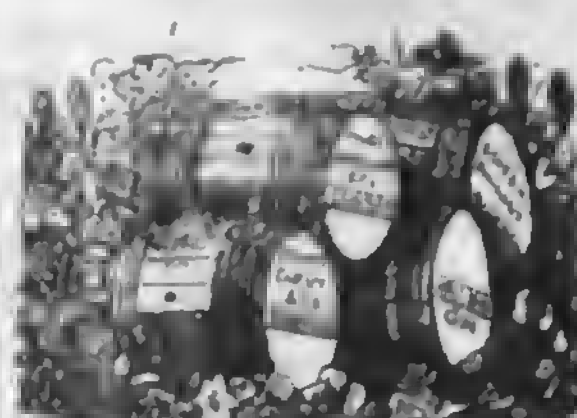
for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Bow Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

LAM & O'FARRELL



8 Miles east of Huntersville, at the foot of the Alleghany Mountain,

DEALERS IN

First class brands of Kentucky Bourbon and Va. Whiskies, Wines, Brandies, &c., also Groceries, Tobacco and Cigars.

We can furnish your liquors cheaper than can be purchased this side of Staunton.

Quick sales and small profits is our motto.

Give us a trial; we guarantee satisfaction.

All orders by mail receive prompt attention.

P. O. Address, Mountain Grove, Va.

A. M. McCLINTIC & Co.,

(Successors to Fudge & McClintic.)

Mt. Grove, - - Va.,

DEALERS IN

All brands of

LIQUORS,

At from \$2.00 to \$3.50 per gallon. Orders filled promptly.

Also a full line of general Mercandise.

Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods before you purchase elsewhere.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,

GEO. W. WAGNER, PROPRIETOR.
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Having lately purchased and assumed control of HOTEL POCAHONTAS, it is our purpose to spare no pains to keep just such a house as the public demands.

Substantial and comfortable accommodations for all guests

Horses well provided for.

Charges reasonable.

Try us and see for yourself.

Respectfully,

GEO. W. WAGNER.

W. R. TYREE,

Late of Staunton, Va.

JOS. E. ROLLINS,

Late of Cashier, Va., Valley Bank, Staunton, Va.

TYREE & ROLLINS

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

DRUGS, TOBACCO CIGARS, TEAS, SPICES, PAINTS OILS, &c.

Sole Owners of the Famous Tyree Club Cigar and Staunton Chewing Tobacco.

ALL ORDERS WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

NO. 234 FRONT STREET,

Charleston,

West Va

DRUG HYPERPIA
Has Received from Doctors
Physicians recommend it
All dealers keep it \$1.50 per bottle. Stationers
keep it \$1.50 per bottle. Stationers

GOOD FLOUR
Graham's, pound, meat 10 cts per
bushel of 40 lbs. 10 cts per

the news from the State Capital during the special session of the Legislature will not be done; and making their selection when they know the daily Gazette of Charleston, is the best and leading paper there. It is the only paper in the State outside of Wheeling which publishes the Associated Press Dispatches and contains more news than any other paper at the State Capital. Price per month \$6, one year \$60.00.

It is the same in size as the Wheeling paper. The Weekly Gazette is only \$1.00 per year. Sold by all the news dealers.

Buckeye State

I have on hand about 200 bushels of wheat which I will grind and sell at \$2.50 per 100 lbs. for cash, and will warrant it as good as can be bought in the county.

JAS. BARRELEY.

WHEAT FOR SALE.—Having five hundred bushels of wheat to sell, I offer it for the next 30 days for cash at 90 cts. per bu. at my granary.

Respectfully,
H. M. LOCKHART.

UNDERTAKER.
Is prepared to furnish and deliver
Coffins upon very short notice and at
reasonable prices.

**Staunton Marble
Works.**

If you want head stones, Marble
and granite Monuments, etc., etc.,
you can do no better than to buy
from
G. C. COOPER, agent,
Green Bank, Piedmont Co.,
W. Va.

A CARD.

To weak nervous and debilitated men suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, Early Decay, Lost Manhood, Varicocele, etc., we will send a remedy guaranteed to effect a speedy cure. This great restorative was discovered by an eminent London physician whose life work was devoted to suffering humanity in the hospitals of the world's metropolis, and will be cheerfully sent to the unfortunate. Send now. Address, The Acton Medical Co., Washington, D. C. Sole agents for America. Oct. 31-1 yr.

TITLE TO CONDITIONS

To the Creditors of William Burr,
dec'd

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Rockingham made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said William Burr to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said William Burr, adjudication to L. Mc Intire, Commissioner, at his office in the said County, on or before the 15th day of February 1890.

Witness: John J. Beard, Clerk of the said Court, this 7th day of January 1890.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clk.
Printers fee \$6.00 Jan. 9 6w

**SALE OF VALUABLE
PROPERTY AT MILL
POINT.**

I offer for sale my

property at Mill Point, which consists of a New Flouring Mill, in fine order and has a good custom; one old Mill House with a Carding Machine in it; Two Dwelling Houses, one nearly new; one

Blacksmith shop and Wagon shop, Stable sheds &c., and twelve and a half acres of land.

Reason for selling livestock has failed in mill business.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	\$ 1.00	\$ 2.00	\$ 3.00	\$ 5.00
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Half column	1.50	3.00	5.00	8.50
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Huntersville, W. Va.

January 16, 1890.

A Boy Who Recommended Himself.

John Brent was trimming his hedge, and the "snip-snap" of his shears was a pleasing sound to his ears. In the rear of him stretched a wide, smoothly kept lawn, in the center of which stood his residence, a handsome, massive, modern structure, which had cost him not less than ninety thousand dollars.

The owner of it was the man who, in shabby attire, was trimming his hedge. "A close, stungy old skulldugg, I'll warrant," some boy is ready to say.

No, he wasn't. He trimmed his own hedge for recreation, as he was a man of sedentary habits. His shabby clothes were his working clothes, while those which he wore on other occasions were both neat and expensive; indeed, he was very particular even about what one known as the minor appointments of dress.

Loath of being stingy, he was exceedingly liberal. He was always contributing to benevolent enterprises, and helping deserving people, often when they had not asked his help.

Just beyond the hedge was the public sidewalk, and two boys stopped opposite to where he was at work, he on one side of the hedge and they on the other.

"Hello, Fred! That's a very handsome tennis racket," one of them said. "You paid about seven dollars for it, didn't you?"

"Only six, Charlie," was the reply.

"Your old one is in prime order yet. What will you take for it?"

"I sold it to Willie Robbins for for one dollar and a half," replied Fred.

"Well, now, that was silly," declared Charlie. "I'd have given you three dollars for it."

"You are too late," replied Fred. "I have promised it to Willie."

"Oh, you only promised it to him, eh? And he's simply promised to pay for it, I suppose? I'll give you three dollars cash for it."

"I can't do it, Charlie."

"You can if you want to. A dollar and a half more isn't to be sneezed at."

"Of course not," admitted Fred: "and I'd like to have it, only I promised the racket to Willie."

"But you are not bound to keep your promise. You are at liberty to take more for it. Tell him that I offered you another three or four, and that will settle it."

"No, Charlie," gravely replied the other boy, "that will not settle it—neither with Willie nor with me. I cannot disappoint him. A bargain is a bargain. The racket is his, even if it hasn't been delivered."

"Oh, let him have it," retorted Charlie, angrily. "Fred Fenton, I will not say that you are a chump, but I'll predict that you'll never make a successful business man."

at the time who had such a high regard for his word.

"The lad has a good face, and is made of the right sort of stuff," was the millionaire's mental comment. "He places a proper value upon his integrity, and he will succeed in business because he is punctilious."

The next day, while he was again working on his hedge, John Brent overheard another conversation. Fred Fenton was again a participant in it.

"Fred, let us go over to the circus lot," the other boy said. "The men are putting up the tents for the afternoon performance."

"No, Joe; I'd rather not," Fred said.

"But why?"

"On account of the proximity. One never hears anything good on such occasions, and I would advise you not to go. My mother would not want me to go."

"Did she say you shouldn't?"

"No, Joe."

"Then, let us go. You will not be disobeying her orders."

"But I will be disobeying her wishes," insisted Fred. "No, I'll not go."

"That is another good point in that boy," thought John Brent. "A boy who respects his mother's wishes very rarely goes wrong."

"Two months later, John Brent advertised for a clerk in his factory, and there were at least a dozen applicants.

"I can simply take your names and residences this morning," he said. "I'll make inquiries about you, and notify the one whom I conclude to select."

Three of the boys gave their names and residences.

"What is your name?" he asked, as he glanced at the fourth boy.

"Fred Fenton, sir," was the reply.

John Brent remembered the name and the boy. He looked at him keenly, a pleased smile crossed his face.

"You can stay," he said. "I've been suited sooner than I expected to be," he added, looking at the other boys and dismissing them with a wave of his hand.

"Why did you take me?" asked Fred, in surprise. "Why were inquiries not necessary in any case? You do not know me."

"I know you better than you think I do," John Brent said, with a significant smile.

"But I offered you no recommendations," suggested Fred.

"My boy, it wasn't necessary," replied John Brent. "I overheard you recommending yourself."

But, as he felt disposed to enlighten Fred, he told him about the two conversations he had overheard.

Now, boys, this is a true story, and there is a moral in it. You are more frequently observed, and heard and overheard, than you are aware of. Your elders have a habit of making an estimate of your moral and mental worth. You cannot keep late hours, lounge on the corners, visit low places of amusement, smoke cigarettes and chaff boys, who are better than you are, without other people making a note of your bad habits.

How much more forcibly and creditable pure speech, good breeding, honest purposes, and parental respect would speak in your behalf!

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NO CURE NO PAY
OLIVE BLOSSOM is the greatest tonic for women. It cures all forms of female weakness, such as Pains, Menstruation, Headaches, Leucorrhoea, Prolaps, Hygiene and Fibroids. It is the only remedy that cures the most stubborn and dangerous cases of female weakness.

The second term of Hillsboro Academy for the session of 1889-90 will begin January 22nd, and will continue twenty weeks or five school months. Rates of tuition: \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, and \$3.00 per month according to grade. A contingent fee of 15 cts per month is charged to provide fuel, &c. Board can be had at from \$8 to \$10 per month.

Two and one half months constitute a quarter session and all tuition and fees must be paid quarterly. Pupils will be charged from time of entrance to the close of each quarter, and no deduction from tuition charges will be made except in cases of protracted illness, or unless special arrangements are made with the principal.

We invite the attention of parents who wish to educate their children to the advantages of our school and most respectfully solicit their patronage. Young teachers will find it to their advantage to attend during the spring months. We promise thorough instruction and careful training. It is best for students to enter at the beginning of the term, but they will be received at any time.

We desire to say that all pupils of this school are expected to study and to be governed by the rules of school. We do not want dead-weights, but all who wish to study and to educate themselves will find our school pleasant and profitable.

For further information address the principal, or come and see for yourself.

D. S. HANKLA, Principal.
Jan 9 4w Academy, W. Va.

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I am now prepared to furnish White Pine Lumber, Shingles and Laths on short notice. Any one desiring bills sawed will please furnish me bill and it will be furnished on short notice.

My mill is situated near Alexander Rider's. Respectfully,
H. M. LOCKRIDGE.

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OF PURE COD LIVER OIL

AND HYPOPHOSPHITES

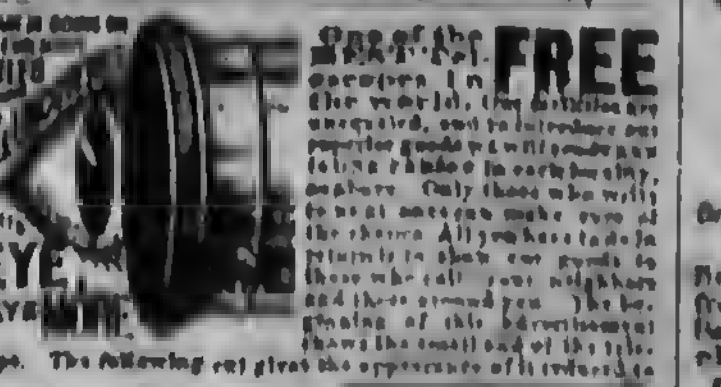
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Persons gain rapidly while taking it.

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One of the most important facts in the world, the solution of the question of the cure of Consumption, is the discovery of the great remedy for Consumption, and Wasting in Children. Sold by all Druggists.

FREE
The following are the names of the persons who have been cured by the use of Scott's Emulsion.

Place's Cure for Consumption is also the best Cough Medicine. If you have a Cough without disease of the Lungs, a few doses are all you need. But if you neglect this easy means of safety, the slight Cough may become a serious matter, and several bottles will be required.

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Place's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

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CURE SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who care try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, January 23, 1890.

Terms of Subscription, \$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 26.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Clk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'r Co. Ct. (C. E. Beard, S. B. Hannah, G. P. Moore).
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is levy term.

F. MOORE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER,

Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,

Atty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will Practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

F. J. SNYDER,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

D. R. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

D. R. S. P. PATTERSON,

Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.

TWO LESSONS.

BY S. D. BARNES.

"It won't do to bet on another man's game," remarked one of the group gathered around the fire in Dutch John's grocery. "I learned that years ago, and the fellow that cut my eye-teeth for me was the same Ab Skinner who was elected to the last Legislature from Rawhide County."

We sat and smoked in silence. We were all old acquaintances of the speaker, and knew that there was a story forthcoming, and it would be related without any urging from us.

"I met Ab first the winter I came down from the North," continued the narrator, after a slight pause. "We were both young fellows, then—I was visiting at Uncle Dick Scofield's ranch, and Ab was one of the cowboys—and we two were together a good deal, hunting and knocking around, and all our spare time we put in playing cards and shaking dice."

"Ab was a fair player, but I was fresh from Chicago, and up to all the dodges of a professional; and gradually I pocketed all the loose change that he could rake and scrape; until finally, I got him down to bedrock, and had to hold up until Uncle Dick paid him his next quarter's salary. Then I fully intended to wipe in and gobble the entire hundred and fifty, and pull back for civilization."

"It was a pretty scheme, but somehow it failed to work. Ab Skinner was doing a little scheming at the same time, and his brain was clearer than mine."

"A week before pay-day, he went over to the 'circle bar' ranch, and when he came back I saw that he had been drinking, and was as happy as a wolf in a sheep pen; but he snored down again, and so things racked on for a few days longer."

"We had just moved our cattle in from the upper range and throwed 'em in on a little valley west of the shanty, where not a blade of grass had been nipped all summer long, and there they were feeding—four thousand head of 'em, and as wild a lot as ever waved a horn in a stampede. One day, about noon, as Uncle Dick was coming in from town, the whole herd lit out after him, crippled his horse, and nearly scared the old man to death."

"Them cattle are terrors," he said, as he slid off his horse, and spread himself out on the veranda, when Ab and I were talking to the Deputy Sheriff, who was down looking up some stolen stock—"I thought ol' Dick was a gone con, sime."

"They didn't like your looks," said Ab with a laugh. "You couldn't git 'em to run a genuine cowboy. I'll bet I could walk clean across to that knot yander," and he indicated a little hill entirely beyond the herd; "walk over, understand, about, and about, and never get a scratch from a horn or hoof."

"I would like to bet you something on that," said I; and I had hardly spoken the words before Ab drew a luskum bag from his pocket, and shook out a pile of silver and gold."

"There is fifty dollars," said he, "if you want to make some money easy here's your chance. The Sheriff will hold the stakes."

"Fifty dollars was just the size of my pile, and Ab knew it. I was

still I hesitated.

"Slick bla, Charley," said Uncle Dick; "the shut-blamed fool will be killed, but that ain't your lookout. If you don't bet, I will!"

"I went over and handed Sheriff Smith the money, and as he put it in his hat along with Ab's fifty, the old man chirped in again."

"Behn' as you're throwin' away your money, Ab, why not give me some of it? There's that hundred and fifty I was gub' to pay you tonight—suppose I put it in the hat with as much more, on 'f you get through to the knot, Smith kin rule over an' give you the hull wad."

"(Good enuff," replied Ab, and in three minutes the Sheriff's old sombrero was looking like a second edition of the national treasury."

"Let's understand this thing," said Salth. "Ab lights out about right now, and goes straight to the knot, and if he gits thar' the dust is his; is that right?"

"An' if he gits the hull side of his head burned off, or anything like that happens tew him, he don't git it," said uncle. "Snake hands, Ab, before you go. You've bin a mighty good land with the cattle, but I'll be yow'rful glad to assist at your funeral."

"Give me a good one, old man," grinned Ab, as he jumped off the veranda and started for the knot."

"Come back," said Uncle Dick. "If you'll forfeit one-third, and own you're a foul, we'll let you off."

"But Ab went ahead as though he had never heard him."

"The wind was blowing straight to the herd, and though the nearest steer was three hundred yards away, he seemed to scent the fun at once; for he threwed up his head with a snort, walked out a few yards meeting Ab, and then, as he saw that his victim was coming directly toward him, the long-horn leaped himself, and waited for his arrival. In two seconds, another big, red fellow trotted up, and took his position alongside; and then another, until there was a wall of white horns, fifty yards long, barring Ab's road to the mound, and hundreds of cattle coming in every direction to take a hand in the frolic. A man afoot was a curiosity to them, with which they were evidently bound to become acquainted, if possible."

"They'll kill him in a holy minute," muttered Uncle Dick Salth. "I'll be another sad gatherin' of friends around the cigar box that holds his remains. I tell ye, Smith, human life is ter'ble anshuin'."

"Ab Skinner's hat," replied the Sheriff. "He's the luckiest feller in forty-three States. I don't see how he's going to make it, but he'll come out somehow."

"Just then we saw Skinner stop and put his hand in his pocket. He had approached within sixty yards of the herd, and every hoof was watching him, with a general humb shaking, and bellowing, that would have frightened a common man in to fits."

"He's gitta' his gun," said uncle. "Mighty he thinks he kin bluff 'em with a little shootin', but he'll miss it, and if he kin kill two hundred dollars worth at six dollars a head I'll try ter stand it."

"But Ab did not intend to shoot. He had dropped out of sight in the tall grass, and as we were wondering what it all meant, we saw a tongue of flame leap up in the air and rapidly spread, with the wind fanning it in the direction of the

herd made a break for the barn kills, while Ab stepped in behind the lduze and followed."

"The smoke settled in the little valley and hid everything from view, and I, for one, was quite satisfied that it should be so."

"There was no danger to be apprehended from the fire—for the ranch was protected by a stream that the bluze could not cross with the wind against it—but I knew that my fifty dollars was gone, and I felt as sour as vinegar."

"Uncle was feeling no better. He seemed to be paralyzed, and never made a kick about the fire ruining his range; and when three pistol shots from the knot notified us that Skinner had got through, he looked as though he had been sentenced to the 'pen' for life."

"The money is Ab Skinner's," said Smith, and we knew if we kicked we would have the Sheriff to kill, and not only him, but all four of his brothers; and they were all bad men."

"Tell him not to come back," said uncle, savagely, as Smith got on his horse, to deliver the stakes according to agreement. "Ab is a good fellow, but he is too illbred smart. He would own the ranch in less'n a week."

"So! Dat vos der vay of it," put in Dutch John, solemnly. "He gets your money already, eh! Dat vos goot—I vos glad of dat."

"And that wasn't the worst of it," went on Charley. "If the matter had stopped there I wouldn't have minded it so much. But you see, uncle and I tried to get even, and that made the business worse."

"I sent home for some money and only got a twenty; but by hustling pretty lively, and striking all the boys for loans, I managed to raise twenty more, and laid my plans to start north at once. Then, just about that time Uncle Dick sold a bunch of beef cattle to a drover, and I went with him to deliver them at Rawhide City, and there we met Ab Skinner once more."

"If any of you fellows were in Rawhide City in '79, you know what sort of a place it was then. For general allround meanness, I don't believe that little burg was ever equaled. The worst men in the southwest flocked there by the dozens, and gambling and shooting was the order of the day. The 'Golden Spur Saloon' was the headquarters of the very worst citizens, and not a day passed without a knife or six-shooter being used on some of its customers. There had been a fight there the morning we got into town, and an unoffending spectator killed with a stray bullet. The next day the proprietor knocked a Mexican in the head with a wine bottle, and that night two cowboys stood on opposite ends of a billiard table, and exchanged shots with army revolvers."

"That the worst hole in the Union," said Uncle Dick to Ab and me. "A man's life would be in danger there if he had on a suit of blue iron. I agreed with him, but Ab turned up his nose and laughed."

"They know who to find with down thar," he said. "They're the worst kind of knifls—the hull crowd of 'em. Why, I'll bet I could go down an' ease the hull crowd, and get away without a scratch."

"Uncle Dick nudged me with his elbow and grinned. "You're gasin', Ab," he said. "Talk a cheap, but it takes money to back it."

"I saw Sheriff Smith in town," said I. "Suppose we get him to hold the money."

"The proposition suited the others, and we found our man and stated the case. Ab was to go to the 'Golden Spur,' and deliberately insult the whole crowd that might be there, from the barkeeper down. If he got away unhurt, the money was his; if he was killed, or wounded in the least, the whole sum went to uncle and me. I invested every dollar I had and the old man covered the rest of Ab's money, some two hundred dollars."

"Salth took a stand next door to the saloon where he could see the fun; and uncle and I went inside, and getting behind some whiskey barrels, out of range of the door, waited for Ab to show up. There was a big crowd in the 'Golden Spur'—forty at least; and all of them howling drunk. Every man sported a revolver, and some of them, two, and there was a half-dozen Winchesters stacked in the corner."

"I reckon we'll get even with Skinner this time," said I, and Uncle Dick was so tickled with the prospect that he set up the drinks all around."

"Just as the glasses were filled, I heard the tramp of boots outside and a horse's head was stuck in at the door; and over and beyond, I caught a glimpse of Ab Skinner and a big double-barrelled shotgun."

"You know me," he yelled. "I am Ab Skinner—a white man and a gentleman—and too good to mix with the drunken, cowardly cut-throats that hang around this ranch. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, they heard him. Six-shooters gleamed all over the room. The proprietor leaped over the bar with a Sharp's carbine in his hand, and Uncle and I hugged the whiskey barrel closer than ever."

"Then two shots were fired—the two barrels of Ab's shot gun—in quick succession, and, as the smoke filled the room, it seemed to me that my eyes had been torn from my head, and I had swallowed a bushel of fire. In the midst of my agony I listened for more shooting, but failed to hear it. Instead the air was filled with coughs and sneezes mixed with loud but broken bursts of profanity. I did not know then, but I learned afterward, that Ab's gun contained, in lieu of shot, about sixteen ounces of sand and Cayenne pepper, with enough powder behind it to blow it into the room, and scatter it well through the atmosphere. It was a devilish, cruel scheme to work on a fellow, and if the men of the Rawhide City could have caught Skinner that day they would have burnt him at the stake without a dissenting voice."

"A half-hour later Uncle Dick and I were down on Rawhide Creek with about forty more tough-looking citizens, washing the sand and pepper from our eyes, when Deputy Smith stroled up, and tendered us a slip of paper which set forth in Skinner's unmistakable scrawl, that 'The honor has paid over the money placed in his hands, and will hand you two dollars and fifty cents to be invested in eye-salve and blue goggles.' And that was the last I heard of Ab Skinner until I got the news (other day of local edition to the State Legislature from the same Rawhide County, where he gobbled all of my small change."



WOLF'S SKIN OILING
The Wolf's Skin Oiling is a preparation of pure Wolf's Skin Oil, which is the best for the skin. It is used for the treatment of various skin diseases, such as eczema, psoriasis, and dandruff. It is also used for the treatment of rheumatism and other joint diseases. The oil is obtained from the skin of the wolf, which is a very strong and durable material. It is used in a variety of ways, including as a ointment, a liniment, and a dressing. It is also used for the treatment of various types of cancer. The oil is very effective and is used by many people all over the world.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

January 23, 1890.

The location of the World's Fair will soon be determined upon.

Dr. J. N. Sites committed suicide in Morristown on the 17th inst.

A B. & O. engineer was killed at Bellair on the 16th inst.

Terrible storms have been raging throughout the north west.

Prof. Charles A. Clark died at Milton, Wis., from the effect of a cat's bite, on the 14th.

Judge Ashburne, Safe Senator, from Clermont Co., O., died on the 18th inst., of pneumonia.

The special session of the Legislature met in Charleston on the 15th. Nothing of importance has been done yet.

Judge J. H. McCue died at his residence in Staunton, Va., on the 15th inst., after a protracted illness, in the 67th year of his age.

millions were hanged at the South Ark., on the 16th inst. murder Ohio's Democratic Governor J. E. Campbell was inaugurated on the 18th.

Local opinion was deflected by seven votes at Lynchburg, Va., last week.

Calvin S. Brice was elected U. S. Senator from O., last week in the second ballot.

The business portion of Flora, Miss., with the exception of one small store, was destroyed by fire, on the 15th inst.

A conflict between Republicans and Monarchial factions in Rio Janeiro resulted in about 100 persons being killed, on the 14th.

A tornado struck east side of Clinton Ky., on the night of the 12, demolishing 55 houses and killing 11 people.

Thos. Curran, of Benwood was instantly killed at Moundsville on the 15th inst., by a freight train passing over him.

Richard K. Fox has his 1,000 pound dumb bell at the Police Gazette office waiting for some one to lift it and earn \$500.

Governor McKinney has addressed a circular letter to the mayors of cities throughout Virginia, notifying them that a deficit of \$7,000 exists in the fund for the Lee monument, which is to be unveiled May 15.

The star of Bethlehem will again be visible this year, being its seventh appearance since the birth of Christ. It comes once in 755 years and is of wondrous brilliancy for the space of three weeks; then it wanes and disappears after seventeen months. Still there are astronomers who say that there is no such star.

An exchange says that if a few dry rows or best are kept in the field with sheep the dogs will not dare molest them. We have found sheep in the morning huddled so closely around and under a friendly old cow that she could not get away from them. She had saved their lives.

Judge Macdonnell, after denouncing the verdict against Kinnear in the 15th case, is unwarranted by the evidence and on absurdly ground of law a new trial. He overruled the motion of a new trial for Coughlin, O'Sullivan and Burke and sentenced them for life.

A woman, handsly quiet and unassuming, led the band of strikers who made a descent on a saloon in a South Dakota town, where their husbands spent their time and money, and disfigured the bar and bottles with axes. She had just learned that her signing of a mortgage on the farm was to raise money to pay her husband's saloon bill.

In Norfolk, Va., the police, the department, railroads, street car lines, ferries, &c., are all attacked by the grippe, and six or seven hundred cases are in Norfolk and Portsmouth. Some of the doctors report fifty cases on their hands, and the doctors themselves have it. Lieut. J. G. McWhorter, of the marine corps, was sent to the hospital Monday very ill with the disease.

The grand jury at Petersburg ignored the charge against Senator Mahone, of shooting Hector Harrison on the night of November 5. The Democrats were bombarding his house with Roman candles, and the like and he appeared with a shotgun, which, he says, and nothing in it but powder. All the same, in some way Harrison got some lead in his leg.

Lands Sold For Taxes.

List of real estate sold in the County of Pocahontas, in the month of December, 1889, for the non-payment of the taxes charged thereon for the years 1887 and 1888, and purchased by individuals:

NAME OF PERSON CHARGED WITH TAX.	LOCAL DESCRIPTION OF LANDS.	Quantity of land charged.	Quantity of land sold.	NAME OF PURCHASER.	Whole amount paid by the purchaser.
EDDYS DISTRICT.					
Arbinger, Benj. W.	W. R.	293	35	L. M. Mc Intire	\$1.75
Same	Tea creek and Elk	45	30	Same	1.75
Friel, John	W. G. River	100	100	F. J. Snyder	2.00
Jackson, Wm.	S. Fork	100	100	John Ligon	5.00
McDonald, Geo. W.	Thorny Flat	364	364	J. W. Warwick Jr.	17.08
Same	Big Spring	1633	645	B. F. White	\$8.61
Same	Same	167	167	Same	2.5
Meers, I. E.	N. Elk R.	14	1	F. J. Snyder	.84
Smiley, Wm.	W. Elk	1000	1000	C. P. Dorr	10.00
Warwick, J. W. and					
Hall's Heirs	Clover Creek	361	361	Same	1.50
Same	W. Greenbrier	20	20	Same	.91
Same	Same	205	205	Same	1.01
LITTLE LEVEL DIST.					
Dean, J. P.	Mill Run	87	87	L. M. Mc Intire	1.27
Hubbard, H. B.	L. & L. Run	820	820	F. J. Snyder	15.04
Jayson, Abraham	Drop Run	205	205	Same	10.00
McIntire, Benj. & John					
Beard	Same	38	38	Same	1.24
Piles, John	Mill Run	420	25	H. S. Hannah	2.19
GREEN BANK DIST.					
Bowers, Geo. W.	Lot No. 20 S. Lands	440	50	L. M. Mc Intire	2.08
Same	" " 27 "	20	20	Same	.80
Same	" " 31 "	440	40	Same	1.81
Bird, Peter H.	All Mtn	150	10	A. Rider	1.51
Campbell, J. B. & B's	W. G. River	40	40	F. J. Snyder	1.00
Crook, H. & G. D.					
Camden	Hd. G. River	1300	50	Geo. M. Keen	10.75
Ervin, Edward's Est	All Mtn	50	20	F. J. Snyder	1.25
Kunze, Jason & Anl	Hd. G. River	140	75	Same	1.25
HUNTERSVILLE DIST.					
Courtney, Geo. W.	Puckley Mtn	111	20	W. Mc Intire	1.11
Gannon, James Est	B. R. Ally Huntersville	4	1	W. H. Green	.10
Halecomb, Jas	E. Greenbrier Crk	45	25	Henry S. Hannah	2.11
Kelley John & B's Es	W. Knapp Cr	210	240	Lee Sharp	6.00
Mathew, Daniel	Abraham Mtn	25	20	F. J. Snyder	.91
Shader, R. P. G.	Buckley Mtn	15	15	Same	.74
Townsend, W. J.	E. G. River	100	2	Henry Barlow	2.74
Young, C.	M. G. Mtn	180	10	F. J. Snyder	1.20

The owner of any real estate above described and sold, his heirs or assigns, or any person having a right of charge, with real estate for a debt, may redeem the same by paying to the purchaser, his heirs or assigns, within one year from the date of the sale, the amount specified in the last column of the above table, and any other costs thereon as may have been paid by the purchaser, his heirs or assigns, with interest thereon at the rate of five per centum per annum from the time the same was paid.

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Huntersville, W. Va.
January 23, 1890.

THE DEVIL TO PAY.

When Gutenberg, Coster and Faust first began,
In secret the great art preservative to plan,
The ignorant masses, suspecting some evil,
Traced all of their mysteries right to the devil;
And thus the assistant who tends to the fires,
Who handles the rollers, and washes the same,
By the name of the devil has gone into fame.
As years' crest along till they reached modern times,
An occasional printer was short in his dimes,
And once it occurred that an editor found
At the end of the week he not cash to go round;
He counted and figured to get it all square,
The foreman and comp's, must each one have his share;
When he'd got it all fixed, as he thought, in dismay
He discovered and cried: "There's the devil to pay."
So now 'tis a proverb, grown common in years,
When worry or care at the office appears;
When bills can't be met, or when trouble is rife;
When blood-thirsty men seek the editor's life;
When subscribers won't "ante," and ends are shy;
When his "cake is all dough" and his form is all "pi"—
A proverb that comes in the editor's way,
And so he exclaims: "There's the devil to pay."
—HARRY J. SHELLMAN.

A Catechism of the States.

Question—Which is the best State for fresh pork?
Answer—New Ham, shure.
Q.—Which is the best for an early summer hotel?
A.—May inn.
Q.—In which should surgeons dwell?
A.—Connect-a-ent.
Q.—Which furnishes the best writers?
A.—Pencilvania.
Q.—In which should laundrymen prosper?
A.—Washing done.
Q.—In which do impudent people dwell?
A.—Can sass.
Q.—Which is the best for deer hunting?
A.—Collar a doe.
Q.—Which is the best to steal a walking stickin?
A.—Cane took, eh!
Q.—Which is the best for locksmiths?
A.—New brass key.
Q.—In which would you look for morning stars?
A.—Day out, eh!
Q.—In which is one likely to fail in getting a drink?
A.—Miss a sip.
Q.—In which can you find a red leaver?
A.—Florid A.

estate by marriage?
A.—Marry land.
Q.—Which would be most useful in the event of another deluge?
A.—Now (N) ark, of course.
Q.—In which is one letter of the alphabet taller than the others?
A.—O higher.
Q.—In which are bodies of land surrounded by water given a rule?
A.—Rhode Island.
Q.—Which is called to your mind by beholding two \$5 bills?
A.—Ten I see.
Q.—Which would a woman rather have if she can't get a new seal-skin sack?
A.—New Jersey.
Q.—Which does the farmer's wife mention when she asks you to partake of apple sauce?
A.—Take sass.—Ex.

The profane man should never boast that he is as good as his word.

She: "I visit this romantic spot annually." He: "Are your stays long?" She: "Mind your business, sir. I thought you were a gentleman."

Bride of a Month: "We must not forget the Goodarts, Alfred. If it had not been for their party this time last year we should never have met and married." "Nonsense, my dear; they didn't mean any harm."

Mr. Stickney—I have come, Mr. Henpeck, to ask for the hand of your daughter.

Mr. Henpeck—Bless you, my boy, take her and may the Lord have mercy upon your soul.

"You say your teacher has become a railroad man, Tommy?"

"Yes sir, he is into that business."

"In what department? Is he going to be a conductor?"

"No; he will stick to his old trade—operating switches."

Coroner—When did you see Editor Hull last?

Witness—Yesterday afternoon at four o'clock.

"Did he have any great amount of money with him that you know about?"

"Yes, sir." (Sensation.)

"Then you think that his death may have been caused by foul play?"

"Yes it may have been."

"Now, will you please tell the jury what amount of money Editor Hull had when you saw him?"

"Three dollars."

Q.—Which would be most useful in the event of another deluge?
A.—Now (N) ark, of course.
Q.—In which is one letter of the alphabet taller than the others?
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Mr. Stickney—I have come, Mr. Henpeck, to ask for the hand of your daughter.

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We invite the attention of parents who wish to educate their children to the advantages of our school and most respectfully solicit their patronage. Young teachers will find it to their advantage to attend during the spring months. We promise thorough instruction and careful training. It is best for students to enter at the beginning of the term, but they will be received at any time.

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D. S. HANKLA, Principal.
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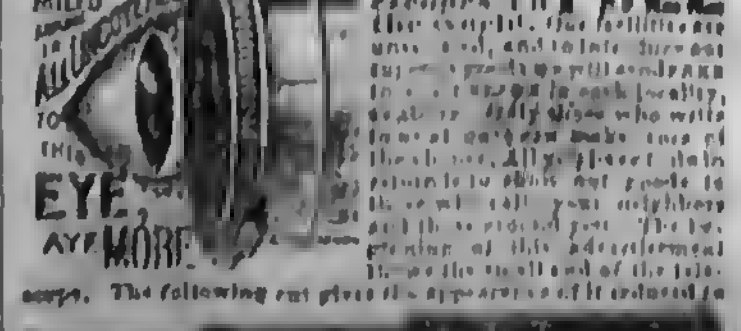
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Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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practice in the courts of Poca-
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**Sponge is Mightier
than the Brush.**



HOW AWAY THE SHOE BRUSH

and use a sponge and water, which will
keep your SHOES BRIGHT
and CLEAN as you see

McNEEL'S ACME Blacking

GETTYSBURG.

I stood to day upon the ridge
Where once the blue brigades
were massed,
And gazed upon the plain below,
O'er which the charging columns
passed.

And sputtering downward, some-
what sad,
Among the stones no longer
stained,

I came upon a little mound
That only the front rank had
gained;

A little mound left all alone,
Unmarked by flower or cypress
wreath

To show that some regretful heart
Remembered him who slept be-
neath.

But half-way hidden by the grass,
I found a broken barrel stave;
The headboard which some foe
man's hand

Had kindly placed upon the grave.

And on it traced these touching
words,

In letters I could scarce divine:
"A rebel, name unknown who fell
First in the foremost line."

God's peace be with thee in thy rest,
Lone dweller in the stranger's
land,

And may the mold above thy breast
Lie lighter than a sister's hand.

On the other brows let careless
fame

Her fideless wreath of laurel
twine,

Enough for thee, thy epitaph:
"First in the foremost line!"

KENTUCKY'S PIONEERS.

In the early settlement of Ken-
tucky, the boys and even the wom-
en and children, became as thor-
ough soldiers as the men. This
was the result of their surround-
ings. They were educated to it,
and lived at a time when it was ne-
cessary to practice it daily. There
were few women on the frontier but
could load and fire a rifle, and any
of them could do it with as fatal
accuracy as their fathers, husbands
and brothers. A fair illustration is
found in the case of a Mrs. Daviess
whose husband was among the ear-
ly settlers of Lincoln county. She
could shoot an Indian with as
steady a hand as Daniel Boone
himself. One day a white man
came to her husband's cabin who
had stolen some property from him,
and who bore a bad character gen-
erally.

Mrs. Daviess was alone with her
children when this desperado call-
ed, and, knowing her husband was
on the lookout for him, she resolv-
ed to capture him. Upon his en-
tering the cabin she asked him if
he would not "take a dram"—no
pioneer's home was ever found
without its whisky bottle, which
was kept as a remedy for snake
bites, etc. She put the bottle on
the table and told him to step up
and help himself. He set his gun
against the cabin wall to comply
with her invitation, and, after a
hearty pull at the bottle, he turned
to find himself looking into the
muzzle of his own rifle, which Mrs.
Daviess had picked up while he was
drinking, cocked it, and stood with
it leveled at his head. When he
asked her what she meant, she in-
formed him that he had stolen her
husband's property, and she men-
t to keep him there until his return,
and she did. She stood guard over
him until her husband's return,
when she delivered to him her pris-
oner.

boys, of which the following may
be taken as a fair sample: Among
the early settlers of Hardin county
was one Silas Hart, an expert hun-
ter, a thorough back-woodsmen, and
an inveterate Indian hunter and
fighter.

On one of their many incursions
into his neighborhood, Hart pursu-
ed them with a few chosen follow-
ers, and before they reached the
Ohio shot and killed their chief.
The savages vowed vengeance
against him and his family, and
shortly another incursion was made
by them under the leadership of
the brother of the fallen chief. As
usual, Hart was first on their trail,
and the savages retreated toward
the Ohio. The whites finally de-
spaired of overtaking them and re-
turned home, when the Indians
turned upon their trail and became
the pursuers instead of the pursued.
Hart reached his home about dark,
and, being much fatigued from his
long tramp, slept soundly all night,
little dreaming of danger lurking
near.

Next morning, just as the family
were sitting down to breakfast, the
savages appeared at the door, and
the dead chief's brother shot Hart
dead. His son, a lad but twelve
years old, sprang up, seized his
father's rifle and shot the murder-
ous savage. As the next Indian
sprang over his fallen leader, the
brave and undaunted boy, with a
large hunting knife, stabbed him
to the heart. But the odds were
against him, and he and his moth-
er were carried away captives. It
was the intention of the sav-
ages to take them to their hives
and torture them, but they were
finally ransomed and returned to
their friends.

The same Daviess mentioned
above was surprised one morning
in August, 1782, by Indians. They
had approached his cabin during
the night, concealed themselves,
and waited for him to make his
appearance. Daviess, a little af-
ter daylight, got up and stepped
out of his cabin. He had proceed-
ed but a short distance from the
door when, turning he beheld a
number of savages behind him and
the cabin. Seeing there was no
chance to render his family assis-
tance, he fled to the nearest station
which was five miles distant, for
help.

The Indians made prisoners of
his wife and children, the eldest a
boy 12 years old, and, knowing
Daviess had escaped, they soon
left with their prisoners, hoping to
escape beyond the Ohio. Daviess
gathered a force, and pursued so
rapidly as to overtake them before
night. As usual, when about to be
brought to bay, the savages essay-
ed to kill their prisoners, but were
too closely pressed by the whites.
A knife, however, succeeded in
knocking down the boy and captiv-
ing him. The boy was not killed,
only stunned by the blow, and al-
most as soon as the savage fell him
bounded to his feet, exclaiming:
"Damn that Injun, he's got my
scalp!"

The boy lived to grow up to man-
hood, but was ever after "bald
headed"; the hair would grow no
more on that part of the head which
had been scalped. He never for-
gave the savages for robbing him
of his scalp, and he was ever after
called "bald headed."

the savages found they would be
overtaken they ambushed the
whites, and in the skirmish that en-
sued young Daviess was killed.
Thus the Indian finally clung to
him.—William Henry Perrin in
Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Puzzled Witness.

An amusing scene was recently
enacted in a country court in Maine.
The trial Justice, a big, pompous
official, with a voice like a trombone
took it upon himself to examine a
witness, a little withered old man,
whose face was as red and wrink-
led as a smoked herring.

"What is your name?" asked the
Justice.

"Wy, Squire," said the astonish-
ed witness, "you know my name as
well as I know yours."

"Never you mind what I know,
or what I don't know," was the
caution given with magisterial sev-
erty. "I ask the question in my
official capacity, and you're bound
to answer it under oath."

With a contemptuous snort the
witness gave his name, and the
questioning proceeded.

"Where do you live?"

"Wal, I shun!" ejaculated the
old man. "Well," he continued, ap-
pealing to the laughing Justices,
"I've lived in this town all my life
and so's he," pointing the Justice.
"Can't he go?" he heard him go on
you'd think—"

"Silence!" thundered the irate
Magistrate. "Answer my question
or I'll fine you for contempt of
court."

Alarmed by the threat, the wit-
ness named his place of residence,
and the examination went on.

"What is your occupation?"

"Uh?"

"What do you do for a living?"

"Oh, gh'at, Squire! Jest as if
you don't know that I tend gardens
in the summer season an' saw wood
winters!"

"As a private citizen I do know
it, but as the court I know nothing
about you," explained the perspic-
ing Justice.

"Wal 'Squire," remarked the
puzzled witness, "if you know some-
thing outside the court room an'
don't know nothing in it you'd bet-
ter get out an' let somebody try
this case that's got hoes sense."

The advice may have been well
meant, but it cost the witness \$10.

He Dug to Be A Coronar.

One day, as we were riding
through the country back of Nat-
ches, we came upon a white man
driving on a log with a switch in his
hand, while tied to a tree near by
was a colored boy about 15 years
old. Naturally enough, we stopped
to inquire what it all meant, and
the man replied:

"I'm a-tryin' to find out what this
nigger has done with my
mawl."

"Nolter seed his mawl?" replied
the boy.

"Yes, yo did, yo jump o'darkness!
I'm gwine to give you five minutes
mo' for to tell me, and then I'll put
on the switch!"

"Who is he?" asked the coroner.

"Oh, he hung around yere."

"Do you know that he stole your
mawl?"

"In en'se. Think he if he stole
who did?"

"Nolter seed him stole his mawl?"
repeated the boy.

"Sartin."

"Well, he's lying dead in the
ditch two miles down the road."

"Shool Dead is he?"

"He is."

"Reckoned he was dead or stole,
but wanted to be shure of it. Now,
boy, you kin go, but don't you
dug into no sesh scrape nigh!"

The boy went off with a grin on
his face, and we had been talking
with the man for about five min-
utes, when he suddenly jumped
clear of the ground and yelled:

"What a him law I am, to be
shure! Yere I've dnn let that nig-
ger make a skip, when I orter put
the switch 'till I found out what
that 'ere mawl did of!"

On Business.

The Governor of Georgia had
just dismissed a delegation of Pro-
hibitionists, when a card bearing
the name "Judge J. T. W. Madi-
son" was handed him. The chief
executive was very tired, having
been harassed with dry speeches,
and would have sent down an ex-
cuse, but the high sounding name
on the card bespoke a visitor of im-
portance; so wearily yielding, he
told the porter to show the gentle-
man up. A few moments later one
of the most deeply colored gentle-
men in the State stepped into the
room.

"Dis yere de gubern?"

"Yes. What do you want?"

"I's called on bizness, sah. I's
er judge down—"

"You are a judge?"

"Yes, Justice of de Peace down
in de swamp districk."

"Well, state your business with
me as quickly as you can."

"I'll do it, sah. Caze dat's what
I come yere for. Lemme see, now.
Oh, yes. Some time ago, sah, I
had er name named Sam Bly 'rested
an' tried for stealin' co'n. I tried
him myse'f and fined him four hun-
dred dollars an' six mants in jail.
Dis wuz all satisfactory, 'specially
ter me, but de him lawyer he truck
er 'peal ter de yrens' court. Now,
sah, my bizness wid you is dis yere:
Ef you's got any 'theres wid de
judge o'dat yrens' court, I wish
you'd drap him a few lines an' tell
him ter send dat case back ter me.
Now, is you got much 'fluence wid
dat judge?"

"You old soundhead, get out of
here or I will have you thrown out."

"Jest wait er minute, sah; jest wait
er minute. I know dat nigger stole
dat co'n, an' I know dat he wants
ter talk er 'peal just so, he ken
skape de justice dat is after him.
Dare's nadder thing: Dis nigger is
er mighty p'fident bacher down dar
an' de folks wants ter git rid o' him
till pater de lookshun—knows de
daes, er de wouldn't er promised
me er hundred dollars ter send him
up. Now, it's er gubern's duty ter
do what de folks wants him ter do
an'—hol' on, hol' on, I'll go. Neker
sack such times as dese cand' abor
folks. Hol' on, fur I've dnn gone."

Wyoming Settler—You didn't
see nothing of Jim Sparks down the
road, did you?

Friend—No.

Wyoming Settler—Jim stole my
daughter last night.

Friend—You don't say! Jim at
ways was a good one.

Wyoming Settler—Yes, and he
took them two horses of mine.

Friend—The latest roundly

JOHN E. CAMPBELL
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	\$ 1.00	\$ 2.00	\$ 3.00	\$ 5.00
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Qr. column	3.00	6.00	10.00	17.00
Half col'n	6.00	12.00	20.00	30.00
One col'n	10.00	20.00	30.00	50.00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., \$1.00 in advance; after 6 months, \$1.25; after 12 months, \$1.50. These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.
January 30, 1890.

Ex-Senator Riddleberger, died last Friday morning at the age of 46 years.

Nellie Hly, of the New York World staff, has completed her tour around the world. She made the trip in seventy-two days and six hours.

A lifeboat and other wreckage of the steamship Erin, of the National Line have been picked up at sea, and dead cattle, presumably part of her cargo, also leading to the conclusion that the vessel is lost.

William K. Vanderbilt's stables on his estate at Oakdale, Long Is land, have just been completed, at a cost of \$400,000. They are filled with thoroughbreds, and manned entirely by Englishmen. It is said that they are the finest in America.

Sullivan has had an offer of \$5,000 to box six rounds with Kilrain at the opening of a new club in New Orleans. This offer he scornfully declines.

A circus manager died at his residence in Philadelphia, on the 23rd inst.

We hope the Legislature will make a quick decision and send the man who was honestly elected Governor.

Mr. George Vanderbilt, of New York city, is engaged to be married to Miss Mary Johnstone, of Georgetown County, S. C. She is said to be highly accomplished and very beautiful.

The exports of mineral oils from the United States during 1889 amounted in value to \$52,792,381, against \$47,563,749 during the preceding year.

Leading New York wheat dealers believe that Europe has no other place to draw upon for her supplies than the United States for the next six months, except the Argentine Republic, which never exported over 8,000,000 bushels.

A newspaper report says that Mr. Clarkson will soon resign his position as Assistant Postmaster General, as he "only took it for a year," so that he might rid the country of Democratic postmasters and get an inside view into politics. If the above statement is even half true, he ought not to be allowed to resign, but should be kicked out.

In Chemnitz, Germany, weavers of tick get \$1.50 per week, flannel weavers \$2, sewers \$1.25, corsetmakers at only to twenty-five cent per day. At Bremen male weavers earn from \$3 to \$3.75 a week, women \$1.25 to \$2. In Sicily the average falls to twenty nine cents per day. Berlin engineers make from seventy-five cents to \$1 per day. Workers in glassware and porcelain make less than seventy cents per day. These figures are from a report of the Chemnitz Chamber of Commerce.

A little snow and more mud.

R. V. Perkins killed a hog last week that weighed 310 lbs. More pork than some people have hay.

Rev. Miller, is holding a meeting at Hillsboro. There have been forty conversions and several penitents at the altar yet.

Lawrence Nottingham, of Glade Hill, is visiting relatives in this community.

Danie Rumor says there will be a wedding in this vicinity in the near future.

Will some reader give a preventive and a cure for cough in calves.

There are several cases of La-Grippe in our vicinity.

Mr. Mathers, our efficient Shoe maker at Mill Point, is seriously ill.

Will some of our farmers look up the Farmers and Laborers union of America and get it into operation in our county.

This has been the warmest winter in many years; trees are budding, grass growing, no ice for next summer, no snow for sleighing or hunting.

Plowing is the theme these days.

Prof. J. S. Moore has closed a term of four months free school, and has taken a subscription school for three months at Mill Point.

We are sorry to learn that in the near future we will lose one of our best neighbors and a fine miller, Mr. Rock, of Mill Point.

Success to your valuable paper. RANGLER.

W. D. Selbe was shot by M. M. Kerley, at Brownstown on the 23 inst.

Twelve-year-old John Elkins, of Des Moines, Iowa, was sentenced to life imprisonment for killing his father and mother.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colds, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructus, &c. Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTRAL COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

LAM & O'FARRELL,

8 Miles east of Huntersville, at the foot of the Alleghany Mountain,

DEALERS IN

First class brands of Kentucky Bourbon and Va. Whiskies, Wines, Brandies, &c., also Groceries, Tobacco and Cigars.

We can furnish your liquors cheaper than can be purchased this side of Staunton.

Quick sales and small profits is our motto. Give us a trial; we guarantee satisfaction. All orders by mail receive prompt attention.

P. O. Address, Mountain Grove, Va.

A. M. McCLINTIC & Co.,
(Successors to Fudge & McClintic,)
Mt. Grove, - - Va.,

DEALERS IN

LIQUORS,

At from \$2.00 to \$3.50 per gallon. Orders filled promptly.

Also a full line of general Mercandise.

Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods before you purchase elsewhere.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,

GEO. W. WAGNER, PROPRIETOR.
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Having lately purchased and assumed control of HOTEL POCAHONTAS, it is our purpose to spare no pains to keep just such a house as the public demands.

Substantial and comfortable accommodations for all guests

Horses well provided for.

Charges reasonable.

Try us and see for yourself.

Respectfully,
GEO. W. WAGNER.

W. R. TYREE, Late of Staunton, Va. JOSEPH E. ROLLINS, Late Asst. Cashier Nat. Valley Bank, Staunton, Va.

TYREE & ROLLINS,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

DRUGS, TOBACCO CIGARS, TEAS, SPICES, PAINTS OILS, &c.

Sole Owners of the Famous Tyree Club Cigar and Staunton Belle Chewing Tobacco.

ALL ORDERS WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

NO. 204 FRONT STREET.
Charleston, - - West Va

Lands Sold For Taxes.					
List of real estate sold in the County of Pocahontas, in the month of December, 1889, for the non-payment of the taxes charged thereon for the years 1887 and 1888, and purchased by individuals:					
NAME OF PERSON CHARGED WITH TAXES.	LOCAL DESCRIPTION OF LANDS.	Quantity of land charged.	Quantity of land sold.	NAME OF PURCHASER.	Whole amount paid by the purchaser.
EDRAY DISTRICT.					
Arbngast, Benj. (Va.)	W. R	291	35	L. M. McClintic	\$1.85
Same	Tea creek and Elk	63	30	Same	1.30
Friel, John	W. G. River	100	100	F. J. Snyder	3.05
Jackson, Wm.	S. Fork	100	100	John Ligon	5.40
McDonald, Geo. W.	Thoray Flat	304	304	J. W. Warwick Jr.	17.08
Same	Big Spring	1633	645	B. F. White	88.61
Same	Same	147	147	Same	2.53
Moore, I. B.	N. Elk Rr	12	12	F. J. Snyder	.82
Smiley, Wm	W. Elk	1000	1000	C. P. Dorr	10.34
Warwick, J.W. and J					
Hull's Heirs.	Clover Creek	361	361	Same	4.60
Same	W. Greenbrier	20	20	Same	.61
Same	Same	205	205	Same	4.01
LITTLE LEVELS DIST.					
Dean, J. P.	Mill Run	87	87	L. M. McClintic	1.27
Hubbard, H. B.	L & L Run	820	820	F. J. Snyder	15.04
Layton, Abraham	Droop Mtn	295	295	Same	10.08
McNeel, Rachel & Jos					
Beard	Same	38	38	Same	1.23
Piles, John	Mill Run	420	25	H. N. Hannah	2.10
GREEN BANK DIST.					
Bowers, Geo. W.	Lot No. 26 S. Lands	400	50	L. M. McClintic	2.08
Same	" " 27 "	20	20	Same	.80
Same	" " 31 "	400	40	Same	1.87
Bird, Peter H	All Mtn	120	16	A. Elder	1.53
Campbell, J. B's H's	W. G. River	60	40	F. J. Snyder	1.40
Crouch, H's & G. D.					
Canden	Hd. G. River	1300	50	Geo M. Kea	10.75
Ervin, Edward's Est	All Mtn	50	20	F. J. Snyder	1.35
Kimble, Jason & Ault	Hd G. River	140	75	Same	1.95
HUNTERSVILLE DIST.					
Courtney, Geo. W.	Buckley Mtn	111	20	W. McClullo	1.19
Gaumn, James' Est	Ball Alley Huntersville	4	1.10	W. H. Cross	.07
Helcomb, Joe	E Cochran's Ork	48	25	Henry N. Hannah	2.11
Kelley John Sr's Es	W. Knapp's Cr	219	219	Joe Sharp	0.32
Matheny, Daniel	Alleghany Mtn	25	25	F. J. Snyder	.61
Shaffer, R. P. G	Buckley Mtn	15	15	Same	.75
Townsend, W. T.	E. G. River	104	25	Henry Burlew	2.75
Young, Chas	Marlin's Mtn	189	19	F. J. Snyder	1.20

The owner of any real estate above described and sold, his heirs, or assigns, or any person having a right to charge such real estate for a debt, may redeem the same by paying to the purchaser, his heirs or assigns, within one year from the sale thereof, the amount specified in the last column of the above table.

As was expected the House committee on Elections has, by a nearly forty vote, reported in favor of ap-

To all persons holding title by judgment or otherwise, on the real estate, or any part thereof, of H. D. Price:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Buchanan County, made in a cause therein pending, to adjudicate the real estate of the said H. D. Price to the satisfaction of the Heirs thereof, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said H. D. Price, which may have in real estate, or any part of it, for adjudication to me, at my office, in the town of Chambersville, W. Va., on or before the 20th day of February, 1890.

Given under my hand this 20th day of Jan'y., 1890.

by any party in interest to be specially stated.

For further particulars Address:

BOOKS,
PAPEES,
NOVELTIES

No. 28.

TRAINING.—The song with which you sing that child to sleep will echo through all its life, and ring back from the very pines of heaven. I think that often the first seven years of a child's life decides whether it shall be baseable, waspish, ruder, false, hypocritical, or gentle, faithful, frank, obedient, honest and Christian. The present generation of men will pass off very much as they are now. Although the Gospel is offered them, the general rule is that drunkards die drunkards, thieves die thieves, libertines die libertines. Therefore be the youth we turn. Before they now will out, get them to sow wheat and barley. You fill the bushel measure with good corn and there will be no room for husks.

Talmage.

JOB OFFICE

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, February 13, 1890. Terms of \$1.00 PER YEAR. Subscription, IN ADVANCE. No. 29.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Clk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'r Co. Ct. C. E. Beard.
S. B. Hannah.
G. F. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER,

Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,

Atty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

F. J. SNYDER,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

D. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

D. S. P. PATTERSON,

Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.



Wolff's ACME Blacking

Is the Blacking for Men, Women and Children.
The RICHEST BLACK POLISH.
Making Leather Waterproof and Durable.
No Brush. A Shine Lasts a Week.
Can be washed with water, same as Oilcloth.
The Finest Dressing for Horsemanship.

WHO WAS IT.

BY SHIRLEY BROWNE

"It wasn't a bad idea of mine, takin' city boarders," said Mrs. Maydew, as she sat in front of the kitchen table counting out bills of various denominations. "Just look at that, Zuleima—what I've cleared this summer, free of all expenses!"

"But it wasn't altogether your idea, mother," said Zuleima. "It was Cousin Maria's."

"Well, p'raps she did suggest it," said Mrs. Maydew; "but I carried it out—and a great deal better speculation I found it than sewing on shirts or taking in shoes to blind; and I've made the Durham cow's price—and I've bought Deacon Doubleday's second hand wagon, and a new stair carpet, and I've got a hundred dollars to put in the bank, besides all that!"

Zuleima listened with a sweet, abstracted smile. Durham cows—second hand wagons—bank accounts—what was that to the great happiness that had come to her through this city boarder experiment?

"Ought I to tell mother now, or ought I to leave it to him?" she questioned herself; and while she still deliberated, Mrs. Maydew's sharp, high pitched voice broke in upon the current of her thoughts.

"And really, now I come to think out, I don't know but what I like young Fairgrave the best of any boarder we've had. Didn't you, Zuleima?"

The soft flood of carmine rushed to the girl's cheek, her eyelids drooped.

"Yes," she answered, almost inaudibly; "I—I liked him very well."

"And them pictures he putated were very good," went on unconsciously Mrs. Maydew, "though they wasn't as bright colored as the chromo of 'Abraham A sacrificin' Isaac' over Miss Parker's parlor mantel and them views of ruined castles that Ruth Chicksey bought of the peddler for a dollar and a half each, gilt frames and all. They were sort o' dim colored, you know and the sun didn't seem to shiae real bright in 'em. But it's strange, ain't it, about his bein' engaged?"

"Engaged?" Zuleima started and crimsoned more intensely than ever, a shy smile broke out upon her lips. Her secret, then, was out! Who could have betrayed it? Perhaps Vernon himself.

"I didn't believe a word of it at first," smiled Mrs. Maydew, rolling up her bills and placing them in a discolored leather pocket-book. Zuleima turned her face away, still smiling. "And she twice his age, at least," went on Mrs. Maydew.

"She? Who do you mean?"

"Maria, of course," said Mrs. Maydew. "I've always heard that there's no fool like an old fool, and I begin to believe it."

"Mother," cried Zuleima, "what do you mean?"

"All the tender hand pressures—the mutterable looks at love that passed between them! But, after all, now that she came to look dispassionately back on the past, she could not recall that he had ever said to her in so many words, 'Will you be my wife?' He had never placed a betrothal ring on her finger; he had contented himself with vague words—glances which could not absolutely be interpreted into sentences, and a horrible sensation of shame and anger seemed to fill her veins with fire instead of blood as she thought of how she had been duped."

"He has been making game of me," she thought. "He has enjoyed his summer in the wilderness, and now he is going away—to leave me without a pang of remorse! Oh, Heaven! and how am I to endure it?"

"Ain't you well, Zuleima?" Mrs. Maydew asked with rather a frightened glance at her daughter. "I knowed you hadn't ought to go out into the hot sun to pick them last Lima beans to dry. Lay down, and let me get you the camphor bottle to smelt to."

But Zuleima recovered herself with an effort.

"I'm well enough," said she. "Where is Maria's letter, mother? I want to read it." "Well, I never should have suspected Mr. Fairgrave of being a fortune hunter."

"It's a great thing to have a little money," shrewdly remarked Mrs. Maydew. "Though Maria ain't bad lookin', neither, for a woman of her years; not sence she got them new false teeth o' hers."

For Miss Denham was the one well-to-do member of the family, owing to a lucky speculation in coal-mine shares, on the part of the late Doctor Denham, whose only descendant she was—a plump, high-complexioned old maid with sparkling black eyes like jet beads, and a loud, cheery voice.

It was nearly noon the next day when Vernon Fairgrave strolled up to the house. Mrs. Maydew greeted him with a broad smile.

"Zuleima! She ain't home," said she. "She is gone to the city to Maria's to buy weddin' clothes. Ain't you see I know your secret?"

"She has told you then?"

"Of course she's told me!" said Mrs. Maydew, shaking the young artist's hand as if it were a pump-handle. "And I wish you all happiness, I'm sure. She's a good girl, if she ain't exactly a beauty, and—"

"But I think she is a beauty, Mrs. Maydew."

"Tastes differ," said the matron, with a shrug of the shoulders. "And I don't doubt she'll make you a good wife. Handsome is as handsome does, that's my motto. Eh? Going to the city? Well, give her my love."

Meanwhile Zuleima, seated among the splendors of her cousin's transience, was looking with unseeing eyes at untidy, silken, givens, and bonnets, while Maria Denham in a loud voice recounted the various stages of the prospective bride's trip.

conclusion—a desperate old maid, cried the bride-elect, with a peal of laughter. "Well, you see, I wasn't. Never mind, Zuleima, Mr. Fairgrave says—"

"And are you really to have a pink satin ball-dress," interrupted Zuleima, starting nervously at the sound of the name which had once been the sweetest music in her ears. "Why didn't you have hollyhock color instead?"

"He likes pink," said Maria, placidly. "It's his favorite color. And I should look a fright in hollyhock! But really, Zuleima, haven't you suspected anything all along?"

"No."

"Then you must have been stone blind," she placidly observed the bride, holding up the plump engagement finger, on which sparkled a pure white diamond. "And I've worn this all along."

Zuleima tried to smile, but her heart was as ice within her. More and more she felt convinced that it was of no use trying to face things out. She could not stand calmly by and see another woman's picture of happiness rising up on the ashes of her own dead hopes. The "pride," the "spirit" on which she had relied were but broken reeds to lean upon. She would have given worlds, had they been hers, for a chance to hide herself away and weep out the anguish of her poor bleeding heart in solitude.

"I have been a fool," she told herself, "and all to win the chance of courting him with his falsehood and baseness! Why did I not remain at home?"

Just then a servant brought in a card. Miss Denham pounced eagerly upon it.

"It's him!" said she joyously. Zuleima recalled as if an arrow had struck her.

"Your—your lover?" she gasped. "Just that," nodded Maria, with an excellent view of the now false teeth. "Here, child, where are you going to? That door leads into the umbrella closet! What are you running away for, anyhow? Why shouldn't you stop and speak to your new cousin, eh?"

In her perturbation poor Zuleima had solved hold of the wrong door-handle, and ere she could recover herself the opposite portals were thrown wide open, and in walked a stout gentleman with a clean-shaven face and a shining bald head, carrying in one hand a gold-handled cane, and in the other a bouquet the size of a small haystack.

"My angel!" he said, dramatically.

Miss Maria jumped up and accorded him a hearty kiss.

"I'm so glad you happened to come in just now," said she. "Here's my cousin Zuleima Maydew. Zuleima, this is Mr. Fairgrave."

"Mr.—Fairgrave."

Maria burst out laughing once more.

"Well, I don't wonder you're amazed," said she. "Come to remember, you haven't any of you seen Nicholas before, and I'd forgotten to tell you how stout he was. Ain't much like his nephew, eh? Nicholas this is the young lady whose likes Vernon boarded with this summer; I've told you about 'em often."

"Happy to meet her. I'm sure," said Mr. Nicholas Fairgrave, on whose visage brooded a perpetual smile—possibly at the prospect of his matrimonial goal—fortune—and in the same instant Vernon Fairgrave's face was seen looking over his kinsman's head shoulder.

Zuleima," he said, brightening up. "You can't think, my darling, how this secret of Uncle Nicholas has embarrassed me these past weeks. But now you've found it out, I shall have a little peace over me."

"And upon my word," added Maria, "I don't see any reason why we shouldn't have a double wedding! Eh, Miss Bony-face?" to Zuleima. And in Zuleima's mingled wonder, delight and bewilderment she spoke no word of opposition to this new plan. Why should she, after all? Why should she postpone the dawning of her life's happiness?

But Mrs. Maydew's astonishment was beyond the power of words to describe.

"I thought of course it was Maria," said she.

"Why, didn't I tell you who it was?" rather sharply demanded Miss Denham.

"You said Mr. Fairgrave."

"Well, it was Mr. Fairgrave."

"How was I to know there was two Mr. Fairgraves?" demanded Mrs. Maydew, in an injured voice, and Maria's answer was another of those hearty peals of laughter that caused Mrs. Maydew to say irritably:

"I do believe she does it a purpose to show that set o' new false teeth!"

Zacharias Old It.

Old Zach shuffled forward, as his name was called, closely followed by the officer who had captured him in one of his nocturnal chicken-stealing expeditions. He held his catkin cap tightly under his arm, rubbing his woolly head thoughtfully with his disengaged hand.

"Well, prisoner, what is your name?"

"Zacharias Tobias."

"What?"

"Zacharias Tobias."

"Are you sure it is not Absalom?"

"I ain't sure of nuffin', yet honest; but I expects it'll be Dennis for I gits out ob yere."

"Well Dennis—I should say Absalom—you were found in Deacon Smith's chicken-coop this morning at three o'clock, I believe."

"Quarter, pas' three, yer honest?"

"Well, then, \$15, to be more exact. I suppose you went there to read poetry?"

"Sar?"

"Did you go there to read poetry?"

"Eat poultry? No, sar; don't want no raw poultry 'bout dis stegah. Don't eat poultry till it's done cooked."

"Well, Dennis, I am afraid your poultry will be cooked this time—your goose at least. Do you think you can get it done in thirty days?"

"It's pretty tough, yer honest."

"Well, then, make it sixty days, so as to be on the safe side."

And an old Zach moved away he murmured, softly: "Don't feed it this time; bound for get three square meals a day for the next two months, sar."

"I am afraid," said Algonquin, in a despairing tone, "that you are disposed to make light of my declaration of affection."

"Why, Mr. De Jones, how could you have guessed it?"

"Guessed what?"

"But I gave your last letter to brother Harry to light his cigar with."

One of our co-temporaries is no fling the successful career of a venerable man who has just died in Maine, makes the startling statement that "he was born without a